LITERARY LEISURE,

Sarfoji Rajah. 1831

OR THE

RECREATIONS

OF

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

3795

IN TWO VOLUMES.

" Salva res est: philosophatur quoque jam:
" Quod erat ei nomen?—Thesaurochrysonicochrysides!"

PLAUTUS.

" All is safe:—he is actually setting up for a philosopher.—
Pray what's his name?—Thesaurochrysonicochrysides!"

VOL. II.

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LITERARY LEISURE.

No. XXXII.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1800.

IN looking over my poor friend, Philip Dellwyn's papers, I found the following tale, which he has intituled

A Tranſlation from the Perſian of Nouraſſin.

"To Allah the Moſt High be all honour and praiſe! Let every one bow before his throne, to which all the powers of heaven do homage. Eblis, Eblis himſelf, though he preſume to uſurp divine honours on this lower world, pays his duty at the footſtool of the throne of the Moſt High!

"After a day's ſevere faſting, I wandered into the woods of Kurdiſtan. The paths were intricate and perplexed, and I picked my way for ſome time with caution. Flowers of the moſt enchanting hues, and the moſt exquiſite perfume, bordered the path;—the lotos flower and the tuberoſe ſcented the air; the high palmetto and the feathery acacia waved over my head; and the birds warbled in delightful melody among their branches. A rapid and tranſparent ſtream diffuſed fragrance and verdure over this beautiful region; and the inequalities of hill and valley, wood and heath, added charms to this moſt delicious ſpot. Yet, though I could have wiſhed to linger here for ever, I forgot not that I had to return, and carefully obſerved the windings of the various paths that croſſed the foreſt. At length, having reached an opening, through which I could diſcern the glorious hues lighted up in the weſt by the departing beams of Mithra, I ſeated myſelf under a large tree, and abandoned my mind to the charms of contemplation.—'Surely,' thought I, 'it is good for man to be here, and he needs not ſeek a fairer paradiſe, when he can enjoy ſuch a ſcene as this that now raviſhes my mind.'—Then when I beheld the magnolia, already ſhedding its tender ſpoils on the ground, I called to mind the ſaying of Yeſef Eben Ibrahim—*When the leaves bud forth, think of the deſpoiled ſtalks.*—'True,' ſaid I aloud, 'the

ſeaſon of ſpring is delightful, and the glowing ſummer and the fruitful autumn come to fulfil its faireſt promiſe; but after all comes winter, which ſwallows up all the benefits of its predeceſſors, reſembling the wiſe adage of the ſage Rhedi-al-Uſuruf—*Ingratitude has a wide ſwallow.*

" While I thus ruminated, a gilded ſerpent came ſlowly gliding from between the paths, and while I admired the gloſſy luſtre of his ſcales, darted out his forked tongue. Springing up, I aimed a blow at him, which laid him dead at my feet.—I reſumed my ſeat, and gazing on my creſt-fallen enemy, I thus pondered—' Even ſo do unſuſpected villains ſteal acroſs the path of the unthinking man, and wound him with their venomed fangs! Happy will be that world where winter comes not, ingratitude is not known, and malice has no entrance.'

" Loſt in ſuch muſings, I ſcarcely heeded the gradual change from day to twilight; but when at length the hooting of the bird of night rouſed me from my reverie, I aroſe from my moſſy ſeat, and determined to retrace my way back to the city.—I wandered long before I diſcovered that I had taken a wrong turn, and was every moment more enveloped in the intricacies of the foreſt.—In vain I ſtrove to return upon my ſteps: the

ſimilarity of the ſcenes preſented but very feeble indications, and even had they been ſtronger, the increaſing darkneſs of the night would have prevented my availing myſelf of them.—At length the riſing moon ſhot her rays directly acroſs the path on which I ſtood, and I perceived that I was on the edge of a tremendous precipice.—I ſhuddered at the danger I had been thus providentially enabled to eſcape, and bent my knees in thankful adoration to Allah.

"I reſted a while on a projection of rock, to compoſe my feelings after the ſhock this circumſtance had given to them; and while I ſat, the moon acquired luſtre ſufficient to ſhew me the dreadful ſcene in all its horrors.—The chaſm below ſeemed as if it muſt have been formed by the convulſion of an earthquake. Huge maſſes of rock were piled on each other in all directions, and the abrupt and ſteepy ſides were in ſome places covered with rude vegetation, in others bare, and full of yawning fiſſures. The depth of the gulph my eyes, aſſiſted only by the deceitful moonlight, were unable to penetrate; but the ſilver rays were reflected in the rough waves of a foaming torrent that rolled at the bottom, and ſeemed to ruſh along over rugged projections of ſtone. I fancied I diſcovered a path that led to this extraordinary

abyſs;

abyſs; and, urged by irreſiſtible curioſity, I reſolved to attempt the deſcent.

"The only talk in the city was of the new worſhip; and the myſterious ſecrecy obſerved reſpecting its peculiar inſtitutions, only ſerved to render the uninitiated more inquiſitive.—I had heard perſons, on whoſe authority I could not depend, talk of the Valley of Horror as the ſcene appointed for the celebration of the worſhip of Eblis; but I by no means imagined that a ſpot ſo worthy of the name, exiſted in the neighbourhood of the city, undiſcovered by ſuch a wanderer as myſelf.

"This circumſtance redoubled my curioſity, and I attempted the declivity at the moſt acceſſible part.—This had never, I believe, been hewn out for a path; it was merely a channel, worn by ſome ſtream, which had either ceaſed to flow, or had turned its waters into another direction.—I was now obliged to let myſelf down by tough branches of the creeper Amavi, and now to leap from point to point with exertion the moſt perilous.—Torn, bruiſed, and alarmed, I reached at length the bottom of the abyſs, and found myſelf on the banks of a ſluggiſh river, whoſe heavy and dark-coloured waves emitted a pitchy ſmoke. The banks of the river reſembled cindery fragments of a volcano, and the

the ſulphureous ſmell almoſt ſuffocated me.—'Surely,' thought I, 'this cavern muſt be the entrance to the dominions of Arimanius, and this ſtream a portion of the fiery flood that ſurrounds his palace.'—At length, overcome by exertion and ſuffocation, I ſwooned away, and lay for an uncertain period in a ſtate of inſenſibility. When I reſumed my powers, I was ſurpriſed to ſee a gleam of light darting through a fiſſure at a remote corner of the cavern;—and, watching with attention its evident approach, I perceived at length ſeveral figures enter, habited in long flame-coloured robes, each bearing torches, which they waved about with geſtures of the moſt frantic wildneſs.—This proceſſion was cloſed by the entrance of a tall perſonage, clothed in black, whoſe head was encircled with a coronet, which appeared to me of living fire. The whole train approached the pitchy river, on the oppoſite bank of which I lay. I endeavoured to hide myſelf among ſome of the ſinged ſhrubs, that were not utterly deſtroyed by the fiery exhalations, and ſucceeded in finding a place which concealed me from their view.—The ſubordinate perſonages attended the figure in black with every ſymptom of reſpect, to a ſpot where the river, by a ſudden evolution, formed a ſort of ſmall cove. Here the whole party remained for ſome time immoveable, while their countenances ſeemed expreſſive of internal abſtraction and adoration;—the perſonage

in

in black then in a loud voice commanded the ſtranger to be brought forth.

" The terror I felt at theſe words, which I concluded to apply to myſelf, is not to be deſcribed. I lay ſtill in my hiding-place, reſolved only to yield to abſolute force, and not to betray myſelf by any ſudden emotion; and my fears ſubſided when I perceived four of the flame-coloured attendants drag from a cavern, on the oppoſite ſide, a man who ſeemed in a ſwoon.—The Superior uttered aloud ſome words in an unknown language, amongſt which, however, I diſtinguiſhed the name of Eblis.—He then ordered the attendants to ſtrip the man, and ſeizing him by the arm, plunged him, ſtill inſenſible, into the pitchy flood that rolled ſluggiſhly along. The ſhock recalled the unhappy man to his ſenſes, and I beheld him, with ſurpriſe, expreſs by his geſtures the moſt extravagant joy. Immediately the Superior took him by the hand; and while the ſurrounding miniſters attired him in a flame-coloured garment ſimilar to their own, he congratulated him on being now a ſervant of Eblis.

' After a deſtined period of probation,' ſaid he, ' thou ſhalt be admitted to all the privileges Eblis confers upon his faithful worſhippers.—The ſecrets of nature, and the arcana of magic ſhall be unveiled to thee. The ſpirits which fulfil his orders

orders ſhall be ſubmitted to thy power, and thou ſhalt be enabled to accompliſh at once all thy wiſhes. But in order to arrive at ſo high a pitch of felicity, thou muſt, during the appointed interval, be truly devoted to his will; thou muſt never fail to aſſiſt at our ſacrifices, and muſt endeavour to render them, by thy preſents, worthy of being offered to our powerful divinity.'

"The newly-initiated made a reply expreſſive of gratitude, and eagerneſs to haſten the period of fruition.—But he was diſmiſſed with the greateſt part of the votaries, through the ſame fiſſure at which he had entered; and there remained only three beſides the Superior.—He then addreſſed them in the following terms:—

'The moment is now arrived when your ſervices are about to be accepted.—Ye have paſſed the period of probation with honour, and have never omitted any endeavours to promote the cauſe of Eblis among the children of the world.—Come, ye worſhippers of the immortal fire! come, and receive the reward of your labours. One ceremony paſt, and ye ſhall be admitted to the innermoſt receſſes of his palace, whoſe brightneſs is above all mortal conception, and which ye have well merited to inhabit, by your noble diſdain of the blind prejudices of mortals. Ye have, with a ſuperior grandeur of ſoul,

ſoul, burſt the bands of conſanguinity, deſpiſed the weak maxims of what men call virtue, and ſought only to increaſe the glory of the Infernal Fire:—ye ſhall now drink of this cup, and be admitted at once to all the privileges of the moſt favoured worſhippers!'

"With theſe words, the Superior plunged a veſſel of adamant into the pitchy ſtream, and offered it, ſteaming with ſulphureous ſmoke, to his deluded followers. The firſt raiſed it to his lips, and having ſwallowed a part of its contents, fell to the ground in a ſwoon; the ſecond and third drank likewiſe, and met with a ſimilar fate. Quickly, however, recovering, they addreſſed the Superior with countenances and voices expreſſive of the moſt dreadful tortures.

'How haſt thou deceived us!' exclaimed they. 'What is this horrible internal fire we feel?—Are theſe torments to be eternal?"

'Eternal!——' replied the monſter with a ghaſtly grin—'ye now feel in your hearts the fire that is never quenched—the juſt reward of your labours. It is our amuſement," continued he, 'to delude unwary mortals with ſpecious tales and alluring equivocations; and by increaſing the number of the votaries, ſeem to obtain a fanciful relief. Go—the myſteries of magic, and the

command

command of ſpirits are your's. Go, profit by what you have ſo hardly earned!'

"With theſe words he burſt into a loud and inſulting laugh, while, with horrible howlings, the three deluded victims tore open their garments, and diſplayed their boſoms burning with unquenchable fire. After a moſt dreadful interval, the figure in black placed on each of their heads a circlet of fire like his own; and recommending patience and compoſure to them, ordered them to ſeek their own habitations, and, like him, endeavour to procure new votaries to Eblis.

"The faint rays of morning began now to ſtreak the ſky; and being once more alone in the Cavern of Horrors, I determined to attempt the aſcent, not daring to follow the ſteps of the ſtrange beings I had ſeen, leſt I ſhould be led into the dominions of Eblis. Painful as had been my deſcent into this horrible place, I found the return to the upper world ſtill more difficult; but at length, by perſeverance and extreme labour, I effected my emancipation; and ſhuddering with horror, regained the place from whence I had wandered the preceding day. Exhauſted with toil and faſting, I had ſcarcely ſtrength to return to my own abode; but the moſt diſtreſſing conſequence of my adventure was, the total loſs of my confidence

confidence in my fellow-creatures. I wanted to pull off the turban, and tear open the vest of every man I conversed with, to ascertain whether or not he were a votarist of the Infernal Fire; but I had the happiness, by representing to many who yet wavered, the facts I had witnessed, of fixing them more firmly than ever in the faith of their forefathers."

Let those who shall read the adventure of Nourassin, learn, not to be seduced by the wiles of mystery, nor to listen to the magnificent promises of novelty. The paths of virtue and true happiness are plain and open, and their dictates will bear to be tried by the touchstone of truth.

No. XXXIII.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1800.

IN a rainy journey in a poſtchaiſe the other day, I amuſed myſelf with tracing many analogies between the progreſs of human beings through life, and that of the drops of rain from the top of the glaſs to the bottom. It was fortunate for me that this idea preſented itſelf to my mind; for the rain was ſo violent, that it precluded all entertainment from without: but the ſpeculation I had thus engaged in, offered me ſufficient occupation within.—I obſerved certain drops ſtart from the top with equal advantages. An accident impedes one, and its courſe to the bottom is ſlow, irregular, and crooked;—another, on the contrary, is forwarded by ſome lucky acceſſion, and rolls down in a ſwift ſtraight current; while a third, perhaps, which ſeemed to have a thouſand proſperous events in its way, which it was ſcarcely poſſible

poſſible to miſs—a large bubble immediately beneath it, which muſt ſend it ſpeedily to the end of its journey, or a new drop of rain ſo cloſe to it, that it could hardly fail of joining its current,—falls in with a ſmall drop to the left-hand of its regular courſe, is retarded, turned aſide in its career, and reaches no farther than to the middle of the pane, where it dries up in obſcurity;—another ſets out brilliantly, and promiſes to perform its journey in a ſtraight and regular line; when, behold, an overwhelming torrent pours precipitately upon it, and buries it in a ſuperior current;—while a fifth, from ſmall and unobſerved beginnings, never deviating from the right way, and collecting with diligence all the little tributary bubbles which lie in its road, ſuddenly calls the attention to the rapidity with which it now reaches the end of its labours.

Many fanciful reſemblances might here be traced to the courſe of events in life.—Chances, equally ſtrange, occur in the purſuit of honour, riches, and happineſs. In events which depend not on our own endeavours, we may trace the ſame ſimilitudes. One is hurried rapidly off the ſtage by diſeaſe;—another withers and dies at root in the midſt of life;—another lingers through ſlow and laſting diſorders, and reaches, by a painful and crooked courſe, the extreme of old age;—

while

while another, who ſets out with a full ſtock of health, and every proſpect fair and blooming round, is ſuddenly driven off the ſtage by accident or misfortune!

Eumenes and Lyſander were ſchoolfellows. A ſimilarity of age, of diſpoſition, and of talent had united them in a ſtrict and affectionate friendſhip: they went through their ſchool exerciſes with alacrity and credit, and removed together to Cambridge, where, notwithſtanding ſome trifling diſparity of purſuits, their mutual friendſhip ſtill continued unabated.—When they quitted Cambridge, however, they loſt ſight of each other. Lyſander, who was intended for the law, removed to chambers in Lincoln's Inn, whence, after eating the proper quantity of mutton, he was called to the bar, and went the Weſtern Circuit.—He had ſtudied hard, and roſe to ſome degree of conſideration among his compeers; nor was he only eminent as a counſellor—he ſhone alſo in the more alluring courts of faſhion and elegance. He was univerſally allowed to be the beſt partner of any member of the Circuit; and after two or three revolving ſeaſons, he brought back with him to London the fair daughter of a wealthy banker in the weſt of England.—His patrimonial fortune enabled Lyſander to ſupport a family. He took a good houſe in Queen-ſquare, regularly attended

the

the Courts and the Circuits, while his beloved Leonora presented him with a babe every year.

Business now flowed in apace, his hours were all employed, and scarcely ever had he a moment to enjoy the company of his wife and children: however, he consoled himself with the reflection that money came as fast as business, and that Heaven certainly had ordained him a few years of severe toil, that he might enjoy the evening of his days in peace and indolence.

It was with Lysander, however, as with most men: the desire of accumulation increased with the power. When he had laid by a sufficient fortune to support his wife and children genteelly after his death, and to enable him to live the rest of his days in peace and indolence, he thought he might as well leave them affluent as comfortable; and two more years of application would accomplish this object. He was now a Judge, and presided one year upon the Northern Circuit.

As riches had increased, Lysander had grown luxurious, and had experienced the natural consequences of luxury, gout and corpulency.—His medical advisers recommended more exercise than a chariot, and he agreed to ride part of the Circuit on horseback, derogatory as it might appear to the

dignity of a Judge; but he confidered that health was worth more than dignity, and that, as his chariot would be on the road, his importance would ftill be preferved.

One morning, when a cloudlefs fky gave promife of a day without rain, Lyfander fent his carriage forward betimes, and determined to ride the whole ftage, which was indeed romantically beautiful. All things, however are uncertain in this beft of all poffible worlds, and nothing more fo than the weather. Some thin vapours difperfed themfelves over the fky—they congregated —they became an immenfe mafs of clouds,—and in the middle of a large common, Lyfander perceived that they would fpeedily fall in torrents. What a misfortune for a rich gouty Judge, who had his chariot at fome diftance on the road, to be overtaken by fuch a ftorm in fo unfheltered a fpot! There was no help for it, however, and the clouds were unpolite enough to keep their promife. A few prelufive drops gave the firft alarm. Lyfander mounted a thick great coat; but coverings were but as gauze before the fury of the fquall: he was prefently wet to the fkin, and the uncivil fky looked as if it never intended to clear any more. Nor was there any town, village, or even habitation within ken.

At

At length, after riding fome time, greatly annoyed by the ficklenefs of our Englifh climate, but unable to think of any remedy for it, except never venturing on horfeback without the chariot at his fide, he faw a low white cottage peeping through the trees, and ordered his fervants to haften forward, and obtain a fhelter for him there. He foon followed his attendants, and entered the cottage with an air of confcious fuperiority, pulling off his drenched garments, and demanding fome covering while thefe were dried. The man, woman, and three or four young people buftled about with alacrity:—the Judge was foon equipped with fome dry habiliments, coarfe indeed, but clean and whole; a comfortable fire was made up—the foaked garb of dignity was hung before it; a table was fet forth, covered with a clean white cloth, and a loaf of houfehold bread, a pat of butter, a flice of cheefe, and a jug of ale fet upon it. The civility was extreme, and the welcome undoubted; fo Lyfander, who, in fpite of his dignity and his drenching, found himfelf hungry, drew near to the table, ate fome of the bread, thought it excellent, added butter and cheefe to it, felt more appetite than he had often experienced at a loaded table, and, in fhort, made an excellent meal. He then would have fent his fervants to fetch his chariot, and fome of his own cloaths; but the mafter of the cottage faid, they might alfo be hungry,

hungry, and bread and cheefe would not detain them long.

It was, undoubtedly, derogatory to a Judge's dignity to remain longer in a mere cottage than was abfolutely neceffary, and this was no more; for the room they were in had a brick floor, whited wall, adorned with pewter and copper utenfils, and the table was only of deal: however, Lyfander made his dignity for once give way to his hoft's hofpitality, though he felt fome few uneafy fenfations while his fervants were eating in the fame room with himfelf. What, however, was to be done? There was no other room in the manfion, and Lyfander was not inhuman: at length, however, the fervants had fatisfied their appetite—the rain was a little abated, and they departed in queft of the chariot, and their mafter's dignity.

A little fatigued, and feeling inclined to quiefcence by the potency of the ale, Judge Lyfander leaned back in his wicker elbow chair, and furveyed the habitation. He had already performed this operation three times, when a delicate fair young woman caught his eye. He was furprifed to find not merely beauty, but grace and elegance in a cottage; and it occurred to him that the other human beings that furrounded him, might

be

be as worthy of his regards, as the ſhining pewter plates that decorated the ſhelves.—He now therefore turned his attention to the young people, found they poſſeſſed an air of ſuperior dignity, if it were poſſible to apply ſuch a word to the inmates of a cottage, and that their manners were ſuch as would not diſgrace a Court. He then looked at the father and mother, who had for ſome time, (obſerving that their gueſt had noticed them ſo little) been gazing at him, and converſing in a low voice together. In the mother he ſaw the countenance of diſcretion, the remains of elegance ſubdued by ſtation, an illumined eye that beſpoke a cultivated mind, and a dreſs, though ſuited to a cottage, yet ſuch as diſplayed the true gentlewoman. His ſurpriſe every moment increaſed! He looked at his hoſt, and in the thin pale man who ſat at the oppoſite ſide of the fire, he ſaw—— Eumenes!

The diſcovery was no ſooner made, than all the better feelings of Lyſander's heart were rouſed, and he was in an inſtant in the arms of his friend. The young people gazed in ſurpriſe; the eyes of the mother betrayed her emotion; thoſe of Lyſander and Eumenes overflowed. As ſoon as the firſt tranſport was over, "I told you," ſaid Eumenes to his wife, "I told you he had a warm, affectionate heart."

 "How

"How is it, dear Eumenes," ſaid Lyſander, "that I ſee you here? When we parted in early youth, your proſpects were as fair as mine, your patrimony as large, your talents more brilliant—how is it that our fortunes are ſo different?"

"Fortune, to be ſure," replied Eumenes, "has not ſmiled on me; but inſtead of ſplendour, I poſſeſs happineſs—inſtead of dignity, virtue."

"They are not, I hope, neceſſarily incompatible," anſwered Lyſander.

"Pardon me, my friend," ſaid Eumenes, "I ſpoke at the moment with the ſilly pride of a diſappointed man—at leaſt ſo it muſt have appeared to you; but believe me, I meant no miſanthropic reflections—I doubt not but your happier lot combines all thoſe advantages."

"Of that yourſelf ſhall judge, Eumenes," replied the Judge, "for that lot you muſt conſent henceforth to ſhare, or it will loſe all its advantages to me. I will introduce your wife to my Leonora, your children to mine; they ſhall renew the friendſhip of their fathers—perhaps cement it by ſtill cloſer ties."

"In this warmth," returned Eumenes, "I recogniſe my own Lyſander—but you ſhall hear my ſtory!

"You may remember that at Cambridge I felt a ſtrong bent for the ſtudy of phyſic, and at the very time that you devoted yourſelf to juriſprudence,

prudence, I was attending medical lectures, and amusing my leisure hours with poetry. When we separated on leaving Cambridge, we lost sight of each other, not, I am persuaded, from an abatement of attachment on either side, but from the difference of our pursuits. I spent one year at Edinburgh, and another at Leyden; and having obtained a sufficient stock of medical knowledge, I fixed myself in a distant town, having first taken out my diploma. I found it difficult to subsist, for the situation of the town was healthy, and the apothecary of the place had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the title of *Doctor*. Either nobody was sick, or nobody chose to send for me; and my patrimony had been very much lessened in the pursuit of medical education.

"This deficiency I had made no doubt of speedily supplying when I began to practise; for I was conscious of knowledge, and I had never been reckoned deficient in benevolence. To amuse my leisure hours, of which I had enough, I wrote verses; but the inhabitants of —— had no turn for verses, and I determined to change my quarters. I removed to another town, and succeeded a physician of some eminence, in a great part of his practice; fees now flowed in with tolerable rapidity. I was also courted as a companion, and Felicia perused my verses with pleasure:—

they even made me an intereſt in her heart, and a lingering hectic complaint, of which I had the happineſs to cure her, endeared us both to each other.

"Felicia's father was rich, but I was getting into very good practice. Unfortunately the old gentleman wiſhed ſome more time to elapſe before he gave me his daughter. I told him he was wrong, for that till I could call her my own, I ſhould be leſs able to attend to buſineſs. The truth of this reaſoning availed nothing with the obſtinate old man, and I loſt my time and my practice. I was no longer thought worthy of the hand of Felicia, and it was diſpoſed of to a dealer in ſugar.

"Enraged with Felicia, her father, and phyſic, I gave up my thoughts wholly to the Muſes, and produced a play. There was no theatre in ——, and I reſolved to publiſh it. While it was in the preſs, I was once more called in to a patient.—This was a crabbed old woman, who had a lovely niece. Now the bright eyes of this certain Emilia ſoon obliterated all the traces Felicia had left in my heart, and the obſtinacy of the old lady's complaint gave me time to obtain a ſhare of her favour. At length the old aunt recovered, and Emilia very conveniently fell ſick. My viſits therefore

therefore continued; but the watchful old maid perceived the purpose of my heart, and Emilia was consigned to the care of the apothecary, an old man of sixty, and father of a numerous family. I made my proposals in form, and was told Emilia's hand was destined for a cousin of her's then in India, and that if it were not, it should never be given to a poet.

"Emilia liked this arrangement no better than I did; and as she could not conceive that she owed implicit obedience to this old aunt, with whom she had not resided above a twelvemonth, and as she knew nothing very favourable of the cousin in India, she agreed to disappoint the old lady's schemes, and give herself to me. As she was two-and-twenty, and her little fortune under no restrictions, this was attended with no difficulty, and Emilia became my wife. The old lady's vengeance, however, deprived me of many of my patients, many more objected to a writing doctor, and a circumstance, in which the preference was given to an ignorant young man, who had neither studied at Edinburgh nor at Leyden, disgusted me with physic.

"About this time an uncle of mine died, and left me £5000. We calculated on our future

mode of life, and found that the intereſt of our money would enable us to live without the aſſiſtance of medicine. We took a ſmall houſe in a beautiful village, depoſited our fortune in a capital mercantile houſe, and for many years enjoyed all the comforts of leiſure and independence. We brought up our girls to ſuit any ſtation, and I have two boys fighting for their country. Our income, which ſome fortunate circumſtances had increaſed, was regularly remitted to us by my mercantile friend; but about four years ago the houſe broke, and we were involved in the ruin!

"Sick of the world, we retired hither, grieved only for our children, who, however, ſupport the demolition of all their more brilliant proſpects with dutiful reſignation. For my part," continued Eumenes, "I am ſatisfied for myſelf:—I have not long to live; diſappointment and uneaſineſs have preyed upon my health, and a few months will terminate my life. My wife and my children might perhaps live to thank the friendſhip of Lyſander——"

"And they may depend upon it!" exclaimed Lyſander; nor did he break his promiſe. Poor Eumenes was, indeed, ſoon after conſigned to the

the grave, ending in obſcurity a life whoſe morning promiſed more unclouded ſunſhine. The widow and orphans were removed to Lyſander's houſe, where a more intimate connection took place between the children than had ever ſubſiſted between the parents; and Lyſander joyfully became the father of two of the daughters of Eumenes.

Not always do thoſe, who ſet out in life with equal proſpects, enjoy the ſame good fortune; nor does proſperity univerſally harden, nor adverſity uniformly ſour the human heart.

No. XXXIV.

No. XXXIV.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1800.

THERE is nothing in the whole field of philoſophical ſpeculation more difficult, more perplexing, than to give a plain anſwer to a ſimple queſtion; or in other words, to find a *becauſe* to a *why?* Enquiries, which would not puzzle the ignorant, are everlaſting ſtumbling-blocks to the acute reaſoner, and the deep-thinker.—The clown, who had never bewildered his ideas in the labyrinth of metaphyſics, would not entertain the ſlighteſt doubt of his being the ſame individual yeſterday, to-day, and to-morrow. The philoſopher, however, learnedly doubts of all this, and dares not anſwer decidedly that he is the ſame being whoſe childhood, youth, manhood, and gradual advance through the paths of ſcience he ſo accurately remembers.

Yet, after all, what is identity? What can it be, distinct from the sensation of consciousness? No one can bring a clearer, or indeed any other proof of it. The material part of us, which depends upon nutriment for its absolute existence, must be, we should imagine, many times decomposed and renewed by our own knowledge of what passes in the corporeal machine; yet the same scar, blemish, or mark remains in the very same part of the body, notwithstanding the growth of the whole frame, and the frequent renewal of its materials.

One of the philosophers, in combating the natural idea of individual identity, supposes that a man, who excelled on some particular musical instrument, might lose the hand and arm with which he played—could he be called the same person, when he had lost the only perfection he possessed?—But this is a casuistry to which a sophist only would have recourse.—When Milton had lost his sight, was he less Milton than before? Would any one of these reasoners give up their claim to any books formerly published by them, because the right-hand with which they wrote them was amputated? Do the powers of writing, performing on musical instruments, &c. belong to the limbs or to the man?—a consciousness which every individual feels as strongly, as forcibly as

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that of identity, cannot be reaſoned away any more than the conſciouſneſs of corporeal wants. Nor when a man feels the power of recalling every incident of his life, of retracing the cauſes of every change in his diſpoſition and habits, of recollecting with perfect accuracy the impreſſions of very remote periods, will it be poſſible to perſuade him, if he truſts to his reaſon, that he is not the very ſame individual through every ſtage of his progreſs.

Another circumſtance that more puzzles the enquiring philoſopher to account for, is the cauſe of volition. What is it that determines our minds to prefer one thing to another, even where there is no viſible cauſe for preference? What is the cauſe of thoſe actions that are termed *involuntary* or *ſpontaneous?*—actions performed without any apparent ſelection, though choſen, as it ſhould ſeem, out of a number of others equally proper for the occaſion?—For the habitual movements of the body, mechanical reaſons may be aſſigned; and inſtead of referring them to any actual volition, which preſuppoſes reflection and compariſon, they may rather be aſcribed to want of thought. But what is it that determines the will in caſes where there is a variety without a preference? Where there is a greater weight on one ſide than on the other,

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we can conceive a juſt reaſon for the determination; but where the balance is exactly equal, it ſeems that, according to the principles of philoſophical neceſſity, we ought to remain like the ſchoolmen's famous aſs, ſtarving with hunger between the two bundles of hay. Not but thoſe who wiſh to account for every thing, might ſuppoſe that the wind wafted the odour of the one bundle more ſtrongly to the organ of ſmelling than that of the other, and thereby determined the aſs's volition—a theory, which in practice might be completely overſet, by the obſtinate and ſelf-willed beaſt chuſing that bundle over which the wind did not blow.

The application of mathematics to metaphyſics, mentioned in a former number, ingenious as it may ſeem, and demonſtrative as mathematical ſolutions are generally eſteemed, was not ſatisfactory to the Counſel on the ſide of neceſſity. Inſtead of denying the authority of mathematical proof, another philoſopher only changed the inſtance; and by adducing a pair of ſcales in proof of his opinion, transferred the trial from animate to inanimate beings. That a pair of ſcales will weigh accurately the greater and the leſſer weight, is not to be denied. That one ſcale will preponderate if five pounds weight be placed in

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it, and that if ten pounds weight be placed in the opposite scale, that will, in its turn and due proportion, preponderate, are positions which no Libertarian can deny: it then only remains to prove that the human mind resembles a pair of scales,—or what that principle of volition is which Necessarians are inclined to throw, as a make-weight, into the scale?

We will, because we will—is the answer of the ignorant and the child:—let a philosopher give a better!—We insist, indeed, that a child shall give the reason that determines his will; but why that reason has power to determine his will, or what that will is, which is influenced now by reason, and now by caprice, remains among the obscurities of philosophy. If there be a power of volition, the very term implies freedom:—the Necessarians allow of volition; consequently they allow of freedom, and betray the want of stability in all their arguments. Yet it cannot be denied but that there is a great deal of ingenious subtilty in their arguments; and, but that one feels unwilling to be convinced that this active principle within us is but as the beasts that perish, reason would feel staggered by their sophistry: but the will, that same restless and self-asserting power, opposes the ingenuity of the Necessarian, and proves, by its pertinacious

pertinacious adherence to its point, that it does exiſt, and that no argument can annihilate its freedom and its pertinacity.

The ſcience of phyſiognomy, a ſcience which all feel, and many believe to be true, affords perhaps a ſtrong argument in favour of materialiſm and conſequent neceſſity.—That a material ſoul may impreſs correſponding lines on a material body, is eaſily conceived; that a ſpiritual eſſence ſhould have the ſame effect, is more difficult of comprehenſion.—Yet the advocates of phyſiognomy are far from being generally Materialiſts, though, I believe, thoſe are not wanting among them who argue in favour both of neceſſity and materialiſm.

The nature of the ſoul has puzzled men in all ages. The plain light of reaſon ſeems almoſt univerſally to have pointed it out as an immaterial ſpark, immortal and indiviſible; but where its ſeat is, or how it communicates its powers to the univerſal ſyſtem, we cannot diſcover, any more than we can explain the ubiquity and indiviſibility of the Deity.

It is natural that man, endued with the powers of thought, and retracing the progreſs of thoſe powers, from their firſt dawn in infancy, to their

full day in maturity, ſhould earneſtly enquire into their ſeat and origin. The traces which all internal emotions leave upon the countenance, and which, by repetition, become ſo durable as to form a legible character, univerſally intelligible, ſeem to promiſe ſucceſs to this enquiry; but when we ſeek to purſue it to its ſource, it eludes our ſearch, and we find ourſelves bewildered by a variety of heterogeneous ideas. Whence theſe ideas ariſe, how they originally entered our minds, whether implanted there by nature, or introduced by accident, next occupies the attention. The general coincidence of particular ideas appears too remarkable to allow us to ſuppoſe them to be introduced into our minds by accident, or ſecond cauſes. There are ſome ideas which ſeem to be univerſal; and however that coincidence may in ſome inſtances be accounted for on the principle of imitation, imitation alone cannot be ſufficient to produce it in diſtant countries, and remote generations.

Analogy, which is in moſt inſtances eſteemed a fair preſumptive proof, ranges on the ſide of innate ideas, or natural inſtincts.—The powers of the corporeal machine, the ſenſes, and their correſponding ſenſations and appetites, whence ariſe pain and pleaſure in all their varieties, are born with us, though they do not appear in perfection

perfection during infancy. The eye possesses an inherent power of sight, though the capability of distinguishing objects comes with time and experience. The ear contains in itself the medium by which the idea of sound is conveyed to the mind, though it is not at first able to discover any difference between harshness and harmony. The same reasoning applies to the other senses; and as this reasoning is not founded on theory only, but rests on full and perfect proof, as it holds good in all instances, countries, and ages, why may we not thence argue that some ideas are also innate, some perceptions and emotions born with us—a species of instinct attached to our natures, though not developed till time and experience have contributed to bring them forward?

It is wonderful how soon the infant distinguishes between the tones of joy and solemnity, of kindness and anger. This distinction can be founded on no previous reasoning or experience:—it is the language of nature, and requires no philosophy of the passions to render it intelligible, even in the first months of life. A babe does not learn to distinguish the voice of affection from that of passion by their consequences to himself; for this perception is evident before any operation of memory can be observed.—Why, therefore, is not a sense of moral good and ill

equally innate? The ſenſes lead us, without inſtruction, to a knowledge of phyſical good and ill; and why ſhould we limit the power of the Almighty to the phyſical ſenſes only? Cannot he who gives us a capacity to ſee, to hear, to feel, to ſmell, and to taſte, give us alſo equally ſpontaneous mental perceptions?

If it be objected that the ſeat of thoſe perceptions cannot be traced, it may be anſwered, that the abſolute ſeat of life is alſo difficult to trace, ſome placing it in the blood, and ſome in the heart; yet it is certain that life may be deſtroyed in other ways than by affecting either the blood or the heart, and that though we know many modes by which life may be ended, we know none by which it can be conferred.

The ſeat of the ſoul and of reaſon, is alſo beyond our diſcovery; yet Materialiſts and Neceſſarians will both allow that we do poſſeſs a reaſonable ſoul. If it be ſaid that this innate ſenſe of moral good and ill does not ſuffice to lead us aright, I anſwer, that it was never intended to do more than to point out to us that ſuch good and ill do exiſt. As our corporeal ſenſes inform us that their various objects exiſt, but it is our reaſon which enables us to ſeek or promote the exiſtence of thoſe that are pleaſant,

or

or to ſhun and deſtroy thoſe that are painful,— ſo our reaſon, or volition, or experience (call it by whatever term you will) is to enable us to diſcover what it is that conſtitutes that moral good and ill, of which our innate ſenſe only points out the exiſtence.

It ſeems then that a ſenſe of good and ill in all ways, moral and phyſical, is inſtinctive to human nature, and that this ſenſe directs all our actions, from the groſs impulſe of appetite, to the refined ſpeculations of reaſon. That this ſenſe does not always lead us right in points of morality, is no more an argument againſt its exiſtence, than the miſtakes we make with reſpect to diſtances, perſpective, colours, and other objects of viſion, are againſt the exiſtence of the ſenſe of ſight in the eye, or ſimilar errors in the operations of the other ſenſes againſt their actual exiſtence.

Much of this doubt appears to have ariſen from a want of preciſion in the acceptation of the word *ſenſe*. The ſenſes of ſeeing, hearing, &c. are never ſuppoſed to include the philoſophy of optics, acouſtics, &c.; but the moral ſenſe ſeems always expected, by thoſe who write and talk on the ſubject, to include an accurate ſyſtem of moral philoſophy. Till we ſhall find mortals born with optic organs ſo perfect as to diſcern

diſtances, and all difficult objects of viſion accurately, without the aid of theoretical philoſophy, and ſo on of the other ſenſes, it is in vain to expect perfection from an innate moral ſenſe, whoſe objects, being neither tangible nor viſible, are leſs ſubject to demonſtration than thoſe of the other allowed innate ſenſes.

That as ſome are born with more delicate ſight, more accurate ears, more exquiſite taſte, more lively feeling, more diſcriminating ſmelling than others, ſome may poſſeſs a more nice moral perception, ſhould, I think, be allowed;—that there are differences in the moral character which can ill be referred to ſecond cauſes, is one of thoſe truths which all men feel, though none can account for; but we never think of doubting that one man can, from natural conformation, ſee to a greater diſtance than another.

Whether there be any original bias of the kind, uſually termed a *genius* for ſuch a particular ſtudy or occupation, I mean not to enquire. Perhaps it may be derogatory to the dignity of that ſublime plan on which human nature was formed, to imagine that any ſuch bias can exiſt. That a difference in original capacity does exiſt, is as evident to common ſenſe, as that there is a difference in moral ſuſceptibility. Perhaps the only

only powers of which we can conceive the mind originally poſſeſſed, are thoſe of capacity, ſuſceptibility, and retention:—theſe, combined with the five allowed ſenſes, and the conteſted moral ſenſe, form ſufficient inlets for all the future improvements of the mind;—theſe three qualities, as well as the ſenſes, may however, be greater or leſs, more or leſs accurate, lively, &c. and thus may produce all the varieties of human character.

The mind, if I may be allowed to make the diſtinction, ſeems to poſſeſs the three powers above mentioned, *capacity*, *ſuſceptibility*, and *retention*, with the moral ſenſe, while the body is endued with the five other ſenſes. Through theſe latter, the perceptions of every kind, (except thoſe that belong excluſively to the moral ſenſe,) are tranſmitted to the mind, which receives more or fewer perceptions according to its capacity, is more or leſs impreſſed by them according to its ſuſceptibility, and remembers them more or leſs accurately according to its power of retention.

Some people have contended that the power of retention is one and the ſame with ſuſceptibility; but a moment's conſideration will convince us that many perſons remember with accuracy things which have by no means deeply impreſſed them;

 while,

while, again, others receive deep impreſſions, which are nevertheleſs tranſient and fugacious.

Whether the power of combination be a ſeparate and original power, or whether it ariſe from the exertion of the afore-mentioned ones, it ſeems difficult to determine; but it is certain that it begins very early. One of the firſt ſenſations, of which the mind receives the perception, is that of hunger: and it is aſtoniſhing how early the infant will aſſociate the idea of eating with the rattling of the ſpoon againſt the baſon; though, indeed, it may be thought difficult to aſcertain whether it be any thing more than the ſimple perception of noiſe that quiets the infant.

The ready acquiſition of language appears to me to be no argument either for or againſt the doctrine of innate ideas. The perception of different ſenſations naturally induces an endeavour to expreſs them; and the infant, perceiving one articulate ſound conſtantly expreſſive of one particular ſenſation, ſoon, from the principle of aſſociation, acquires a few firſt words, and the reſt follow in very rapid progreſs.

There needs no argument to prove the exiſtence of the principle of combination, or aſſociation, in the ſecond and ſubſequent ſtages of life,

whether or not it be allowed to be a primary power; but it is this principle that determines that bias of the mind through future life, that is falsely termed *particular genius.* It would be a difficult, perhaps an impossible task, to watch and note down the particular circumstances that might, from this principle, influence the habits and pursuits of the future life; nor, unless we could acquire a sovereign power over second causes of every kind, and the gift of prescience to enable us to know when they were likely to assail us, would the performance be of any service.

Perhaps, after all, if we come to look into the utility of these enquiries, we shall find that they are at best unnecessary, since they give us no light to direct our steps by. It is of no consequence to us whether the mind has its powers and capacities innate to itself, or whether it acquires them by experience and combination. We know that there is a principle within us which does point out moral good and ill—we know that we have judgment to distinguish, and volition to select between them,—and that we cannot be happy, unless we use this judgment and volition in the best manner we are able.

No. XXXV.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1800.

To SOLOMON SAUNTER, Esq.

"Sir,

"I AM a young woman of a good family in the country, and have received as good an education as it was poſſible for my parents to beſtow on me. I had an aunt, who was my godmother, who lived in London, and who had conſtantly referred all her attentions towards me, to the period when I ſhould be fit to ſee London. To this point then, all our endeavours tended. Every thing I learned, and every thing I practiſed, was done with a view to my future exhibition in London. I was taught muſic and dancing by the beſt maſters the country afforded, and was complimented

complimented by all the neighbours round on my proficiency. My mother, who had been a professed beauty, instructed me in all the arts of the toilet; and as I had naturally an easy shape and not an ungraceful air, I attained a fashionable look, which is not often the case with young women brought up in the country.

"My father, who is a very sensible man, though not fond of the world, took upon him the cultivation of my mind. With him I daily read the best authors, with him I conversed on a variety of subjects, and, indeed, many of my happiest hours were spent in his society. My brother used to write to me from College letters full of the best counsel how to avoid the snares with which London is supposed to abound for young women of tolerable appearance; and the Misses Tasty, our near neighbours, the daughters of Sir Ralph Tasty, who spent every winter in town, took the greatest pains to teach me the fashionable cant-word of the day; and I have been *annoyed* by the sun and wind, *indignant* at the conduct of Miss Such-a-one, and have found Mrs. What-d'ye-call a very REPULSIVE personage, with as much grace and volubility as any London adept.

"At length, Mr. Saunter, my eighteenth year,

approached.

approached. The long-expected invitation from my aunt arrived, accompanied with fervent hopes that ſhe ſhould not find me an awkward dowdy. I was ſent to London under the care of a friend of my father's, who was going thither, and ſafely delivered to my aunt, Lady Dainty.

"Lady Dainty is ſeveral years younger than my mother; and having had only one ſon, has preſerved the appearance of youth in a very uncommon degree. She is ſtill very handſome, and extremely elegant.

"When I firſt ſaw her Ladyſhip, I trembled for the opinion ſo well-qualified a critic might paſs on my dreſs, perſon, and manner; and, indeed, for ſome moments ſhe gazed at me with a ſteadineſs that added not a little to the fear I had conceived. However, I had the pleaſure to meet with her approbation, and I was ſoon eſtabliſhed on the footing of a very great favourite. I was immediately introduced to all my aunt's acquaintance, and every evening of my life was taken to two or three places; but even at routs I acquitted myſelf very well, for Caſino had not been omitted in the liſt of my accompliſhments. I ſoon rubbed off the terrors that had at firſt aſſailed me, and for the firſt week conſidered a London life as comprising in itſelf all that could delight and amuſe.

"Alas,

" Alas, Sir! the ſecond week undeceived me. Several dinner-parties occurred, and I accompanied my aunt to the houſe of a Mrs. Friendly, where a very genteel and numerous company were aſſembled. The houſe was large and magnificent. Mrs. Friendly was polite, obliging, and agreeable.—There were ſeveral very pleaſant people, and it was my chance to be ſeated at table very near two or three perſons, with whom I had formed ſomething like an acquaintance, and with whom I entered into very amuſing converſation:—there was a plentiful dinner, and every body was gay and good-humoured. Mrs. Friendly was attentive to all her gueſts; and though no one was overlooked, no one was fatigued by her civilities. In ſhort, I was ſo much pleaſed there, that I was ſorry we were to conclude the evening elſewhere. However, there was a party at a very remote part of the town, to which we were invited, and we took leave of Mrs. Friendly and her agreeable company in the midſt of a very intereſting and lively converſation, in which I was engaged.

'Well, child,' ſaid Lady Dainty, the moment we were ſeated in the coach, 'how have you liked your day?'

'Oh Madam, moſt extremely!' ſaid I.

'And pray,' ſaid ſhe, 'be ſo good as to tell me

me what you have liked in it? Was it that meche-melle of veal, which was so greasy, my stomach turned against it! Was it the raw rump of beef, which ran blood instead of gravy? Was it that poor turkey, which had been roasted to cinders for its sins? Was it those enormous dishes of sweets, fit for an Alderman's feast? Or was it the quickness of the servants, who set every thing on in the wrong place, and were never ready to give any body what was called for?

"I, who had been delighted with the company, the conversation in general, and with the manners of Mrs. Friendly in particular, endeavoured to explain how much I had liked her, and how sensible and agreeable such and such individuals were; and how elegant the manners, and beautiful the persons of others. But I was answered in a style of invective that convinced me I was entirely wrong in my apprehension of the affair; that we had not gone to see Mrs. Friendly, but to dine; and that my aunt expected a comparison of her dinner with those she herself gave.

"I dare say my aunt's dinners might be superior, but it was a circumstance I was wholly unable to judge of, it not having made a branch of my education;—not that I had neglected domestic duties, but to be a good housewife, and

to

to know how to give a dinner, are very different things. I flatter myſelf I could keep houſe with as much economy and decent plenty as any body; but I believe and acknowledge myſelf utterly incapable of giving a dinner.

"But this humility, Mr. Saunter, was not the fruit of one day's experience. I am ſtill with Lady Dainty, and have heard of nothing but the total neglect of my education; becauſe, unluckily, I have ventured to propoſe ducks for the firſt courſe, or ſome incongruity equally terrible. The giving a dinner engroſſes my aunt for a full week previous to the time appointed. She has long ſittings at her bureau, in which ſhe arranges the diſhes to her fancy; then long practiſings on a table with empty diſhes, like the Barmecide's imaginary feaſt, which made Shacabac's mouth water; then endleſs conferences with her cook and houſekeeper; and at all theſe previous labours I am obliged to attend, for the ſake, as ſhe ſays, of my improvement.

"Nor is this mania confined to my Lady Dainty alone. In all companies the management, the ſplendour, the elegance of the table is the moſt intereſting topic of converſation. The men enter into it with wonderful avidity:—the comparative excellence of cooks, the ſuperiority of a fricandeau over a blanquette, the utter inad-

missibility of certain dishes, and the unpardonable blemish the adoption of them would be to a table—these are the subjects upon which I find young and old, gay and grave, male and female, for ever talking.

"We spent a fortnight at my aunt's villa, about twelve miles from London. Here the business was worse:—we had company in the house, and a new footman; servants were continually on the road to London in search of delicacies. Hours were consumed in a morning in consultations for future repasts, and still more fatiguing hours at night, in invectives against those which were already eaten and digested. My aunt turns pale at the least mistake, and is often in agonies, which I know not how to sooth, from my utter want of comprehension of their cause.

"I tremble at the idea of marrying a man who looks upon the table as the source of his happiness and fame,—and all with whom I associate, appear to do so. Sir Nicholas Dainty himself, who professes to be no epicure, looks as blank as possible if the boiled mutton has not caper-sauce to it; and has two or three little particularities of that kind, which spoil his dinner four days out of the seven. He contends for plain food, but then it must be exquisite in its kind, perfectly tender,

well

well fed, well kept, and well dreſſed: and ſo many little imperfections frequently occur, that I have ſeen Sir Nicholas riſe with an empty ſtomach from a dinner, which, in compliment to his Lady, he declares to have been extremely well imagined, but of which the execution had failed in ſome little particular in every diſh.

"Thank Heaven!—Yet I ought rather to lament that I am ſo ſtupid as not to have acquired the neceſſary quickneſs of perception on theſe occaſions, but have often made an excellent dinner from diſhes declared abſolutely not eatable. Thus, Sir, all my beauty, all my accompliſhments, all my reading go for nothing; and in the moſt material article of life, I find myſelf a mere country novice, and am often obliged to bluſh for having an appetite ſo voracious as to take up with ſuch deteſtable food.

"I am, Sir,

"Your perplexed humble Servant,

"HENRIETTA HEARTY."

To

that will insure continual happiness; nor any so abject as to be without enjoyment; indeed happiness and misery seem so necessarily united, that they are equally dispersed through all ranks of society; and though we cannot persuade ourselves we are content or happy, we wish to conceal from others every appearance to the contrary; we derive happiness from being thought to possess it, and comfort ourselves in wretchedness if we can conceal it from others.

I shall conclude my examples of seeming contentment, with a letter from one, who can have little reason to disguise the sense of his melancholy situation: it is from a criminal in a solitary cell of the county prison already mentioned; he is without friends, without property, without character, and without any necessary of life except the scanty allowance which hard labour procures midst the horrors of a dungeon, yet he wrote the following letter, and delivered it to the keeper to be forwarded to a brother at a distance.

"DEAR JACK,

"THIS comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you in good health and spirits, as it leaves me at this present writing, thanks to nobody for it; I live in a pleasant part of the kingdom here, and only for the distance between us not so much amiss; the people are not over and above sociable, and so I *never mixes* with *none of 'em;* work is in great plenty here, and provisions cost us nothing; the house I live in is newly built, and they say 'tis one of the best of the sort in all England, for they can make up better than forty separate bed rooms every night. I was sorry to hear poor Bob was catched out last assizes; but no matter for that; they say Botany Bay is a rare country, and worth while to go on purpose to see, for 'tis quite another world. And so hoping we may all go there one time or other, this concludes me,

Dear JACK, your's till death,

TOM FILCH."

P.S. Direct to me, at A***** Bridewell, where I have fallen into a job of work that will hold me best part of next winter.

No. III.

ON LOVE.

HAVING been desired by a young female correspondent, to write an essay on the subject of LOVE, I have for some time past been employed in collecting materials to oblige her, from observations in the circle of my acquaintance; although a friend assured me, that I might as well attempt to describe a *griffin* or an *unicorn*; "for LOVE," says he, "like these monsters, is a thing which may "possibly have existed in former times, but "*now* mankind are wiser than to believe any "thing of the matter." I shall consider this as the opinion only of an old man who has forgot what he felt himself when he was young; and proceed to give a very singular instance of affection betwixt two lovers *who never saw each other*.

This curious fact I have extracted from a

"Sir,

"I lately paid a viſit to ſome very worthy people, but who are totally unuſed to the world and its manners. I was amuſed to ſee the pains they took to be at eaſe themſelves, and to induce their company to be ſo.—They are, Sir, ſtudious in their general habits, and living wholly to each other, have become daily more and more wrapped up in literary purſuits. This is all very well, and if they were contented to remain book-worms, nobody would have a right to arraign their choice; but fearing that the avidity with which they follow their favourite ſtudies would ſubject them to ridicule, they conceal with the greateſt care their fondneſs for literature, and affect the *degagé* manners of people of faſhion.

"Imagine, Sir, an elderly man and woman, who have ſpent the laſt twenty years of their life in an old-faſhioned houſe, amongſt books, cob-

"jessamine, diffuse voluptuous satisfaction "all around; disturbs the peace of her de- "jected father, embittering all the comforts "of his life, and making his approach to "death more terrible."

At these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus, "the Angel of Death, who ad- "monishes and warns the faithful in the hour "of sickness, ere he strikes the fatal blow, has "summoned me to join thy holy mother, who "died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet "let me not depart to the unknown and fearful "Land of Death, and leave my daughter un- "protected; Oh! my Serinda, speak! Hast thou "ever seriously reflected on the danger, to "which thy orphan state must soon be subject; "surrounded as thou then wilt be with suitor "LAMAS of various dispositions and preten- "sions; some with mercenary cunning, "wooeing thy possessions through thy per- "son; others haughtily demanding both, and "threatening a helpless heiress with their

" young; but he has saved my father's life " and is a favourite of my father, therefore " it is my duty sure to *love*, and I will *love* " Tarempou." The old LAMA smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw, after he had explained to her that *love* was *impious* according to the laws of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of LAMAS and their slave; Serinda left her father, and as she stroked his favourite dog which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye, lest she might be guilty of *impiety*.

And now the slave Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from chief of the shepherds, to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; and observing him unusually dejected, declared that he had himself acquired some knowledge in medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill where every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The LAMA heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt; or, as 'tis expressed in the original, " his eyes " flashed joy, his brow looked forgiveness, but

" him all his fame, and all his happiness; for " LAMA Zarin considered the advantages " which birth and wealth and power con- " ferred, as trifling when compared to that of " being *father to Serinda*. All the anxiety " he ever felt, proceeded from thoughts re- " lating to her welfare, when he could no " longer guard the innocence of *her* whom " he expected soon to quit for ever." A dreadful malady, which had long seized him at a stated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in spite of all the art of medicine, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day after a fit, which attacked him with more violence than usual, he sent for the fair Serinda, and gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addressed her in these words: " Daughter of my hopes and fears! " Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for " ever! Yet while my soul confesses its de- " light in gazing on thee, attend to the fore- " boding dictates of a dying father's spirit: " my Serinda, whose breath refreshes like " the rose, and whose purity should, like the

circumſtance; and never did I ſee any one ſo ingenious in extracting unſuſpected evil from plans of the faireſt promiſe. If we are going out to dinner, ſhe is ſure the company will be unpleaſant; the ſervants will get drunk—we ſhall be robbed, or overturned in coming home. If we are to have a party at home, ſhe knows every thing will go wrong—nobody will be amuſing—the time will hang heavy—the people will go away execrating the ſtupidity of the viſit.—If I am employed about a piece of work, ſhe prognoſticates that it will be unfaſhionable before it is finiſhed. If I am reading, ſhe never knew any good come of reading but to make young people unfit for converſation. If I draw or play, ſhe wonders what I expect to gain by ſuch unremitted practice. If her huſband is going hunting (for we live in the country) ſhe hates hunting, it is ſo dangerous. If he goes for a ride, ſhe is ſurpriſed he can take pleaſure in hanging on his horſe for hours together. If he is in his library, ſhe never ſaw ſuch a book-worm. If he ſits in the parlour, ſhe hates men always at their wife's apron-ſtrings. Thus does ſhe ſour every common occurrence of life by the moſt ingenious optical deluſion, looking at every thing in the worſt point of view. I am ſenſible my deſcription is a very inadequate one; but you, Mr. Saunter, can repreſent with more force the abſurdity of imbittering one's allotted portion of

happineſs by ſo obſtinately perſiſting to anticipate only inconvenience.

"I am, Sir, naturally of a ſanguine temper, and am much diſpoſed to think fair appearances promiſe fair concluſions. If the ſun ſhine in the morning, I am willing to enjoy it then—and if it rain, I am always inclined to hope the weather will brighten. But, Sir, I am afraid I ſhall fall into this diſagreeable habit, for we are all ſuch creatures of imitation, that we are too apt to adopt the manners of thoſe we live with. I wiſh, Sir, you could point out to my relation the folly of ſeeing every thing through ſo gloomy and querulous a medium; and as there may be others infected with the ſame diſeaſe, you will oblige many more beſides

"Sir,

"Your very humble ſervant,

"LEONILLA."

To

who was alſo very frequently of the party. His manners were mild and courteous—his countenance pale, placid, and intereſting—the tone of his voice gentle, harmonious, and pathetic. He was never prominent in company, but always obliging; yet all he ſaid and did was tinctured with a caſt of penſiveneſs, which ſometimes, indeed, degenerated into ſomething like diſcontent: yet the beam of his eye, the radiance of his ſmile, when any occaſional incident for a moment ſurpriſed him out of himſelf, diſplayed a diſpoſition naturally alive to pleaſurable impreſſions; and the poignancy of his remarks, and the terſeneſs of his expreſſions, proved his mind by nature playful and vivacious. Such as he was, though on civil terms with all, he ſeemed particularly friendly with no one. He would ſometimes fall into fits of muſing, of which no one knew the cauſe; and though to thoſe who interrupted him, his demeanour was always gentle, his countenance betrayed the continued abſtraction of his mind, and the preference he gave to the indulgence of ſilent reverie, rather than to deſultory, and, what is commonly thought, amuſing converſation.

The character and manners of this gentleman at once attracted my obſervation; nor could I ſtudy him without wiſhing to obtain his friendſhip:—but to obtain his friendſhip, or even his

peculiar attention, was no eaſy taſk. If any thing beyond common politeneſs, he was evidently ſuſpicious; and in proportion as my advances became more fervent, he became more cool. I was then young, and rather impetuous; but I was well aware of the advantage it would be to me to call ſuch a man my friend.—I ſoon, however, found that I had not adopted the right method, and I even began to fancy that he felt leſs well-diſpoſed towards me, than towards others who courted him leſs. He was ſome years my ſenior; and he ſeemed to attribute the deference I was inclined to pay to his opinions (at firſt on account of his age, and then, of the unfeigned reſpect I felt for him) to ſome motive which I could not develop; yet I knew not how to adopt other methods towards him, ſince my manners were really the reſult of my natural feelings.

Diſappointed in a wiſh ſo ardent, I loſt, even towards others, my habits of conciliation, and became diſpirited and careleſs.—The younger part of the ſociety rallied me on the change in my character, and accuſed me of being in love. I parried their raillery as well as I could, ſome times with ſomething like gaiety, ſometimes with aſperity. In one of theſe latter moods, I obſerved Mr. Humberſtone within hearing, juſt after I had peeviſhly replied, " When a man cannot attain the

in the ſcience, they leave their hearers convinced that they have not the ſmalleſt idea of its firſt principles.

"I am, Mr. Saunter, with great reſpect,

"Your very humble ſervant,

"VERITAS."

This letter ſhall be further conſidered in a future paper.

(Signed) SOLOMON SAUNTER.

No. XXXVI.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1800.

THERE are ſome characters, which ſhut themſelves up in a ſort of reſerve, through which a mere acquaintance is unequal to penetrate, but which, when circumſtances induce them to expand, are far more intereſting than their retired appearance would have led one to imagine. This kind of reſerve, which ariſes not from a gloomy or ſuſpicious diſpoſition, not from a miſanthropical turn of mind, or a cheerleſs and uncommunicative temper, is rather the reſult of a delicate humility, an apprehenſive feeling, and is ſometimes brought upon characters of a very oppoſite ſtamp by nature, by the influence of circumſtance operating on quick ſenſibility.

I remember ſome years ago, in a houſe where I was received upon an intimate footing, being very much pleaſed with the appearance of a gentleman, who

and never was the tie, thus formed, for a moment broken.

This friendſhip has been the firſt bleſſing of my life for many years. I am now fully acquainted with the circumſtances that ſo early tinged a mind ſo noble with an appearance of miſanthropy; and I think I may ſay, I am now fully acquainted with its candour, its humility, its uncommon nobleneſs. Often do I hear Mr. Humberſtone accuſed of pride, of ſingularity;—the latter charge I cannot quite refute,—he is undoubtedly ſingular, but a human being cannot be more free from pride—except the noble pride of acting up to his conſciouſneſs of the dignity of man!

Diſappointed in ſome early purſuits, in which the promiſed aſſiſtance of others had failed him, he reſolved to depend on himſelf alone; and ſinking his patrimony into an annuity, from that time he formed and adhered to ſo regular a plan of life, that he not only has never exceeded a very limited income, though he has always lived in the beſt company: but he has more than once been enabled to extend his pecuniary aſſiſtance to objects whoſe merits could awake his compaſſion.

"It is not in my nature," ſaid he one day to me, "to ſubmit to the ſervile drudgery which is neceſſary

necessary to enable a man in this country to earn an independence. There is so much homage to be paid to some one or other to obtain permission to work, and so much patronage necessary to provide work to be done, that I abandoned it as an unworthy pursuit. I have been censured," continued he, "for being idle. Idle, with respect to mere worldly advantages, I certainly am; but I am at leisure to exercise my mind. I contemplate the progress of feelings and passions in others, and their effects, but without personal interest. It is a worthy occupation of the mental faculties, to watch the conduct of our fellow-creatures,—not with a mean and interested view, but merely to expand and increase our knowledge of human nature. I have not so delightful an amusement as conversation; but then it must be a style of conversation far superior to that which is generally to be met with. It must be refined without being querulous—literary, but not pedantic—gay and witty, but not satirical. I grant you these delightful qualities are not often to be met with; but no one knows even his own powers that mingles only in the news or wonders of the day: plunged in the vortex of dissipation, he is unconscious of how much he is capable, and no one else can suspect it at all. I acknowledge," continued Mr. Humberstone, "that certain recollections often come across my mind, and unfit

me

the precise object of his wishes, other things become insipid, if not distasteful to him."

He cast on me a keen, penetrating glance, which was not lost upon me. I doubted not but he had heard my words, and I was rather chagrined. He appeared to view me with so much prejudice, that I felt sorry he should perceive I was hurt, lest he should attribute this also to artifice.—It happened, not long after this, that I was alone with him, and with more appearance of good-will towards me than usual, he enquired in what material object I had been disappointed? I replied, that it was immaterial—I had relinquished the pursuit.

"You are yet too young," replied he, with a sigh, "to be so easily discouraged."

"There is, however, a point," I answered, "beyond which wisdom forbids us to hope, and judgment terms perseverance folly."

"There is so," returned Mr. Humberstone; "the only fear is, that we should, in petulance and chagrin, fix that moment too early."

"I cannot fear that," said I. "I rather apprehend I have delayed it too long."

"It does, however, sometimes happen," replied he, "that a man is discouraged even at the moment when he is on the point of obtaining his wishes."

"I should

"I ſhould not have expected from Mr. Humberſtone," ſaid I, "a ſtyle of reaſoning ſo ſanguine."

"Though I have perhaps a melancholy air," anſwered he, "that is not a reaſon why I ſhould damp the hopes of others. May I aſk what is the object which has eluded your purſuit?"

"I cannot imagine," ſaid I, "that the explanation could be intereſting to you, Sir."

"And I," returned he, "will not be ſo impertinent as to preſs it farther. I had thought it poſſible, from ſome ſymptoms in your manner, that I might have been of ſervice to you; but if it were ſo, you would, I think, have explained yourſelf, and not have diſtruſted profeſſions of friendſhip never more to be lightly made."

"Did I hear rightly?" exclaimed I. "Profeſſions of friendſhip to me from Mr. Humberſtone!"

"What is there ſo wonderful in all this?" aſked he. "I cannot be inſenſible that you have ſought my notice—I cannot but perceive that you ſeek it no longer. My heart is ſlow to open. I have had reaſon to make it ſo; but when once open——"

"And is it open to me?" I exclaimed.

Mr. Humberſtone made me no anſwer but by extending his hand. I graſped it fervently;

 and

true dignity, muſt not ariſe from caprice or ſullenneſs; nor muſt that retiring melancholy, which renders vague converſation ſometimes irkſome, degenerate into miſanthropy. Neither is it always ſafe to adopt the moſt ſplendid model for imitation, without ſome correſponding ſimilarity of mind. When Hilario, young, healthy, gay, aſſumes fits of diſtraction, and retires into a mind that never yet was furniſhed with any ideas but thoſe the paſſing moments ſupplied,—when he, who is ever alive to mirth, affects diſcontent, and reluctance to mingle with others, he excites ridicule as a bad copy, and lays himſelf open to the cenſures of the meaneſt, for attempting to ingraft a delicate exotic on a common weed.

Agapetus, at five-and-twenty, ſucceeded to an ample fortune. He readily entered into all the diſſipation of the age, and before he was thirty, began to think it neceſſary to repair the ravages he had made in it, by marrying a woman of affluence. He had been well received in all thoſe circles where expence and gaiety are unfailing paſſports, and he doubted not but that at the firſt intimation of his choice, Laurana would be delighted to reſtore him to even more than his original opulence by the gift of herſelf and her ample heritage. From Laurana, however, he received a civil refuſal,—ſo civil, that it did not drive

drive him to despair; and after making an open display of his passion and his grief, which he thought could not fail of moving her heart in his favour, he renewed his addresses.

It happened, however, that though Laurana was thrown by circumstances into the same dissipated circle as Agapetus, she had discernment which remained unclouded, and a rectitude of heart unbiassed by the seductions of gaiety; and the overstrained passion of Agapetus raised no soft emotion in her bosom. The renewal of his attentions procured him only a second dismissal, and Agapetus saw that his rejection was decided.

His fortune was now too far exhausted to allow him to keep up the distinction he had hitherto enjoyed by similar methods; and his suit to Laurana was too publicly known to permit him speedily to supply her place with any other equally rich and more compliant fair-one. Already he felt himself insecure on the pinnacle on which he stood; already his fiat was no longer a law, from whence there was no appeal in the world of fashion. He saw the danger of sinking into obscurity, and he felt himself unequal to dare the disgrace. He instantly determined to raise, on the ruins of his former celebrity, a reputation equally satisfactory; and

me even for the enjoyment of this placid pleaſure; but though I dare no longer indulge the warmth of my heart, I am no miſanthrope."

"It was impoſſible," I replied, "to ſuſpect him of miſanthropy."

"I entered the world," ſaid he, "young, fearleſs, animated, feeling good-will towards all I met, and ſuſpecting no one of malevolence towards me. I was undeceived, cruelly undeceived; and ſince that period I have never granted my friendſhip lightly, nor indeed often given it at all. But no more of this:—I mean not to enter into a detail of the circumſtances that forced upon my mind an ill opinion of mankind—I would rather forget them myſelf."

For ſeveral years did I live in habits of intimacy with this amiable man before I knew his hiſtory; and I found him, where he had once given his eſteem, ever moſt friendly, moſt kind, and open, except on the ſubject of his own ſorrows: thoſe ſeemed to be a ſacred ſtore, not to be unlocked even to a friend, and I carefully forbore intruding on what he held inviolable. At length, the moment of full confidence arrived, and I was put in poſſeſſion of the whole character of the man, whoſe mild and winning demeanour, whoſe invariable truth and juſtice, whoſe acute penetration had inſenſibly ameliorated my character, and corrected

corrected many of my faults. The mome t he had given me his friendſhip, proved to me a ſource of unfailing advantage. I hear him arraigned as gloomy, miſanthropic, and as having ſhut up all the feelings of nature in a determined apathy; while I know that his heart beats with the tendereſt warmth, and that there exiſts not a more genuine philanthropiſt. The ſolitarineſs of his life, and the acuteneſs of his obſervation do ſometimes contribute to diſguſt him with the ways of the world; and he, not unfrequently, rallies me on the facility with which I mix with all kinds of people: yet while he rallies, he does not diſapprove, but ſays, with an air of penſive regret, "I have loſt that happy elaſticity of mind, my friend!"

Such is the man who has for many years been the neareſt to my heart. His diſtinguiſhed character has often rendered him an object of attention, and not unfrequently of imitation. The moſt caſual obſerver cannot but ſee in Mr. Humberſtone, a ſuperiority to the common maſs of people that form the aggregate of ſociety; and many a man, who has wiſhed to raiſe himſelf above the level, has ſelected his character as a model of conduct. But to be permanently admirable, ſingularity of manners muſt be grounded on good ſenſe and rectitude; reſerve, to attain

true

the beauty of Serinda should tempt the SUPREME LAMA, to seize her for himself. "But "*she*, in whose love sick heart, dwelt purest "innocence, a fountain from whence sprang "hope, which branching in a thousand channels, diffused itself over all her soul, and "gleamed in her countenance, half seen and "half concealed, like the meandering veins "that sweetly overspread her swelling bosom," revered the LAMA for his decree, and thought it proceeded from his desire of being a witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day with all the pomp and retinue of Eastern splendour.

Here in the original follows a very long detail of their journey, describing the number of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occasion; it relates that the LAMA *would sometimes travel in the sumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Tarempou, dividing his time betwixt the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his*

and ſuddenly renouncing all the pleaſures he had been foremoſt to promote and to enjoy, he became at once a profeſſed apathiſt. He now haunts the ſcenes of thoſe amuſements once ſo delightful, merely to profeſs his contempt for them—merely to wonder how rational beings can be for a moment led away by ſuch frivolities. He is aſtoniſhed at the eagerneſs with which men purſue the empty bubbles of fame, honour, power, or riches. He contemns all profeſſions of morality as falſe, and all enthuſiaſm of feeling as *young*—an error ſoon to be foregone:—friendſhip he declares a jeſt, and love a ſhadow—

"Man delights not him, nor woman either!"

Yet would it now be difficult to rouſe Agapetus from a character ſo uncongenial to his real diſpoſition, or to convince him that every body ſees through the thin ſubterfuge by which he now ſeeks to obtain diſtinction.

No. XXXVII.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1800.

BEING at a loſs for a ſubject for this day's paper, I have merely tranſcribed the following poems.

A FAREWEL TO THE OLD YEAR,

Written on the 31ſt of December, at Midnight.

FAREWEL, Old Year! without regret I own
I ſee thee take thy flight!—yet I would hope
It is not in my nature to behold,
Thus unreluctant, a departing friend!
But thou haſt been a hollow friend to me!
A vile Court paraſite, dreſs'd up in ſmiles,

With

With cap in hand, and ready-bending knee,
Proff'ring vaſt benefits, and holding out
Lures of moſt fair advantage :—yet whene'er
(Tho' often cheated) I ſtept forth to ſeize
Thy lib'ral offers with a court-like bow,
Thou didſt aſſume an air of cold caprice,
And ſtern indiff'rence—as who ſhould ſay,
" I know thee not, nor aught have promiſed thee!"

Old Year, I not regret thee, tho' I know
I am the older for thee.—Youth, that bloom
Moſt evaneſcent, ſince I long have loſt,
Why ſhould I now lament? What was my youth
But a ſad ſeries of unfruitful hopes,
Of varied diſappointments! Where was then
The joyous glee delightful, the free ſmile
By anguiſh unalloy'd? I knew not theſe,—
Of theſe more liberal, my advancing years
Have, in mid autumn, play'd the part of ſpring,
And given me now, tho' late, yet welcome ſtill,
The frolic heart, the laugh from care eſtrang'd,
The vacant joyance, and the mirth ſincere!
Adorn'd with theſe, advancing years ſhall bring,
Tho' grim with wrinkles, no regrets to me!

And yet, old friend, tho' thus I've chidden thee,
What cauſe have I to joy thus in thy loſs?

 True—

True—thou'ſt been chequer'd ſtrangely!—thou haſt ſhewn
The ſad viciſſitudes of human life!
Some of my very happieſt hours were thine,
And ſome of my moſt wretched!—Yet, alas!
Far heavier, far more num'rous, are the griefs,
Than the delights that I have owed to thee!
'Tis true, we lay our ſorrows in a ſcale
Of weightieſt lead, and poiſe our joyful hours
In a light ozier baſket. Then we cry,
Lo! how the ſcale of grief preponderates!
'Tis ever thus!—the bleſſing that's deny'd,
Far, far outſhines the bleſſing we poſſeſs!
Let me then learn from thee, ſage monitor,
Experience ſtern! to eſtimate aright
The value of the promiſes of Hope!
Let me weigh juſtly what I now enjoy,
Nor let my mind too deeply prize the things
Which Providence denies me:—let me think
That that o'er-ruling Power, in whoſe high hand
Are all our deſtinies, withholds, or gives,
As ſuits our deareſt intereſts—not that
By which mere worldly minds are ever led,
Our earthly welfare; but that high concern,
Worthy alone of an immortal ſoul,
Our full eternal bliſs: then, Time elapſed,
Let me from thee learn wiſdom—and from thee
All wiſdom may be learn'd. Thy backward page

Unravels

Unravels every myſtery, clears up
All doubts, all wonders; and, perus'd with care,
In his own life might each obſerver find
A guide to wiſdom for his years to come!
Let him but mark, from that unerring book,
The faults committed—let him earneſt note
The failing moſt predominant, and thence
Correct his future life:—for by that fault,
To which our erring nature chiefly leans,
Perhaps we gain, or loſe, Eternity!—
What is a victory where no foe appears?
Or what is virtue's worth, when unaſſail'd?
Some points we all poſſeſs, on which our hearts
Reproach us not; and we, poor erring fools!
Build, on theſe points, preſumptuous hopes of heaven!
What!—where no hindrance bars your onward way,
Shall you receive the due reward of toil?
No!—where frail nature leads you down to vice,
There bend your ſtrength, there guard againſt yourſelf!
One vict'ry gained there, ſhall win more bays,
Than years of virtue, where no tempter came!—
Thus ſpeaks the voice of the departing year!—
And ſpeaks it wiſely? My heart feels it does!
And may I profit by it!—But, alas!
Tho' Wiſdom cry aloud, and fill the ſtreet
With her reſounding voice, that voice is drown'd
By Folly's louder roar. And ſo, tho' now,

 Amid

Amid the solemn stilness of the night,
I listen to her dictates, when assail'd
By varied lures, I meet the tempter oft
Hid in a thousand shapes, shall I reflect
On the cool reasonings that convince me now?
Be this thy work, thou fast-expiring year!
Let me owe this to thee—and tho' thou hast
With cruelty wreck'd many a fairy hope,
And many a golden vision quite destroy'd,
Yet will I call thee *Benefactor, Friend,*
And wish the coming year may prove as good!—
Farewel, in friendship, then! fulfil this hope;
Give me to call to mind, when most in need,
Thy parting counsels, and I will forget
How scurvily thou'st used me; nor repeat
How in thy infancy with smiles thou cam'st,
And woo'd me to be happy—how thy hand
Plac'd, in my view, the cup of sweet delight,
And sprinkled on my lips, precursive drops,
A foretaste of the precious draught design'd me:
But, when I saw the sparkling liquor rise
High to the brim, and stretch'd my eager hand
To grasp the sacred vase, thine alter'd brow
(Advanc'd to thy mid-age) now frown'd upon me,
And sudden from my view, the cup was gone!
But be all this forgotten!—Fare thee well!
And welcome thou, whom now the merry bells

Receive

Receive with joyous diſſonance!—Alas!
What cauſe has man thus to proclaim his joy
That a new year begins?—How many woes
Unthought of yet, ſhall he, before its cloſe
Lament with bitter tears!—how many joys,
Now quick advancing to their utmoſt height,
Shall Fate's keen ſcythe deſtroy!—how many friends,
Now firmly knit in union's ſacred bands,
Shall diſcord ſever—or perhaps, (leſs ſharp
Than her envenom'd tooth), the ſtroke of Death!—
What vaſt events, yet in the womb of Fate,
Lie hid, unknown to all!—events ſo great
As may appal the world! The times are big
With wondrous circumſtances, and Heaven knows
Their iſſue is moſt dubious!—Yet, at birth
Of a new year, unthinking man exults,
And bids the pealing bells ſound jubilant!

Rejoice, all ye who view the laſt year cloſe
Without remorſe of ſoul!—who cannot find
On memory's clear page, or blot, or ſtain
Of hideous magnitude!—who have not now
To mourn ſome dear connection loſt for ever!
Rejoice that what is paſt hath been ſo good—
Hope for the future; but "hope humbly" ſtill!
Hope, in this chequered, in this motley world,
Muſt ſtill be daſh'd with fear! Hope unalloy'd,

 Is

Is not for mortals,—'twould perhaps exceed
E'en full fruition! For th' excursive mind,
When dwelling on some full-conceiv'd delight,
Surpasses modest nature: raptures strong,
High-strained emotions, transports all divine,
Creative Fancy paints with rapid hand,
And sober Truth must fail to realize
Her ardent flights. And Oh, remember still,
Amid your gaiety,—remember those
To whom the opening year can bring no joy!
Who only see before their weeping eyes
A train of miseries!—whom Sorrow calls
Her children, whom keen Penury assails,
And in this bitter season, who, in vain,
Toil for the poor necessities of life!—
Think ye of those who know not where to seek
Their daily bread? whose shivering limbs are bare
Of needful raiment? who have no bed to rest
Their aching heads?—Oh, think indeed of those,
And from your superfluities, ye rich,
Spare them a trifle!—Then, indeed, the year
Shall be a happy one to them.—To you,
So well begun, then may the merry bells
Announce its birth with gratulations gay;
And every future action may imbibe
Sweet odour from your first benevolence!

But, chief, let us resolve, the coming year
Shall see no foolish remnants of the past.
'Tis yet a blank—unwritten on—consign'd
To thee—to me—to all, and every one,
To fill at our discretion; but the marks
That there we leave, tho' here no stain is seen,
Are graven deep in heaven's eternal's page!
Let us be sure we need not blush to see them,
For we shall see them—see them, once again,
On that tremendous day, when, all appall'd,
Our hearts shall, from that dreadful record, glean
Our sure eternal sentence!—Many years
We none of us can hope, nor any one
Depend upon the end of this! Alas!
And shall not this reflection rouse our souls
To manly energy! That on this *Now!*
This very *Now!* eternal welfare hangs!—
Have we till now neglected it?—then now
Arouse we to the task! This new-born year
Comes to redeem its elders who are dead!
Let it not come in vain!—Nor, like the past,
Bear on its wings the record of our sins.

FOUR SONNETS.

SONNET I.

DAWN.

NOW fades from view the modeſt Queen of night,
Juſt as the reddening eaſt, with glimmering ray,
Points out the firſt approach of welcome day,
And tinges Ether with a doubtful light—
The opening dawn each moment grows more bright,
O'er ev'ry object gleams of radiance play,
'Till the ſun riſes, and the landſcape gay
With ſparkling waters, burſts upon the ſight.—
So, on the diſtant future's fainteſt verge,
The mind a ſpeck of promis'd bliſs deſcries,
Awhile, upborne on fancy's flattering ſurge,
The doubtful proſpect mocks the ſtraining eyes,
'Till truth ſhall from the lap of doubt emerge,
And ſtrong conviction in full ſplendour riſe.

SONNET

SONNET II.

MORNING.

BRIGHT rofe the morn and beautiful—the fun
With fairy fplendour all the landfcape crown'd—
His ftrongeft beams illum'd the nearer ground,
And o'er the diftant hills more faintly fhone!
But ah! too foon thofe tranfient rays are gone!
The fullen gale fends forth a hollow found,
Low'r the black clouds, furcharg'd with rain around,
And veil Aurora in their mantle dun!—
And, like the early morning, I awoke,
With every pleafure glittering in my view;
The fun of hope o'er the fair profpect broke,
And diamond-tipp'd each bloffom wet with dew;
Till by a fudden unexpected ftroke
Faded the brilliant fcene, and prov'd my hopes untrue.

SONNET III.

EVENING.

MARK, how the cloudleſs weſt effulgent glows
With the mild luſtre of departing day—
The broaden'd ſun ſhoots forth a lingering ray,
And o'er the ſcene a trembling radiance throws;
But the bright evening haſtens to a cloſe,
Light ſhadowy vapours ſoft o'er Ether play,
The ſplendid eye of heaven ſinks faſt away,
"And leaves the world to darkneſs" and repoſe!—
So tranquil, yet ſo awful is the ſcene,
Where Virtue's favourite ſon reſigns his breath—
Calm is his countenance, his ſmile ſerene,
And no diſtracting terrors lurk beneath,
Nor dares one anxious paſſion intervene
To ſhade the temper'd glories of his death.

SONNET IV.

MOONLIGHT.

'TIS awful midnight!—from yon mountain's brow
Let me furvey this wide-extended fcene,
And mark the pale moon, as fhe flings ferene
Her trembling radiance o'er the world below!
And as her beams o'er the foft landfcape flow,
In folemn harmony it feems to fleep,
While, thro' the wood-tops, dying breezes creep,
Like fome aërial fpirit, murmuring low!—
Thus, when the mind in retrofpect furveys
Events that memory alone can give,
Dwells on the images of long-loft days,
And bids, anew, each paft impreffion live,
Calm is the view, each harfher feature fled,
Like this dim fcene, beneath pale moonlight fpread.

No. XXXVIII.

No. XXXVIII.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1800.

LOOKING the other day among the roll of papers tranſmitted to me by my friend Abraham Upright, I found in the hand-writing of poor Delwyn, the following tale.—Whether it was the production of his own imagination, or whether it is a tranſlation from ſome German author, I cannot decide; but amid the preſent rage for the wild and marvellous imaginations of the Germans, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to my readers.

"AT the great annual fair at Francfort, in the year 1464, an immenſe concourſe of people were aſſembled from all quarters of Europe, and among others,

others, the Lady Bianca d'Alberto, and the young Seraphina, her niece, from beyond the Alps. The Signora Bianca was the widow of an officer, whoſe brother, alſo in the Army, had been killed in endeavouring to ſcreen him from the fatal effect of a blow, which was aimed at him by a deſperate enemy. The brother, Ferdinand d'Alberto, received the wound, and after ſtruggling a few minutes, expired in his arms. The laſt word that trembled on his lips, was *Seraphina!* This was ſufficient for the Colonel—he, from that moment, conſidered Seraphina as the ſacred legacy of his dying brother; and as ſoon as he returned from the campaign, introduced the young orphan (for her mother had died in giving her life), to his wife, the affectionate and virtuous Bianca, who readily adopted the intereſting charge, and had ever treated her with maternal affection.

"After the death of the Colonel, who had fallen in a ſubſequent action, the Lady Bianca was attacked by a ſlow conſuming illneſs, which had long preyed upon her conſtitution, and which, it was apprehended, would carry her prematurely to her grave. To avert effects ſo fatal, the phyſicians, who reſembled thoſe of the eighteenth century, finding they could do no more for her at

home, prescribed what they ought to have done at first, and ordered her to travel.

"Having reached Francfort near the time of the fair, she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to shew Seraphina a little of the world. In those days, it was not thought a duty incumbent on parents and guardians to attend their young charges to every place of dissipation; nor had it been the fashion to do so during the youth of the Lady Bianca! The good lady knew very little, therefore, of the world to which she now undertook to introduce her niece. Pious and innocent, she had concerned herself very little about the cultivation of her mind, and had grown to old age in an ignorance, wonderful at a period so enlightened as the fifteenth century. She regularly told her beads, and had left considerable sums to pay for masses for the soul of her deceased d'Alberto—a ceremony she would have thought herself culpable to omit, because she doubted not of its power to abridge the period of his remaining in purgatory.

"But with respect to the management of so subtile, so volatile, so spiritual an essence as a girl of sixteen, no one could be more unfit for such a task than the good Lady Bianca. She was not, however, aware of her incapacity; for Seraphina,

though ſhe ſometimes perceived blunders in her aunt's conduct, yet never noticed them, but contented herſelf with counteracting their effect by the prudence and propriety of her own manner; and as ſhe paid the moſt implicit reſpect and deference to the Signora, that venerable relative continued to think her prudent management the reaſon why ſo young and ſo lovely a creature as Seraphina preſerved ſuch invariable good conduct. She loved her niece as much as ſhe was capable of loving, and Seraphina returned her affection with the moſt unblemiſhed piety. The Lady Bianca thought her young charge the moſt beautiful being on earth:—if the young lady did not give her aunt the ſame excluſive praiſe for wiſdom, it was becauſe ſhe doubted her own powers of making the compariſon. In all the wayward caprices of bad health, and worſe ſpirits, Seraphina had been her attentive and patient nurſe, had obviated every inconvenience, and ſweetened every difficulty with a gentle aſſiduity that did honour to her heart and to her underſtanding; and now accompanied her in her ſlow and toilſome peregrination acroſs a vaſt and rugged country, in the fond hope of ſeeing her aunt revive from ſo continued a change of air, and of receiving pleaſure and improvement herſelf from a ſucceſſion of new and various objects. The Colonel Alberto had fallen in Germany, and it was to viſit his tomb

tomb that the Signora had croſſed the Alps, and encountered all the fatigues of a long and painful journey; but the end in view had ſanctified the cruſade for Bianca, and the amuſements of every moment rendered it charming to Seraphina!

" Notwithſtanding their good-will, however, as travelling was not then arranged in the commodious manner it is at preſent, our two females found themſelves fatigued with the flying German waggon, and thought it fortunate that the fair at Francfort offered them a reaſonable pretext for ſtaying at that city long enough to refreſh themſelves; and having happily obtained a decent chamber, they contented themſelves with the accommodations which a place ſo very full could afford them, and amuſed themſelves all day long with the various diverſions of the town. A bull-fight ſucceeded to a horſe-race, a myſtery to a boxing-match. Seraphina, who had never heard of ſo much diſſipation, was enchanted; and but for the thick black veil which concealed her face and figure, would have enchanted every youth in Francfort: but the Signora Bianca thought the tramontanes unworthy of ſo bright a gem, and reſolved to preſerve her niece for ſome Italian Cavalier.

" One day they followed the crowd to view the wonderful

wonderful tricks of a conjuror, who, in league with a Gipſy, performed ſuch aſtoniſhing feats, that it was the general opinion throughout Francfort that he was, certainly, if not the great devil himſelf, at leaſt his Prime Miniſter and favourite agent. The dead could not reſt quiet in their tombs for him, nor the pocket-books, rings, and watches of the ſpectators in their pockets. True, they were not always loſers by his tricks:—a topaz from one lady's finger was often exchanged for an emerald from another's; and the three-tailed wig of a counſellor was perhaps replaced by the full-dreſſed *tête* of an antiquated belle. The metamorphoſes thus effected, had a ſingular and groteſque effect; but the company ceaſed laughing at theſe ludicrous exertions of his power, to wonder at his inſight into the paſt, and his predictions of the future—predictions ſo myſterious and unintelligible, as fully exerciſed the talents of thoſe to whom they were addreſſed, while they impreſſed their minds with a ſtrong conviction of truth.—By oracles ſo impreſſive, he ſtimulated curioſity, and excited intereſt. Every one preſſed to him to be told that which had already befallen him; and by the accuracy in that reſpect, to judge of the probability of his propheſies, when he ſuddenly propoſed to unveil the ſecret thoughts of any perſon preſent. Incredulity ſat on the ſtretched features of every individual,

G 2 and

and but few preſented themſelves to the teſt. Every one, however, who made the trial, confeſſed in their turn that he had really read in their hearts, and diſcovered their hidden imaginations.

“ He at length approached the ſeat where the Signora Bianca and the youthful Seraphina were placed; and after paſſing ſome unimportant tricks on the aunt, propoſed to ſhew to the niece the whole progreſs of her future life. Seraphina ſhrunk back, bluſhing and diſmayed; nor could all the encouragement of her aunt induce her to ſubmit to ſuch an exhibition. The Gipſy and the conjuror now gave the company to underſtand that they would make her a party without her acquieſcence; and were even proceeding to take ſome ſteps for that purpoſe, when a loud and ſolemn voice uttered, ‘ If thou dareſt, GORTZ!’

“ The magician heſitated, and turned pale; he remounted the elevated ſeat he had quitted to addreſs Seraphina, and caſt a wiſtful look through the crowd; but he drew back his eyes with an expreſſion of diſappointment, while the ſpectators, full of aſtoniſhment, enquired in vain “ Who” had ſpoken. No one could point out the perſon who had uttered words that had had ſo inſtantaneous and awful an effect on the multitude. Curioſity was ſuſpended, or rather directed to a

new object; nor did Gortz for ſome minutes ſeem anxious to recal it to himſelf. He was too deeply engaged in a ſcrutinizing ſurvey of his audience, to make any attempts to renew the diverſions.

"At length, he ſeemed to be dubiouſly ſatisfied, and again left his exalted ſtation.—He performed, with leſs dexterity than before, ſome of his former feats, and the agitation of his mind was viſible in the perturbation of his manners. He proceeded, however, and meeting with no further interruption, gradually recovered his ſpirits; though, not unfrequently, he turned ſuddenly round, to examine thoſe neareſt him.—At length, he propoſed to ſhew to Seraphina the form of her future huſband. She tremblingly replied, that ſhe had no curioſity, and beſought her aunt to quit the place, and return home. The Signora Bianca, however, whether ſhe had more curioſity than her niece, or whether ſhe did not credit the indifference of ſo young a creature on a ſubject ſo intereſting, encouraged the man to proceed, aſſuring Seraphina that there could be no harm in it, as it was done ſo publicly, and that it could not be a real ghoſt, becauſe the man that was to be her huſband, could not be yet dead, and therefore ſhe needed not to be alarmed.

Seraphina remonſtrated againſt the illegality, not to ſay the impiety, of theſe proceedings; ſhe alledged that, in order to ſhew the appearance of a living perſon, it was neceſſary to throw them into a lethargic ſtate, and to ſeparate the ſoul from the body,—that this could only be done by the moſt horrid incantations, equally revolting both to humanity and true religion; and concluded by reiterating her requeſt to be ſpared this time, and to be allowed to return home, both which requeſts the Signora Bianca, who felt a childiſh curioſity, and amuſement in all that paſſed, decidedly refuſed; and Gortz proceeded in his preparations for the intended diſplay of his power. He addreſſed Seraphina in an awful tone of voice, beſeeching her not to be alarmed; ſhe, whoſe countenance was all innocence and virtue, needed not, he aſſured her, to admit any fear.

'I cannot endure,' replied ſhe firmly, 'to witneſs theſe nefarious arts; I conjure you, by all that is ſacred, to deſiſt!'

"The ſame voice repeated—'GORTZ?'

"The magician trembled more than before, and it was longer before he recovered. At length, however, Signora Bianca deſired to be

told

told her future fortune, and withdrew with Gortz to a remote corner of the room. Seraphina was not allowed to follow, and ſhe trembled at finding herſelf thus left alone in the midſt of ſtrangers, from whoſe notice her thick veil did not now obſcure her. She looked with anxiety at her aunt, wiſhing ſhe would return, when, on turning her head on one ſide, ſhe perceived at her elbow a tall man, of a moſt ſingular appearance, whoſe whole attention ſeemed engroſſed by her. Surpriſed that ſhe had not before remarked ſo extraordinary a perſon, and alarmed, ſhe knew not wherefore, at his ſteady gaze, ſhe would have croſſed the room to the ſpot where her aunt yet remained in cloſe conference with Gortz, but her trembling limbs were unequal to ſupport her; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed herſelf out of this ſcene of magic and infernal incantation, but ſhe had no means of quitting it. Even were ſhe out of it, ſhe was ignorant of the way back to her hotel, and even had ſhe known the way, ſhe dared not have expoſed herſelf to traverſe alone the ſtreets of Francfort, at a moment when it was ſo crowded with idle and diſſolute company.—She could not contemplate the appearance of the ſtrange man beſide her, though he as fully engroſſed her thoughts, as ſhe did his gaze. His eyes were fixed upon her, and whichever way

ſhe turned, ſhe ſeemed to feel their piercing brilliancy.

" At length the Signora Bianca returned to her ſeat, apparently much pleaſed with the communications of Gortz. Seraphina now, with redoubled earneſtneſs, beſought her to return home; but the old lady aſſured her there was much to come ſtill more worthy of their attention than any thing they had yet ſeen, and reiterated her declaration that there was nothing to fear.

" After a while, Gortz again approached her, and ſeemed determined, by a ſpecies of artificial courage, to proceed in his incantations. She was about to ſpeak again, when ſhe felt herſelf touched on the ſhoulder next her gazing companion. She looked round, and he ſaid in a voice, which, though ſoftened to female tenderneſs, ſhe inſtantly recogniſed for the ſame that had already twice checked Gortz—' Suffer him to continue, and fear not! I will protect you!'

" As much terrified at the myſterious protection thus offered her, as at the ſettled purpoſe of Gortz, ſhe would have turned to renew her ſolicitations to her aunt, but ſhe found herſelf unable to articulate. She gazed, therefore, in vacant

vacant silence, at the magician. At her self-erected protector she dared not look. She knew not how to define, even to herself, the feeling that prevented her from observing him; but she continued conscious to the emanations of his eyes. Gortz meanwhile proceeded, yet every now and then cast an eager and enquiring glance around, and seemed overcome with some indescribable emotion. He frequently turned his eyes on the spot where the extraordinary stranger still remained, as if something there annoyed him; yet the stranger addressed him not, nor seemed to take any measures to interrupt his proceedings.

"Gortz kindled a fire, and drew a circle round it. He stepped within the circle, and muttered some unintelligible words as he threw into the fire a number of ingredients that he drew from a bag beneath his garments. Seraphina saw but imperfectly what he threw in, yet some things appeared to her like different parts of a human body. Shuddering with horror, she turned involuntarily to see how her strange companion looked, but he was gone. She was much surprised; she had not been conscious of his departure, and she had thought, but a moment before, that she had been sensible of the singular effect of his eyes. Alarmed at this circumstance, she knew not what to conclude, and was half

inclined

inclined to believe that the extraordinary effect his eyes ſeemed to have had upon her, muſt have ariſen from her imagination being ſtrongly impreſſed with wildneſs and terror.

"Gortz now ſtepped out of the circle, and ſpoke in a low voice to the Gipſy; but he kept his wand ſtill within the myſtic line. He returned, continued his incantations, and appeared much diſmayed. The fire burnt very dimly, and the Gipſy handed him a cruiſe, which he emptied on the fire. It hiſſed extremely, and a column of thick black ſmoke enveloped the magician.

"The voice of Gortz was heard from the midſt of the obſcurity, exclaiming, 'It is thou, Volkmaar!'—At length the ſmoke diſſipated, but the fire was extinguiſhed. Without quitting the circle, Gortz rekindled the fire, and called aloud on Seraphina to advance within the hallowed line. The Signora Bianca bade her go. Seraphina ſhuddered and heſitated. The aunt repeated her orders, when — — — —

N. B. This ſtory will be continued hereafter.

No. XXXVIII.

No. XXXIX.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1800.

IN the courſe of my peregrinations through this "worky-day world" of our's, during which I have made many profound and curious obſervations, which, if my commerce with the Public continues much longer, I may probably make them acquainted with, I have been prodigiouſly ſtruck with the frequent diſappointments people meet with in thoſe points on which they could leaſt apprehend themſelves miſtaken. Folks of no mean ſagacity, will con over circumſtances, chances, and probabilities, till at length they are perſuaded conſequences will follow preciſely as they have planned. I do not mean in this remark to include thoſe ingenious artiſts, who do, with much labour of the mind, erect inviſible caſtles

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in the regions above us, for which they never could obtain the ſmalleſt foundation on this more ſolid territory. I have myſelf, in the days of my youth, been of this laſt claſs of builders, and can recollect many noble and magnificent edifices with extenſive demeſnes, which I have, at different times, poſſeſſed in the air. The deſcription of projectors I now allude to, are thoſe who really work on ſome foundation, and are nevertheleſs not unfrequently ſurpriſed by the utter demolition of their maſonry, or by ſeeing that which they intended for a Gothic caſtle, aſſume all the appearance of a Grecian edifice, or that erection which they meant to adorn with Vitruvian ſymmetry, turn out a mere common brick houſe. I have often wondered whether there is not ſome playful being who finds amuſement in deranging the plans of us painſtaking mortals; as I once heard of a laughter-loving gentleman, who diverted himſelf one wet Sunday, with miſmatching all the pattens in the porch of a country Church, and then watching the diſmay, the eagerneſs, the buſtle of the village ladies when they were to reſume thoſe convenient articles.

Mr. Frampton had three daughters. He was a man of good fortune, and had married his wife for her beauty. As this perfection (which, it muſt be confeſſed, ſhe poſſeſſed in a very ſuperior degree)

degree) had raifed her to a ftation in life her warmeft hopes had never dared afpire to it, it is not to be wondered at that fhe was eager to fee her daughters excel in what fhe thought the principal merit of a woman. She had the pleafure to fee in their infant faces every promife of beauty as perfect as her own, though differing in kind both from her's and from each other.

Marianne, the eldeft, at fourteen years of age, was at once a finifhed beauty, and a complete coquette. She had long known the value of her charms—fhe could hear the luftre of her eyes praifed without confufion, or the bewitching hues of her cheek admired without heightening their brilliancy. She knew how to difplay a white hand and well-turned arm with grace and eafe; fhe danced divinely, chattered in the pretrieft tone of voice imaginable, and made tea with the moft engaging *nonchalance* in the world. It is true, Marianne could hardly read, could not write intelligibly, knew nothing of needle-work, and lefs of economy; but thefe were mere trifles when balanced againft fine eyes, a flender ankle, an elegant form, a beautiful complexion, chefnut hair, and a thoufand *et cæteras*, to which fhe paid daily devotion at her glafs, and her mother inceffant homage all day long.

Already

Already Mrs. Frampton anticipated the luſtre of Marianne's introduction to the world—already ſhe ſaw at her feet a little army of lovers, and had already planned the mode of rejecting the offers of a youth of fortune, whoſe dying father had conſigned him to the guardianſhip of Mr. Frampton, with an earneſt wiſh that he might ſelect his wife from among the children of his guardian. This youth, however, who had never yet ſeen Marianne, having been kept at a diſtance, partly by the policy, and partly by the good judgment of Mr. Frampton, though predeſtined to be her lover, was not thought worthy of poſſeſſing charms for which Lords and Dukes would contend. But theſe dreams of ſplendid happineſs were ſuddenly interrupted by a very ſimple accident. Marianne caught the ſmall-pox—it was of the confluent ſort. Her life was with difficulty preſerved—her beauty was gone for ever! Her mother thought ſhe might as well have died. Mrs. Frampton raved;—the three girls had been inoculated together, and had been ſuppoſed ſafe from the ravages of that foe to beauty. The two younger ones, Emma and Caroline, being at ſchool, eſcaped the infection.

Mrs. Frampton could no longer bear the ſight of her former favourite, nor could Marianne much

much better ſupport her eternal lamentations for a loſs which ſhe herſelf felt ſo ſeverely. With no internal reſources, the poor girl became wretched, and her wretchedneſs was increaſed by the almoſt hatred of her mother. Totally alienated from the unfortunate Marianne, Mrs. Frampton ſent for Emma and Caroline; and ſeeing them growing into lovelineſs, had them immediately inoculated. They both took the diſeaſe—a proof that a miſtake had formerly been made; a fatal miſtake for poor Marianne!—They both, however, recovered, without the leaſt diminution of their beauty.

Theſe two girls, having been accuſtomed ever to hear perſonal charms reckoned the firſt advantage a woman can poſſeſs, had early learned the conſciouſneſs of their own beauty, and had adopted every frivolous practice for the increaſe and adornment of a perfection ſo deſirable, ſo faſcinating. Beauties elect, they had proceeded in the ſame career as their eldeſt ſiſter; and now, living under their mother's eye, they quickly ſhared between them that doting partiality, which had formerly been the excluſive property of Marianne. They advanced into life, were brought out, and became the rage. The melting blue eyes and flaxen hair of Emma had as many admirers as the dark brilliant hazel eyes and jetty treſſes of Caroline.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frampton indeed thought that, had not Marianne been ruined, ſhe would have eclipſed both her ſiſters, and not unfrequently told the girls ſo. Their tempers had been ſpoiled, and they began to hate this Marianne, of whoſe loſt beauty even the remembrance was deemed ſuperior to their's. In the world, however, no poſſible ſuperiority to the two lovely Miſs Framptons could be imagined; and they fluttered, and laughed, and talked, till their mother began to wonder that her doors were not beſieged with the lovers of her daughters. Lovers indeed they had, but not of the kind to ſatisfy the impatient mother; and ſhe began to think ſhe muſt take up with Mr. Montford for one or other of them.

Marianne, meantime, had been utterly forgotten. She continued, indeed, to live in the houſe; but as ſhe was of none of their parties, Mrs. Frampton did not concern herſelf in the leaſt about her. Mr. Frampton, however, who was not always of his wife's parties, ſaw and pitied the hopeleſs miſery of his eldeſt daughter. He knew that a being muſt be unhappy, who feels ſuddenly deprived of every hope hitherto ſo dear; that thoſe hopes had been built on an unſtable foundation, did not leſſen the ſorrow their demolition occaſioned. He attempted to ſooth, to conſole; but he found he had ſtubborn prejudices to combat.

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He was not, however, discouraged. He found that Marianne at least heard the voice of affection with pleasure, and he determined to endeavour to give to her young mind a juster bias than that which had caused her so much misery. His task was difficult. To teach a young woman of fifteen the first rudiments of every thing, to unteach her every thing she knew, to amend her temper, to guide her judgment, were Herculean labours; but parental love is persevering, and Marianne was restored to happiness. It cannot be denied but that she was plain—nor, perhaps, can it with truth be averred that she did not, for some years at least, shed tears when the remembrance of what she might have been, flashed upon her mind; but, after a time, even those regrets disappeared, and no woman who blazed in the haunts of beauty, was more contented than the poor pock-fretten Marianne.

The spirits of Mrs. Frampton were now above *par*. An Earl and a wealthy Baronet had been for many nights very particular to Emma and Caroline; so that Mr. Montford was received, on his arrival from Italy, with a civil politeness, which said at once, 'I disclaim any design on you, Sir, for either of my girls.'

This coldness, however, did not blind Montford's eyes to the beautiful Miss Framptons, nor did

did he long hesitate between them. He had too greatly admired the beauty of the Italian ladies, not to prefer the dark hazel eyes and jetty tresses of Caroline. He immediately asked Mr. Frampton's leave to avow his passion; but Mr. Frampton, with a candour and disinterestedness not universally found on such occasions, advised him not to be precipitate—"though," added he, "my heart has no dearer wish than to call you my son."

And, in truth, Montford justified the wish. At once ardent and reflecting, candid and observing, no man had better judgment, sweeter manners, or a purer heart than Montford. He could not live daily with the object of his tenderness, and observe the silence Mr. Frampton had recommended. Caroline, who thought the Earl rather tardy in his offer, willingly encouraged Montford, with the view of raising the jealousy of his Right Honourable rival. Montford bore for a while with sweetness the caprices of his lovely mistress. He was contented to be now the object of her evident scorn, while at times a sweet and apparently unaffected smile declared that her heart was well disposed towards him. He was her constant attendant in public; and though he was sometimes condemned to see her distinguish the Earl with too flattering a preference, he endea-

voured

voured to comfort himſelf with the idea that, as their attachment was not yet publicly avowed, ſhe wiſhed to avoid all cenſure and obſervation. After a time, however, he began to be tired of coquetry. He endeavoured to draw from the volatile Caroline an explicit confeſſion of her ſentiments for him;—but Caroline evaded his earneſt requeſt, though ſhe contrived to give him ſo much hope as would undoubtedly ſatisfy the heart of a lover. Montford, ſtill a ſlave to her beauty, ſtrove often to draw her into converſation, but to fix her attention was impoſſible; and he began occaſionally to converſe with Marianne.—While he talked, however, his eyes perpetually wandered to the faſcinating Caroline; her every action was grace—her every look was beauty.

Poor Marianne, accuſtomed to neglect, bore his abſence in converſation with good-humour, rallied him on his abſtraction in the midſt of an intereſting argument, with gaiety, and bantered herſelf on her want of attractions with vivacity. By degrees, Montford became leſs watchful of Caroline. Emma ſaw the decay of his love, and ſtrove to ſecure him to herſelf; but he was not to be ſo caught. His fancy ſtill lingered round what Caroline might have been, and he loved to deplore to Marianne the unaccountable

 perverſion

perverſion of her intellect, and to form plans for awaking her to a juſter ſenſe of propriety and decorum. He even beſought Marianne to live with them when he ſhould have married Caroline —an event to which he ſtill looked forward with fondneſs, and often expreſſed his hopes that the conjugal and maternal tie would leſſen her too evident, though not unnatural, love of admiration.

About this period Emma was ſuddenly addreſſed, and won by a young man of faſhion, whoſe impetuoſity cut out the lingering Baronet.—Montford ſhuddered, as he perceived that Emma ſeemed only to conſider the change in her ſituation as allowing her greater liberty of conduct than ſhe could enjoy before:—where ſhe formerly followed, ſhe now led. She was foremoſt in every folly of faſhion; and Caroline, evidently envying her ſiſter's ſudden acceſſion of power, ſeemed inclined to ſhorten Montford's trials. But Montford's eyes were now open. He deſired to ſpeak to Mr. Frampton: he bluſhed, ſtammered out an apology, and ended with the name of *Marianne!*

Mr. Frampton could ſcarcely believe what he heard; but rallying his young friend on his embarraſſment, aſked him if he really meant to exchange Caroline for her plain, neglected ſiſter? The moment he was convinced of the truth, the delighted

delighted father, leaving the library, bade his own Marianne go, and amuse Montford awhile. Without pretensions or expectations, Marianne entered with her usual gaiety; but the serious address of Montford did not please her less than it surprised her. He was not a man to be seen and known with indifference, and Marianne had had opportunity to judge of his real value. Mrs. Frampton could scarcely support his defection from beauty; Caroline affected to despise him; while Marianne hourly blesses the fortunate small-pox, which saved her from becoming, perhaps, more fascinating than her sisters, but at the same time rendered her worthy of the affection of Montford.

Happy in each other, and a family of fine children, her husband sees now only the sense, good-humour, and playfulness of her countenance, and loves her better every day: while the beautiful Emma, having no more lasting charms, is no longer even an object of civility to her *tonish* husband; and Caroline, whose engagement with Montford was universally understood, though it had never been a decided affair, remains still unmarried, railing against men of sense, and lamenting the daily diminution of her beauty. Mr. Frampton rejoices that the real value of the character he rescued from despondence and

inactivity is ſo well rewarded; while he cannot avoid regretting that he did not exert his power to counteract, towards Emma and Caroline, the fatal effects of diſtinguiſhed beauty.

No. XL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1800.

I PRESUME it is in literature, as in all other modes of amuſement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life, the important perſonages who repreſent the Kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on thoſe petty actors who perſonate ſervants and meſſengers; while he, whoſe moſt exalted buſineſs is to deliver a letter with a reſpectful bow, deſpiſes moſt cordially the whole gang of ſcene-ſhifters and candle-ſnuffers.

In

In other departments of life the ſame gradations prevail as amongſt " the abſtract and brief chronicles of the time."—A merchant, whoſe veſſels are forwarded to their deſtined ports by every wind that blows, who ſees on his table the produce of the Eaſtern and Weſtern Indies, and who can jocoſely boaſt of his farms in either hemiſphere, caſts a ſupercilious eye on the induſtrious trader, who ſubſiſts by retailing theſe valuable commodities:—he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by thoſe petty dealers who preſide over a chandler's ſhop; while the chandler's ſhopkeeper contemns the travelling pedlar, whoſe whole poſſeſſions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one univerſal chain of ſubordination pervades the whole of ſociety, and the connecting links are not more eaſily diſtinguiſhable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Iſaac Newton, than in every particular claſs and order into which the human ſpecies is reducible. Authors, no doubt, preſerve the ſame proportionable diſtinctions; and the important compiler of a folio ſcoffs at the witling, whoſe labours can be compriſed in an octavo or duodecimo; while he, who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however ſmall, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiors. Thus even a diurnal

or weekly eſſayiſt may fancy himſelf ſuperior to the nurſeling of the Muſes, who ventures an occaſional ſonnet into a Magazine, or who ſends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newſpaper.

There is, however, a claſs of writers, for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate ſtation—men who occaſionally diſplay in ſmall compoſitions, every talent requiſite to adorn the ſublimeſt—who are capable of involving an apparently clear ſubject in metaphorical obſcurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry—ſome who, in the compaſs of twelve or fourteen lines, diſplay a copious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language;—others who, ſatisfied with the intrinſic merit of the ſubject of their labours, content themſelves with diſplaying its utility in ſpecific terms of elegant and affecting ſimplicity. I have myſelf beſtowed infinite attention on the compoſitions of this claſs of authors. To deſcribe half the merits I have diſcovered in them, would fill a folio of no common ſize. Let not, therefore, theſe my worthy brethren ſuppoſe, that becauſe my eſſays, ſmall as they are, are more bulky than their's, I raſhly imagine myſelf their ſuperior. No! no! I am too good a judge of intellectual merit—I know wit is not to be appretiated by weight or bulk; and there is often more

talent

talent displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to rescue this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill;—and though I may not enumerate many of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not those who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness to their merits, but rather let them, with me, candidly lament the narrow limits of my paper, which will not allow of my extending my commendations.

In those diurnal repositories of intelligence, politics, wit, scandal, and erudition, which form the delight of a trueborn Englishman, which give the highest zest to his morning meal, and enable him to decide on the character of his mind for the ensuing day, by the account they give of the complexion of public affairs, there is usually a certain number of columns set apart for the valuable essays I allude to, which are, in general, perused only by a set of readers who look less for the wit, humour, sarcasm, or learning, than for the solid information they contain. Nay, it is often uttered as a reproach to a painstaking reader of a newspaper, that he studied every advertisement in it. Henceforth beware, ye shallow critics, how ye dart the arrows of ridicule at a study of

so

ſo much importance. The advertiſements! do they not contain the moſt intereſting intelligence of the whole paper? May not every man and every woman find means to ſatisfy every want, every wiſh they may form, and many they would never otherwiſe have thought of forming, if they will but peruſe the advertiſements? Are not bachelors there invited to the poſſeſſion of moſt admirable wives? Are not ſpinſters courted to accept of moſt unobjectionable men for huſbands? Are not the peculiar qualifications requiſite for a friend moſt accurately deſcribed in one of them, by a profound philoſopher, who would not truſt his own judgment in the ſelection of ſo important an acquiſition, but who, making known to mankind at large the peculiar temper and qualities which would ſecure his friendſhip, waited with exemplary patience till the man whom the cap fitted, came, and ſought the invaluable treaſure. I doubt not but this admirable plan met with the deſired ſucceſs, and was amply rewarded. I have not been able to diſcover whether the advertiſer was recompenſed for his exertions; but by the ceſſation of the advertiſement, after having for ſome time courted the attention of the Public by the word *Friendſhip* in large letters, I preſume it was at length crowned with full fruition.

I think I recollect but one inſtance in well-

atteſted

attested history, of any thing similar to this laudable attempt; and in that instance the event was equal to the merit of the means. I allude to the wise method taken by the King's son; of chusing for his wife that lady whose foot would go into the little glass slipper of which he was enamoured. No doubt the proclamation, by which he invited all the females of his dominions to try to obtain the Crown by submitting to the appointed test, must have been worded like the advertisement I have pointed at. I am sorry I have not a copy of it at hand, that I might present my readers with a specimen of so useful a composition. But there are others with which I can gratify their curiosity; one in particular, which ought to be more universally circulated than any common newspaper can be capable of doing: and I trust these lucubrations of mine will give to the author that celebrity he so justly deserves.

The piece I am going to lay before my readers is, I will just premise, founded on the most philanthropical and patriotical principles; and I have ever observed that those two admirable qualities, when genuine, do ever go hand in hand, and are the usual concomitants of distinguished talents and deep research. But I will expatiate no longer, but instantly proceed to the Advertisement itself.

Safe Walking in Frosty Weather!

"In consequence of many accidents that have happened, by persons falling in walking in frosty weather, J. Cooke, of Exeter, saddler, has studied a safe remedy, by reviving and improving the American Creeper, to be applied underneath ladies' or gentlemen's shoes with a buckle and strap.—The creeper has two branches of iron to catch, and prevent entire sliding: they have been tried by ladies and gentlemen who have walked miles at ease with them, and they are recommended by the Faculty. The price is only 2s. 6d. a pair—nothing adequate to the expence of a broken leg!—and as the thermometer stands low, the frosty weather may continue.—Should his Majesty's troops want them, they shall be rendered at 1s. 6d. a pair to them.

"N. B. As J. Cooke makes his business his study, he can employ his workmen in the slackest season by some invention of improvement for the public good. Any article for the spring, summer, autumn, or winter, can be had at his shop as modern as at any saddler's in London, as he deals with the very same loriners, curriers, and saddle-

tree

tree-makers as they do; and if the same oil is afforded, his lamp can burn as well as their's.—He intends sending their Majesties and the Royal Family these Creepers, and, not forgetting the salvation of this kingdom, to the Right Honourable Prime Minister, to support him in all weathers—as his Ways and Means are just."

Not the most superficial reader can peruse the foregoing composition, without being struck with the various good and benevolent qualities of the heart displayed by J. Cooke; his general philanthropy and attention to the good of the Public, awakened by witnessing many melancholy accidents occasioned by walking in frosty weather. He could not hope so to reform mankind as to confine them to their houses during the continuance of the frost, particularly, as it appeared, from the state of the thermometer, likely to endure a considerable time; he therefore humanely studied for a safe remedy, and appears, so great is the force of example, to have communicated the fervour of his benevolent zeal even to the Faculty.

Inimical to their interests as must have been the recommendation of these American Creepers, they

have laudably confpired with J. Cooke to induce the Public to adopt them; for I cannot, in this inftance, fubmit to the opinion of Aunt Prifcilla, that this apparent candour of the Faculty is, in fact, no commendation at all of this invention of J. Cooke's, fince fhe cannot fuppofe that any fet of men can be fo liberal as to advife the adoption of methods which would effectually deprive them of fo beneficial a branch of practice, as arifes from fractured limbs and broken fculls, occafioned by falling in frofty weather.

The force of argument with which Mr. Cooke recommends his Creepers, is at once clear to every comprehenfion, and demonftrated with mathematical precifion. The inadequacy of the expence attending the firft purchafe of thefe ufeful articles, to that arifing from a broken leg, the mereft tyro in arithmetic can calculate. The loyalty and public fpirit he evidences in fending them to the Royal Family and to the Right Honourable Prime Minifter, can never be too warmly extolled; but it now remains for me to praife the language and ftyle of this fmall compofition. It is a perfect example of the middle ftyle, not rifing to the ponderous fublimity of Johnfon, nor finking into the familiar vulgarity which debafes many modern writings; not difdaining the aid of

of metaphor to illuſtrate and adorn his ſubject, yet not fetching ſuch ornament from any obſcure or diſtant topics; but, as his eſſay was intended to meet the eye, and ſpeak to the underſtanding of his countrymen of all deſcriptions, adopting the domeſtic, yet expreſſive alluſion to a lamp.

Nor does Mr. Cooke, with the falſe modeſty of many modern writers, faſtidiouſly conceal his acquaintance with that book, to deſerve whoſe expreſſions is the higheſt of all praiſe. I cannot indeed but approve of the propriety with which he applies to the Prime Miniſter, one of the few phraſes from that book, which can with any juſtice be uſed in a public ſenſe; but, happily, this is the concluding ſentence of Mr. Cooke's Advertiſement. He felt, no doubt, with the nice diſcrimination of an author, that he could riſe no higher in the ſcale of ſublimity, and he had the judgment to avoid an anti-climax.

To one other performance of this kind I beg next to call the attention of my readers; though, from the ſingular modeſty with which it is introduced, it ſcarcely arreſts the eye in the ſame manner as more ſplendid advertiſements. It does, however, ſufficiently partake of their nature to

be pronounced to belong to that clafs of writings; and I fhall not fcruple to declare it one of their brighteft fpecimens, though fimply called

A HINT.

"Any perfon nicely fenfible, irritable, hypochondriacal, hyfterical;—or who, again, is dyfpeptic, hepatical, fplenetic, gouty, paralytic, rheumatic, of an evil habit of body, fcorbutic, afthmatic, dropfical, corpulent, bloated, yellow, flabby,—or otherwife, thin, dry, and rigid; who (haraffed with fpafms, cramps, wind, hickups, belchings, acidity, diftracting dreams, depreffing thoughts, and fleeplefs nights) is uneafy, anxious, low, wandering, diffatisfied; who without being able to prefent an adequate caufe or reafon, fears fever of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who, thence, dreads to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmoft confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) cafe, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, Surgeon and Apothecary, at Reigate, Surrey, for advice, and (*Deo lubente et juvante*) relief. Letters may be fent, poft free.—See Mr. Rymer's Tract, price 1s. upon Indigeftion, Hypochondriacifm, Gout, &c. fold by Evans, Paternofter-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-ftreet; and No. 63, Bifhopfgate-ftreet Within;

Within; where may be had, by the ſame Author, "Phyſiological Conjectures relative to Certain Functions of the Animal Economy," price one ſhilling."

All compoſitions, of whatever ſize and extent, uſually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteriſtic. As that of Mr. Cooke's advertiſement was philanthropy and patriotiſm, no one can heſitate in pronouncing this to bear the ſtamp of peculiar modeſty. I own I am myſelf more immediately ſtruck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the ſingular humility of Mr. Rymer's addreſs, than with his unequalled diſplay of erudition.

In the firſt place, not to dwell on the delicacy with which he contents himſelf to hint to his countrymen the ſervice he may do them, rather than to compel their attention by thoſe traps ſo eaſily ſeen through, how guarded is the tenor of his expreſſions! The afflicted *may* apply to him for advice, and—for relief; they may apply, but he makes no pompous promiſes of acquieſcence. He does not even boaſt of his talents. He alſo kindly permits thoſe who are willing to become his patients, to ſend their letters poſt-free; and for the

the certainty of this privilege, refers them to his "Tract on Indigestion, Hypochondriacism, &c." He does not even tell them that the above-mentioned Tract will confirm their opinion of his medical knowledge—he merely introduces the mention of it, to prove that letters may be sent post-free.

The title of his other Tract is another instance of his singular modesty. He calls it "Physiological Conjectures." This is indeed candour. Many modern infidels have endeavoured to decry the system of medicine for its pretended infallibility. Mr. Rymer here overturns that opposition from its foundation, by styling his opinions *conjectures*; but charmed as I am with the author's modesty, candour, and docility, I must not omit to notice the blaze of erudition with which he dazzles his readers. The catalogue of diseases is so learnedly written, that it cannot but enchant the sapient, and astonish the unknowing. The elegant conciseness and laconic energy of the diction are wonderful, and prove his intimate acquaintance with his own language, while his quotations sufficiently evince his familiarity with the Latin. Of Greek he avoided making any display—he is not a man to affect parade. I cannot forbear remarking that he has, through the whole of this most perfect little essay, made the most uncommon selection of well-adapted terms. He has also judiciously classed and divided his disorders, and heightened the

the effect of his diction by the uſe of contraſt. He has moſt accurately and impreſſively deſcribed the alarming and uneaſy ſymptoms which afflict ſo many patients, who are ill without being " able to preſent an adequate cauſe or reaſon;" and has furniſhed them with ſpecific expreſſions, by which, hereafter, they may more fully ſtate what it is they fear.

If any ill-natured critic ſhould obſerve, that he ought not to have uſed Latin words for this purpoſe, ſince many honeſt Engliſh patients may by this means be prevented from underſtanding their own alarms, I can only ſay that I doubt not but Mr. Rymer had good reaſon for what he did; and I would adviſe him to adopt the well-known anſwer of the philoſopher to the man who enquired what he had got hidden under his cloak— " I carry it there," replied the ſage, " that you may not know!"

No. XLI.

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1800.

IT is eaſier to deſtroy than to build. This axiom holds univerſally true, and in no inſtance more ſo than in ſyſtems of philoſophy. This will ever be the caſe, until ſome ſyſtem ſhall be advanced, of which the firſt principles appear univerſally true! There muſt be, ſomewhere, a ſtandard of truth! and it is ſurely well worth while to ſeek for ſo invaluable a treaſure! When found, the whole world will acknowledge it to be genuine—no doubts will be entertained of its authenticity. Its general and univerſal appropriation will enſure its reception:—indeed, philoſophy may, in one reſpect, be compared to a ſubtilely compoſed enigma; various ſolutions may be imagined, but until the right one is diſcovered, no one is generally

generally satisfactory, though each expounder can find a thousand reasons why his own answer is the best. Far from me be the presumption of endeavouring to propose a new solution of the riddle Philosophy! Far from Solomon Saunter be the arrogance of imagining that he can succeed where so many have failed; or that the coy Goddess, Truth, will condescend to unveil her beauteous form, and turn the luminous effulgence of her mirror on him alone! Yet, as those who have hitherto sought to penetrate her deep recess, have been but men, fallible and dim-sighted, he holds himself justified in declaring at least wherein his opinions are contrary to their's.

Many have been the philosophers who have endeavoured to find out the cause, and affix a standard of *beauty*. It has been declared by some very competent judges, that the debate is for ever decided by the opinion of a writer who affirms, that beauty must reside in that form which combines in itself the various excellencies of its species. This solution I mean not to combat—it may be perfectly just: to novelty, however, he has no claim, since the Grecian painter, who wished to portray the Goddess of Beauty, selected from the most lovely maidens their peculiar graces, and combined them all into an harmonious whole. It appears to have required great judgment to have done

done this, ſince the moſt beautiful features, taken ſeparately, might not aſſimilate to each other. Any incongruity in the aſſemblage, though each part may be individually perfect, muſt deſtroy the reality of beauty. It therefore ſeems as if ſomething were wanting beſides the appropriate excellencies of the ſpecies—an uniformity, an harmony, a wholeneſs, which does not ſeem conveyed in the terms of the ſolution.

Taſte can have nothing to do with real beauty. The terms in which perſons ſpeak on the ſubject, ſufficiently ſhew that a difference between the ideas of taſte and beauty is natural to the mind, whether ideas be or be not innate. People will ſay, "Meliſſa is uncommonly handſome, but ſhe is not to my taſte."—Taſte is, indeed, an arbitrary ſenſation, and depends on ſome aſſociation of ideas in the mind. Beauty is the firſt principle, whence all aſſociations of ideas, which form the different taſtes of men, proceed—a central ſun, whoſe variouſly diverging rays may ſerve to repreſent the varieties in the opinions of men.

To bring, as an argument in favour of any theory of beauty, the verſatility of faſhion, is ſurely futile and unſatisfactory. Faſhion depends on no ſtable principle, but is adopted from ſome caprice, unaccountable in its birth, and unimportant

portant in its progreſs. That the inveſtigation and comprehenſion of any object, at firſt diſguſting, will turn it, to our apprehenſion, into a beautiful ſubject of contemplation, as exemplified in the ſtudy of anatomy, I muſt deny. *Pleaſing* it may be, as it excites in the mind an idea of its fitneſs, and appropriation of its admirable arrangement, and complicated machinery; but *beautiful* is a term ſurely miſapplied.

Again, in architecture and mathematics, beauty may apply to the whole of a building; but the ſquare, triangular, or cubic form, independent of their uſes, convey no idea of beauty. Here, then, *beauty* is again miſuſed for *fitneſs*.—That in thoſe admirable poems, *L'Allegro e il Penſeroſo*, the images which would pleaſe the melancholy man, would diſguſt the other, and *vice verſa*, I cannot allow. The feelings of the different men would not ſympathize equally with the oppoſite objects preſented; but both would allow the other to be beautiful, though not appropriated to his taſte.

Again, that in the vegetable productions of nature, beauty depends on the aſſociation of ideas, ſeems a falſe poſition; ſince, though to the roſe belong "the gayeſt efforts of the Lyric Muſe," it muſt have been the native beauty of the roſe that inſpired thoſe efforts. The undying verdure of the

laurel preſented a fit emblem of the unfading glory of a hero. In theſe inſtances, therefore, *fitneſs* appears to have laid the foundation of thoſe ideas of beauty which are contended to depend on aſſociation. As far as this principle can go, it holds good with reſpect to *taſte*: with reſpect to real beauty, it has no foundation at all. Perfect beauty, like the true ſolution of the enigma, muſt unite all taſtes; and in thoſe vegetable productions of nature, which only differ in ſplendour and colour, the ideas of all nations coincide.

Taſte, with reſpect to human beauty, does aſſuredly differ wholly in Aſia and in Europe; but in the moſt diſtant climates flowers are eſteemed beautiful, though it belongs to the floriſt to underſtand and appretiate them. The glowing colours of the Tropical birds are admired alike by the natives and Europeans. The majeſtic ſcenes of nature charm alike all perſons, whatever their general taſtes may be, though the degree of their admiration will depend on the degree of their refinement: and perhaps the reaſon why no ſtandard of human beauty, permanent and univerſal, has yet been diſcovered, is, that none ſuch exiſts on earth. The variety of opinions on this ſubject could ſcarcely exiſt if perfect beauty had any exiſtence; but in all theories of beauty it may be diſcovered, though not always expreſſed

in words, that the propoſer feels the neceſſity of fitneſs and harmony. No *peculiar ſhape*, *no curve*, not *ſimplicity* alone, not *littleneſs*, *ſmoothneſs*, *or delicacy*, nor *utility*, any more than a *central ſet of features*, or a *combination of the excellencies of the ſpecies*, will produce beauty without a fitneſs to the end propoſed, and a general harmony and conſent of parts. Utility does not compriſe fitneſs: that may be generally uſeful, which is not appropriately fit, nor can this appropriate fitneſs exiſt without a general harmony.

We all allow that feminine beauty differs eſſentially from maſculine beauty. The roundneſs, ſmoothneſs, and delicacy of the female form are peculiarly fitted to the excellence of the ſpecies; and we feel it a great ſolecíſm in beauty if the hand be too large in proportion, if black hair attend blue eyes, if a brown ſkin be bordered with flaxen treſſes. We require, not only the general excellence of the ſpecies, but the peculiar harmony of the parts in the object itſelf. It appears to me that theſe two principles, which perhaps are involved in each other, might be extended to every object capable of beauty. If mathematics contain any principles of beauty, independent of fitneſs and conſent of parts, I cannot diſcover them.

It may be ſaid that a combination of the excel-

lencies

lencies of the ſpecies muſt compriſe the qualities of fitneſs and harmony; but aſſuredly, however it may ſeem ſo in terms, a ſhort inveſtigation of facts will prove the fallacy of the idea. There are ſo many different ſpecies of beauty and excellence, that we cannot eſtabliſh any other univerſal ſtandard, than the appropriate harmony of any object as an individual, and as a whole!—But I have advanced farther than I intended. I meant merely to make a few remarks on the theory and reaſoning of my old friend, who, if ever theſe papers meet his eye, will little imagine who it is that thus attacks his philoſophy, nor will he be much more likely to gueſs, when I add that we were playmates in childhood, though ever ſince completely ſeparated from each other: I meant not to enter into a metaphyſical diſquiſition, which is but ill ſuited to the "leiſure hours" of an idle humoriſt like myſelf.

Now I have been peruſing his little volume, I will juſt notice his reflections on the connection between *pain* and *pleaſure*. That the ceſſation of pain produces a ſpecies of pleaſure, it is not my intention to deny; but if my good friend were, now the heat of compoſition is over, to read his own eſſay, he would perceive that whether he reaſoned upwards to pain through the exceſs, or downwards through the defect of action, he ſtill

ſeems

ſeems to place pleaſure as neceſſarily in the road to pain. Making eaſe, or indifference, the central point of his thermometer, in which pain is alike placed at the point of extreme heat and extreme cold, and pleaſure half way between, he muſt ſurely have adopted, in its fulleſt extent, the philoſophy of Mrs. Greville's admirable Ode to Indifference, expreſſed in theſe two lines—

> " Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
> " Contented half to pleaſe!"

That pleaſure puſhed to exceſs, may produce pain, no one will attempt to controvert; but ſo unhappily are we formed, that though pleaſure may be an inlet to pain, I never yet could comprehend that pain was an inlet to pleaſure. Pain, when it ceaſes, makes us more ſenſible to the bleſſings of eaſe, and renders that ſtate comparatively pleaſure; but if the reaſoning held good, *viz.* that the road lies from indifference through pleaſure to pain, and might be actually reverſed, then ſhould we find a greater degree of pain, pleaſure, and a leſs degree, merely indifference—a ſtatement inconceivable to common reaſon.

To take the inſtance ſelected by the author under conſideration. A man enters a room in a ſtate of indifference as to heat or cold. On

approaching the fire, he feels ſuch a degree of additional warmth, as creates a ſenſation of pleaſure. He continues to expoſe himſelf to the fire till he feels pain, or is actually roaſted. Can any one comprehend how, in returning gradually to the action of cold, he ſhould again be ſenſible of the preciſe point of heat where pleaſure is allowed to lie?—Let us take another inſtance. A man is in a ſtate of indifference as to his health; a ſlight head-ache ſeizes him, and increaſes gradually till it becomes intenſe; at what period of this gradation upward (*i. e.* to exceſs of action,) ſhall we place the phœnomenon *pleaſure?* It is very true, that when the head-ache totally ſubſides, he feels a comparative pleaſure in his former ſtate of indifference; and perhaps it would not be difficult to prove, that what is here termed a ſtate of indifference with reſpect to phyſical effects, is, in fact, a ſtate of pleaſure, ſince any exceſs, or defect of action produces a degree of pain.

Pain and pleaſure are abſolutely diſtinct ſenſations, and are produced by totally oppoſite effects on the corporeal ſenſes;—perhaps all pleaſure ariſes from the baniſhing ſome pains, ſince the middle ſtate, indifference, or eaſe, is diſturbed by the conſciouſneſs of ſome want, and pleaſure is produced by ſatisfying it; but I mean not to trace the ſubject ſtep by ſtep. We are all ſenſible of the

difference

difference between pleaſure and pain, and none but a philoſopher would be puzzled about the matter.

Were I diſpoſed, perhaps I could find other topics in the little book juſt diſcuſſed, that would not bear a minute inveſtigation; but it would be invidious to point out errors in a writer of ſo much merit, and whoſe poetical powers claim the moſt diſtinguiſhed praiſe. I ſhall, therefore, make my bow to Metaphyſics, at leaſt for to-day; nor am I ſure I ſhall ever involve myſelf in her intricate labyrinth again. Nor do I feel myſelf obliged to frame any apology to my readers for the deſultory ſtyle of theſe papers. I aſſumed to myſelf the privilege of writing, as I was prompted by the humour of the moment. Indolence, caprice, and hypochondria muſt plead my excuſe; and without another word, I ſhall fill up this paper with the following letters.

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

" Sir,

" I was particularly pleaſed with a paper of your's on the education of girls, and, above all, with your very juſt recommenda-tion

tion of *candour* and *sincerity*. The following little anecdote of myself will perhaps illustrate what I conceive to have been your meaning.

"It was my misfortune to lose, in early childhood, a maternal friend, who had, what is commonly called, spoiled me; however, I recollect, and shall to my latest hour, that she implanted in my mind the seeds of all I have ever known, and with a tenderness and gentleness that render her memory the dearest possession I have. I was then thrown on the protection of other relations, already occupied with the care of children who had engrossed their affection. Accustomed only to the voice of fondness, and ever habituated to declare openly all that I did, at my first vacation from the boarding-school where I was placed, I related a little trick of no great turpitude, which had escaped the knowledge of my governess. A visit was paid, without me, to the market-town where my school was, and I was informed that my governess had discovered the circumstance, and, as an expiation, had enjoined me to learn the first Act of the French Tragedy of Athalia, on which condition complete oblivion was promised. The task was enormous, but I cheerfully complied. My holidays, indeed, were clouded over by the necessity of intense application to a disagreeable labour; but I succeeded, and used daily to repeat a proper proportion

proportion of it to my aunt, who did not underſtand a word of French!

"At length the dreaded morning arrived. I was to return, to repeat the whole Act, and to be forgiven, when, as I was earneſtly looking it over, I was informed that the whole was a deception, and that my governeſs had enjoined no taſk, for ſhe had diſcovered no miſconduct. Can you wonder, Mr. Saunter, that my little heart cloſed for ever againſt the deceiver—that openneſs fled from my lips—and that ſullen gloom and diſcontent took the place of affection in my heart? Fatal, indeed, to my happineſs and manners for many years were the effects of this cruel deception; nor perhaps ſhall I ever wholly recover that confidence, that fearleſs warmth, which that avowal ſo harſhly blaſted.

"Farewel, Mr. Saunter! and continue, I beſeech you, to uſe your utmoſt efforts for the encouragement of truth and ſincerity, ſince the foregoing account proves that the violation of them may be attended with effects not obvious on the firſt glance.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your very humble ſervant,

"ALINDA."

To

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Sir,

"In riding through an unfrequented part of the country the other day, I met a travelling knife-grinder, whose name was inscribed on his wheel, with the following addition, "Grinder from this place to the next." This absurd information reminded me of a similar mark of wisdom in Suffolk, where a post is placed in the middle of a stream, with these words legibly painted on it—"When the water is above the top of this post, it is dangerous to cross." These blunders seem of the same nature with those ascribed to the natives of the sister kingdom; and though the circumstances contain nothing worthy of your notice, they may serve to fill up the corner of a paper, if ever it can happen to you that subjects should fall short.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"VIATOR."

No. XLII.

No. X

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1800.

To SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

" Sir,

" I HAVE all my life been one of that deſcription of people to whom you allude in your 39th Number—one of thoſe who, not ſatisfied with the poſſeſſions allotted to them below, become the architects of their own manſions in that region of ether, deſcribed by Milton, and familiarly known to his ſucceſſors, by the name of the Limbo of Vanity. In ſhort, Sir, I am a caſtle-builder, and have, at different times, been the owner of as pretty demeſnes in that territory as any one need to ſet their heart on.

 " I will

"I will juſt give you a brief outline of my ſtory, and inform you by what means I have been led to prefer following my architectural plans in the upper regions, to any more uncertain and more laborious undertakings on this groſſer element. When I was quite a girl, Mr. Saunter, I was the idol of an old maiden ſiſter of my father's, who ſtored my mind with all the enthuſiaſtic hopes and fears not uſually felt by other females till ſeventeen or eighteen. I was a great reader, and at times a great writer; ſo, what between ſtudying Novels, and inventing Moral Tales for Magazines, my head was ſtored with marvellous adventures and hair-breadth 'ſcapes, ſuch as I truſted to become the heroine of myſelf, when time ſhould have matured the graces yet folded up in the bud of youth. As the moment for unfolding approached, the vivacity of my imagination increaſed: I ſaw a lover in every man who came near me—I found an adventure in every common event—and referred every action to principles, which, though ſtrictly accordant to thoſe in my own mind, I could find few people with ſenſe enough to develop and underſtand.

"Though I was certainly very beautiful, very ſenſible, and very accompliſhed, yet, as I was merely a dependant in a family of faſhion, I found my merits overlooked by all the male viſitors

visitors who came to the house—overlooked at least to any actual purpose; for though I have often seen enough to set my busy brain at work, to enable me to spin out ideal conversations, and to weave a tissue of interesting events, in which I was to be a principal personage, yet I constantly found these beginning attentions nipped in the bud by some untoward accident or other; though, even then, my creative genius would not desert me, but would bring the enamoured Celadon ideally to my side, and frame such coherent reasons for the apparent suppression of a passion which was, in fact, only smothered for a time, that I have been rather gratified by the evident coldness of the swain, and have constantly expected every day would bring forward the explanation I had anticipated.

"These agreeable imaginations, Mr. Saunter, have greatly contributed to enliven the dull sameness of my life; for here I am, at forty-seven, filling precisely the same situation in the same family, and that situation is just to do a thousand things that are actually no servant's business to do: such as to wash and comb the favourite dog—run of messages from the parlour to the kitchen—hasten the cook if she is behind her time—and many more, equally irksome to a mind like mine, which loves to wander in the seventh heaven. I will

will juſt ſend you a journal of the laſt viſionary Romance I have formed.

"Tueſday.—Saw Philander for the ſecond time. He aſked me how I did, and joined Sempronia, frequently fixing his eyes on me, full of a tender expreſſion which I well knew how to interpret. Then the tone of his voice, when he enquired after my health, betrayed ſo lively an intereſt, ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility, as communicated a correſpondent emotion to my heart.

"Wedneſday.—Philander called, and announced the marriage of a young man to a woman ſome years older than himſelf. His delicacy prevented his looking at me during the recital; but I could not miſtake his meaning in producing ſo ſtriking an example to leſſen my reluctance when he ſhall explain the nature of his ſentiments.

"Thurſday.—He took an airing with Sempronia in the curricle. His bow to me as he got in, plainly ſpoke the regret he felt at being obliged in decorum to attend the lady of the houſe, and how much rather he would have taken a *tête-à-tête* walk with me; and I converſed, during my ſolitary ramble, with his dear idea. I heard him expreſs, in his own animated language, how cruel were the fetters politeneſs impoſed on him. I beſought him

him to continue to conceal a paſſion which could not be regarded with complacency by either of our families. I heard him ſet at nought the diſpleaſure of our families. He even accuſed me of a ſervile diſpoſition for liſtening for a moment to ſuch nonſenſe; we were to marry each other, not our families. In ſhort, the ſtrength of his arguments almoſt overpowered mine, and I nearly yielded to become his wife. The recollection of this ideal converſation made the expreſſion of my eyes more than uſually pathetic; but I avoided as much as poſſible turning them on Philander, leſt Sempronia ſhould form any conjectures.

"Friday.—Sempronia informed me that Philander was ſoon to be married to her eldeſt daughter, Aurelia. In this intelligence I found the ſolution of his ſilence towards me. He was engaged by promiſe to the young and rich Aurelia, and could not follow the dictates of his heart. I ſaw plainly enough a ſtifled ſorrow in his eyes, which made my heart ache. I was ſitting alone in the drawing-room, when Philander opened the door, and ſuddenly drew back without ſpeaking. Surely no conduct could ſo well atteſt the generoſity, the delicacy of his paſſion. He dared not truſt himſelf alone with me.

"Saturday.—A ſtrange incident, which ſtill

 ſets

ſets the character of Philander in a higher light. Aurelia has refuſed him, and he has abruptly taken leave of all the family, except me, whom he never ſpoke to. He could not ſpeak to me without wiſhing to declare hopes which Aurelia's refuſal had revived, and from delicacy to the family, he could not mention them ſo ſuddenly: beſides, he muſt be uncertain whether my dignity would permit me to receive Aurelia's rejected lover. Alas! I fear my eyes can have left him no doubt of that. He will certainly write!

" Sunday.—During a long ſolitary morning, I employed myſelf in making various copies of an anſwer to the letter I expected from Philander, and ſettling what would be the beſt mode of conduct I ought to purſue.

" Monday.—I ſaw Sempronia ſo afflicted for the loſs of ſo good an eſtabliſhment for Aurelia, that I reſolved to abandon it for myſelf, and even determined to refuſe Philander, ſhould he make me an offer.

" Tueſday.—By Sempronia's invitation, Philander appeared again, and Aurelia ſeemed to receive him with more complacency. I doubt not but it will end in their union.

" Such,

"Such, Mr. Saunter, are the day-dreams I indulge myſelf in; for it being now a month ſince this ended, and Philander being the fond and happy bridegroom of Aurelia, I begin to be convinced that this had no foundation but in my fancy: but if theſe chimeras keep the mind from ſtagnating, and beſtow on it an artificial, though a fallacious, happineſs, I do not ſee that any invader has a right to rob me of my aerial demeſnes. I have been, at various times, the wife of an opulent Merchant, of a Judge, of a Biſhop, of a Peer, and once, for a ſhort interval, juſt as I had reached my fortieth year, was the favourite of the Prince of Wales, for I had ſeen him at Ranelagh. Nay, his Royal Highneſs had trod on my gown, and had begged my pardon with a grace ſo captivating, that I felt convinced I had captivated him, and doubted not but a ſhort time would bring the Heir Apparent to my feet. At preſent, Sir, I have diſcarded all fantaſtic chimeras, and have exchanged thoſe hopeleſs unrealities for the certainty of giving new brilliancy to your paper; and on the ſtrength of the peculiar ſucceſs of the Number in which this letter will appear, I have purchaſed a ream of foolſcap, and written the title-page of a Novel.

"I am, Mr. Saunter,

"Your obliged and obliging humble ſervant,

"ARIETTA."

 I have,

I have, as I acknowledged in the paper my correspondent alludes to, been myſelf all my life ſubject to day-dreams. I have often felt a peculiar gratification in retiring from the dull realities of life, and tranſporting myſelf into an Utopia of my own, where merit is always rewarded—where riches and diſtinction are the ſure attendants on virtue and underſtanding—where friendſhip is readily beſtowed, and inviolably preſerved—where literary leiſure is exchanged only for genuine applauſe, or for thoſe rational and animated converſations ſo well deſcribed in one line of Langhorne's, as

"The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul!"

Nor do I forget to people my imaginary world with amiable females, who prefer clear ſpring water to Warren's Milk of Roſes, and the warbling of nightingales to the craſh of an Opera—who can ſupport the vulgar glare of the ſun, and who love to ramble in romantic ſolitudes.

In day-dreams like theſe, I truſt, all ſuperior minds have indulged; and the various poetical tributes to the Genius of Caſtle-building, prove that the favourites of the Muſes have ever been among the votaries of that fantaſtic power. Sometimes, I confeſs, I have thought, when it has been

been indulged too far, the world has appeared more than ordinarily diſguſting when the common courſe of events has rendered a return to it indiſpenſible. How cruel, how heart-breaking is the interruption to a viſion of elegant enjoyments and refined converſation, of merit juſtly rewarded, and talents properly appretiated, by the entrance of a greaſy mutton-chop, or a ſaucy and impatient printer's devil! At other times, I have found theſe dreams leave a ſoft and generous amenity upon my mind, and I have been willing to diſcover, in the faces of my old terreſtrial acquaintance, thoſe aerial traits I had found ſo charming: but I muſt confeſs I have known ſome who have indulged this love of airy architecture to a dangerous exceſs;—like all other good things, it may be abuſed, and I would recommend to my correſpondent *Arietta*, who appears to be nearly arrived at years of diſcretion, to be careful how in future ſhe raiſes ſuch pleaſing ſuperſtructions on ſuch unſtable foundations.

Curio was young, animated, enthuſiaſtic, and a poet. His father was nothing of all this, and often ſtrove to check the ebullitions of Curio's genius. The father, however, was rich; he had made his fortune himſelf, and, like many other fathers in the ſame predicament, thought he had not gathered for his ſon to laviſh. In this particular

particular Curio and his father differed again. Curio thought the ſon had a right to enjoy the riches of the father, and *poſt obit* bonds enabled him to anticipate his future property. In the midſt of his career, a ſentiment of tenderneſs for Lucinda firſt recalled him to thought. Lucinda was beautiful and engaging, and the attentions of Curio were not ineffectual. Lucinda returned his love—but Lucinda had no fortune. It is true, the father of Curio had more than enough; but Curio could not conceal from himſelf, nor would he from Lucinda, the fatal truth that this property was abſolutely at the diſpoſal of a parent, whom his extravagance had offended, and his indifference alienated.

Still, however, Curio had committed no irreparable crime, and as he ſtill lived on terms with his father, he perſuaded himſelf that his reverſionary expences were unknown. To offer to marry a portionleſs beauty, would, he knew, be an unpardonable offence, but he eaſily formed a pretty romance, in which he ſoon obtained Lucinda's concurrence; and truſting that they ſhould be able to preſerve the ſame ſecrecy that had been ſo ſucceſsful with reſpect to the *poſt obit* bonds, they were privately married.

All was now love and rapture; the birth of the

the first child was hailed as a holiday; and the day previous to that appointed for its baptism, as Curio sat fondly pressing his Lucinda's hand, and projecting future schemes of bliss, the door opened, and a respectable man entered, whom Lucinda knew not, till from the lips of her husband burst the exclamation of *father!* The good gentleman's ease, however, after a while, restored their's. He chatted to Lucinda, caressed the infant, conversed with his son, rallied him on his secrecy, and after an hour's visit, left them in a heaven of happiness.

They continued to live on terms of friendliness with the old man till, about six months after, an apoplexy carried him suddenly off. Curio and his creditors were equally impatient for the opening of the will, which was dated three months subsequent to the above-mentioned visit. It was executed in every proper form, and though dictated, and partly written by the deceased, evinced perfect sanity of mind. There was, therefore, no appeal from the decree which cut off Curio with a single shilling—nor from the severity with which his creditors cast him into prison, whither Lucinda followed him. I saw him there not long ago, and found him amusing himself with the foreseen abilities and projected advancement of his boy, and with plans for

happiness

happineſs when an Inſolvent Act, or ſome unſoreſeen event, ſhall liberate him from his confinement. In the interval, however, it ſeems probable that his diſappointment will produce an occaſion for a more permanent and more mournful confinement.

No. XLIII.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1800.

THERE is not, perhaps, a quality more univerſal, or a fault more univerſally diſguſting, than affectation. Every body concurs in condemning, yet almoſt every body concurs too in practiſing, it. There is no character that ſo inſtantly wins its way to the heart of every obſerver, as that in which pure and unſtudied Nature dictates every action; and yet how few people are contented to be as Nature made them!

The

The friends, of whom my correſpondent *Veritas* gives ſo good a deſcription, are by no means ſingular inſtances of perſons aſſuming characters totally different from thoſe they were born to ſupport. Some whim, ſome prejudice, or ſome accident fixes their preference on ſome particular ſtyle of character, which they inſtantly adopt, whether Nature has given or denied to them the requiſites for ſupporting it; nay, it not unfrequently happens that, ſince fancy is the ſole guide of conduct in theſe caſes, one ſtyle may be adopted to-day; and another to-morrow. But the aſſumption of a thouſand different characters could not cauſe more inconſiſtency, than a deviation from nature will always occaſion. No perſon can be uniform who is not natural; the real diſpoſitions and manners will be burſting out in ſpite of his utmoſt diligence, and betray the incapacity of Art to new-model the works of Nature.

Minutius, with all his parade of buſineſs and conſequence, high as he is in office, and cloſely connected with thoſe who move the wheels of Government, can never, by any endeavour, be a great man, for he was born a little one. Minutius can, indeed, aſſume the complacent, but impenetrable countenance; he can hug, promiſe, and deceive as well as any great man; he can ſooth with flattery till his own purpoſes are

anſwered,

anſwered, and he can then conveniently forget all former profeſſions, and be as politely cool as if he were really a great man: but no great man could deſcend to the foppery of arranging his keys, and all his little *et cæteras*, upon their ſeperate nails in his little ſtudy; no great mind could compoſe ſo accurate a note of compliment, or be ſo exact in all demands of punctilio and etiquette. While, on the other hand, Pomponius affects all the *nonchalance* of the moſt ſtupendous greatneſs. He is ſo abſent, that it is ten to one if he remembers to put on all the cuſtomary articles of dreſs; he never carries a toothpick about with him, nor ever condeſcends to recollect a ſyllable of yeſterday's converſation, however intereſting or important it may have been; and when any one recals to his memory the part he bore in it, his apology is always, "To be ſure I am the moſt abſent man living." Pomponius will, indeed, ſit for hours in the moſt brilliant company, without uttering a ſyllable, or appearing conſcious of his exiſtence. Doubtleſs, all the ſpectators pay homage to the greatneſs of mind diſplayed by Pomponius, who ſits ruminating on a ſubject of the greateſt conſequence, namely, how to appear moſt abſent. But if you wiſh to deceive the moſt obſerving, I would counſel you, Pomponius, to be leſs ſtudious of your diſtraction: there is too much method in the whole of it, not to diſcover

to

to an accurate obſerver that it is aſſumed—that no man hears or remembers with more preciſion, that no man has fewer ſtores in his own mind to turn to for relief from vague, inſipid, unintereſting converſation.

Inflatus had a vaſt deſire to be a genius; not having been ſo gifted by Nature, he endeavours to make up for her unkindneſs by his own aſſiduity: but it is not the effects, but the character of which Inflatus is ambitious; and in order to obtain it, he does nothing in the common way. His language is lofty and towering; if it ſometimes ſwell into bombaſt, as he is unconſcious of it himſelf, he fears no obſervation from others. He cannot walk in the ſtreet, or ride on horſeback like other men. In the buſieſt parts of London he is poring over a book, and is ſometimes fortunate enough to get rolled into the kennel, or to obtain a broken ſhin in his ardent purſuit of fame. In his own rooms he takes a particular pleaſure in demoliſhing his furniture; and does it ſo ſyſtematically, that a perſon of ſome obſervation would be able to calculate with exactneſs, from the ſtate of the apartment one week, what would remain unbruiſed in it the next. He is dirty from principle, and ragged from pride. He ſpouts aloud in his own chambers, and has obtained from his hoſteſs the denomination of madman; whether that

of Genius will ever be beſtowed upon him by any more benevolent perſon, remains yet to be proved.

Myrtillus, with a clumſy perſon, a very plain face, and an invincible awkwardneſs, was early ſmitten with the eaſy gaiety and general civility of Florio. Myrtillus determined to adopt a character which procured to its owner a kind reception every where, and is the moſt gallant, voluble, mercurial beau the ladies can boaſt of in the whole metropolis. Myrtillus, indeed, has ſurpaſſed his model; for he pays ſuch decided attention to every pretty woman, that his preſence inſpires the moſt alarming apprehenſions that he really means ſomething by his civilities; and as Myrtillus is rich, to every girl who is poor, and whoſe parents or guardians feel that love of wealth ſo natural to people paſt the meridian of life, the addreſſes of Myrtillus would be truly formidable. Myrtillus, however, is contented to believe himſelf dangerous to the women. He glories in the reluctance with which he is often liſtened to, and prides himſelf in thinking that they fear to converſe with him, he is ſo irreſiſtible. He affects the juvenile vivacity of a ſchoolboy to add to his other graces; and cannot be perſuaded that it would be more to the advantage of a thickſet man of five feet four, to ſit ſtill, and content himſelf

himſelf with moving quietly from one place to another, than to leap over ſticks, to ſit in graceful attitudes on high tables or little footſtools, or to dance about the room with the grace and agility of a bear.

Conſiſtency of character is undoubtedly the firſt mark of ſenſe. Every man would do well if he really underſtood his character; but when Pomposus attempts to appear a man of importance in the commercial world, or when Ignotus affects univerſal learning and ſuperior underſtanding, every body can ſee and ridicule their pretenſions. If Pompoſus would be contented with the character of integrity and punctuality which are his due, and if Ignotus would quietly confeſs that he reverences learning and underſtanding at an humble diſtance, they would never be deſpiſed for the want of qualities they did not arrogate to themſelves. But there are little inconſiſtencies of character which are leſs glaring, which ſtill ariſe from affectation, from an original miſtake in reading the impreſs of nature, which, if ſtudied with candour and impartiality, will decidedly point out the path to be purſued. And in the beſt aſſumed characters, ſome little direction-poſt will peep out at ſome corner or other, to point the real way to truth and nature.

Agamus thinks no qualities on earth ſo eſtimable as cool Philoſophy, an inflexible adherence to a reſolution once formed, and a ready deciſion in every point, as it marks a ſtrong and intuitive ſenſe of right. Agamus has certainly manners perfectly cool and philoſophical; he has inflexibility with reſpect to others;—a word of his is as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Perſians, except where the reſolve is to affect his own conduct—there a dilatory ſluggiſhneſs often ſuffers the time to elapſe in which prompt action was neceſſary. He often too gives a bold and nervous deciſion on ſubjects of difficulty, and has arrived at the honour of being often choſen for arbitrator; but in truth, Agamus, I have never much reſpected the vigour and deciſion of your mind, ſince I obſerved the habit you have of ſtirring the fire, ſince I have ſeen you ſit for minutes with the poker on the lower bar of the grate, advancing it a hair's breadth on one ſide, then on the other, making many powerleſs and ill-directed efforts, and giving every body round the fidgets.

The mereſt trifles will, in general, prove indications of character. Thoſe who the moſt ſeduloully aſſume what they think a deſirable and reſpectable appearance, are unguarded in trifles, and the natural bent will appear. If that bent

were

were but ſuffered to be the general guide of conduct, every one would be more agreeable and more reſpectable. It is a certain fact, that thoſe are always moſt beloved, moſt courted, and moſt happy, who think not of acting a ſtudied part, but whoſe every word and action flow from the pure dictates of nature. An eaſy, natural character requires the foundation of true humility. A perſon who does not imagine himſelf the object of attention to every one in company, will conduct himſelf without grimace, will ſpeak when he has any thing to ſay, and will not ſtudy much about the expreſſion:—but he who fancies that the eyes of all his companions are fixed upon him, will endeavour to maintain the ſuperiority he thinks his merit has procured him.

I know a man who, in his youth, had a natural vein of humour, and ſaid ſome odd things with a peculiar dryneſs, which obtained a good deal of applauſe; but never was applauſe more pernicious, for nothing now but the character of a wit will ſatisfy him, and he brings into company a good ſtore of *bon-mots*, *queer anecdotes*, and *ſingular impromptus*, ready cut and dried, for which, by hook or by crook, he makes occaſions. The effect is, that his witticiſms no longer raiſe a ſmile, that every one is eager to diſappoint his attempts; for ſuch is the malice of the world, that

that ſuch ill-founded ſuperiority is always narrowly diſputed.

Nothing can be more univerſally engaging than gaiety in converſation; but then it muſt be the ready gaiety which flows ſpontaneouſly from occaſion, not that which lies in wait to make occaſion for itſelf; that which is animated by the concurrence of others, and which gains new animation itſelf from further diffuſion—not that which chuſes to ſhine alone, and to be itſelf not only the firſt, but the only fiddle of the company.

Under the idea that gaiety is univerſally engaging, Tenebrus chuſes to be a man of humour. Tenebrus is a heavy dark man, with an overwhelming brow, and an eye peculiarly dull. He has an uncommon ſlowneſs of ſpeech, ariſing, as ſome people ſay, from a ſlowneſs of intellect; but Tenebrus is never happy but when he can utter ſome repartee with his accuſtomed ponderoſity, which he never fails to garniſh with ſufficient laughter. Tenebrus is perſuaded that to be cheerful is to be agreeable, and it would be impoſſible to convince him that Nature never intended him to be gay. Would Tenebrus confine himſelf to moral remarks and ſagacious ſentences, he might be reſpectable; as it is, he is only ridiculous.

But

But the affectation of Pertinax is perhaps more ſingular than any. Pertinax has by nature a good and gentle heart, a mild and benevolent temper, a remarkable eaſineſs of will, and a readineſs to oblige. He has unfortunately aſſociated the idea of weakneſs of intellect with theſe qualifications, and has aſſumed the character of a petulant cynic, and a gloomy miſanthrope. Never were Nature and Art more cruelly at variance, never was ſyſtem more truly unſucceſsful. Pertinax can ſucceed in avoiding the affection of others for the qualities he does poſſeſs, but not in obtaining their reſpect for thoſe he only aſſumes. Not all the miſanthropy, not all the ſarcaſm he ever can collect into his features and manner, will ever ſecure to him the character of a man of too much ſenſe to be eaſily pleaſed; and when the traits of his real character burſt forth, they are ſo comically obſcured by his aſſumed one, that he gains no credit for any thing but an awkward affectation of benevolence and good humour.

It is a pity where real virtues, and of the moſt uſeful kind, are thus veiled and rendered nugatory by ſo deſpicable an affectation; yet who could dare to undeceive Pertinax? who ſhall unveil to him the error of his judgment, and teach him to be contented without the character of ſuperior

intellect? There is ſcarcely any character in which Nature has not ſown ſome pleaſing and ſome uſeful qualities. It ought to be the endeavour of every man to diſcover what theſe really are, and to bend all his efforts to the cultivation and improvement of theſe, rather than to the importation of exotics, which will always languiſh. Study what you are, rather than what you wiſh to be. Aſſiſt the real characteriſtics of Nature, and do not attach imaginary excellence to any endeavours to excel in a line for which Nature never intended you. Swift has remarked that no man ever made a good figure who miſtook his talents, nor an ill one who underſtood them. This would indeed be a golden rule, if it were but univerſally believed and adopted. We ſhould not then have Poets in ſpite of nature, men of faſhion with all their native awkwardneſs about them, and men of genius who poſſeſs of the character only an aſſumed eccentricity.

Mr. Solomon Saunter preſents his compliments to his fair readers. He had intended to have diſcuſſed their pretty affectations in the ſecond half of this paper; but he thinks it more

reſpectful

respectful to give them a paper to themselves. He therefore offers to them a letter, in which there is no affectation at all.

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

" Sir,

" I am a healthy hearty lad of twelve years old. A month ago I was a happy one—now I am very miserable: I was then Tom Hopeful, gay as a lark, ruddy as a milkmaid, and riding all day long on the back of a little Welch poney that ate thistles on the common; I was teazed with no tasks, and perplexed with no good manners. Now I am Sir Thomas Hopeful, Baronet, possessed of an estate of three thousand a year, no longer suffered to ride Rough Bob after Squire Chase's hounds, nor to run wild on the common after the devices of my own heart. I have now a Tutor and a Latin grammar, am made to wash my hands, hold up my head, and behave like a gentleman; and all this misery I owe to a fever which carried off Sir Charles, my brother, who was a year and a half older than myself. He was broke in to his honours, and the cares of the world sat lightly on him. He had been cosseted at his mother's apron-string ever since the death of our father, which happened six

years ago. To be ſure, the poor fellow never was healthy, and never had known what it was to feel the freſh air; as for ſliding on the ice, or playing with ſnowballs, he had not an idea of either; and I ſuppoſe I ſhall be debarred from theſe, now I have ſucceeded to the weight of his title. There is a little boy, four years younger than me, who would not mind being brought up in this gentlemanlike ſtyle. Would there be any harm, Mr. Saunter, in perſuading my mother to let him be Sir Ralph, and to ſuffer me to leave off Latin and good manners? I do not know which I hate the moſt of the two.

"I am, Sir,
"Your unfortunate humble ſervant,
"THOMAS HOPEFUL."

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Sir,

"The ſtudy of Biography is uſually eſteemed for the perſpicuity with which it ſets before our eyes all the little traits of character and manners, from which, ſay the obſervers, ſo much more may be learned than from great and important actions; nor do I mean to diſpute the validity of the aſſertion, but only to quarrel with its application.

"Thoſe

"Thoſe who have undertaken to paint biographical portraits may be, generally ſpeaking, divided into two claſſes—the pupils of Gerard Dow, and of Mortimer—both admirable artiſts, but ſuch ſtrong manneriſts, that a decided imitation of either would inevitably lead their pupils into a very bad ſtyle. The *Gerard-Dowiſts* will tell you what a man loved for his breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper; how many cups of tea he drank at a ſitting; which colour he preferred for his coat, and which for his great coat. The *Mortimeriſts* will repreſent him as always witty or always ſevere, always peeviſh or always gay, not recollecting that, however ſtrong the peculiar characteriſtic lines may be, by far the greater half of any man's life is ſpent very much like the life of thoſe around him. The little unguarded betrayals of feeling, affection, or paſſion, which eſcape at thoſe moments when the emotion is yet too gentle to ſet the ſtrong ſprings of character at work—the faint ſhades of difference which, to the eye of judgment, mark with ſuch nice diſcrimination one two-legged individual from another—the ſlight flaſhes of meaning which, like a ſpark falling into a maſs of gunpowder, kindle and illuminate the whole intellect—theſe are the minute touches which would beſt adorn the pages of the biographer, but which ſo few have it in their power to mark in any mind but their own.

"Thoſe

"Thoſe who wiſh to make their biographical labours of uſe to their fellow-creatures, ſhould, when they take the pen into their hand, conſult with their own hearts on any action to which the motive is not obvious, inſtead of endeavouring to find one which ſhall accord with the grandeur of the character they wiſh to impreſs upon their hero. If the man, thus biographized into ſublimity, could read his own life without his name, he would be at a loſs for a key to the various feelings, ſentiments, and opinions ſo liberally beſtowed upon him; or if, on the other hand, he could ſee all his little weakneſſes recorded, his errors noted, and the defects incident to humanity immortalized as the genuine and characteriſtic traits of a ſuperior being, he would bluſh at the pains his fellow-mortals had taken to obſerve and minute down his gait, his garb, and even his manner of blowing his noſe.

"I remain, Mr. Saunter,

"Your very humble ſervant,

"N. S."

As Mr. Saunter is conſcious that his memoirs will be publiſhed after his deceaſe, he takes this opportunity of informing his readers that he is writing them himſelf, and that he means to open a ſubſcription ere long for this poſthumous publication.

No. XLIV.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1800.

AS Seraphina endeavoured to obey the orders of her aunt, ſhe beheld, with an aſtoniſhment that weakened her confidence in her viſual organs, a figure, in every particular reſembling herſelf, ſtep, as if immediately from her ſeat, into the magic circle. She ſaw pleaſure beam in the eyes of Gortz, but ſhe had yet ſelf-poſſeſſion enough to remark great perturbation flaſhing on the countenance of the Gipſy. She involuntarily turned to look for the ſtranger, but nobody was to be ſeen. She felt ſurpriſed, and caſt her eyes on her aunt; but found herſelf unable to expreſs audibly her wonder at what had juſt happened: nor was her wonder leſſened on obſerving that the Signora Bianca looked on with complacency, and betrayed no alarm at ſeeing a ſecond Seraphina.

The

The true Seraphina immediately conjectured that her myſterious protector, to whoſe power ſhe attributed the illuſion ſhe had witneſſed, had rendered her inviſible to her aunt, and perhaps to all the ſpectators; and more earneſtly than ever did ſhe wiſh herſelf at a diſtance from this ſcene of myſtery and magic! Her reflections were, however, ſuddenly interrupted by a violent conteſt within the magic circle. The Gipſy, who had not entered it, ſeemed extremely agitated, and kept her eyes fixed on the ſpot with every mark of alarm and apprehenſion. The ſounds of contention were heard, but the words were in an unknown language; yet Seraphina diſtinguiſhed the voice both of her ſingular new friend and of Gortz high in altercation. At length the whole place was filled with a thick and blinding ſmoke, the vaulted roof re-echoed with alternate ſhrieks of deſpair and laughs of triumph. The ſpectators all endeavoured to riſe, and find their way out, but all was confuſion and diſtreſs. Seraphina could juſt perceive that her aunt roſe alſo. She herſelf, unwilling to quit her aunt, and equally afraid to move, would have caught her robe, and detained her with a forcible graſp, but ſhe was incapable of moving her hands, nor could ſhe utter a ſingle articulate ſound! Overwhelmed with freſh alarm, ſhe ſaw the Lady Bianca quit the place, and felt that, however the powers of

ſpeech

ſpeech and motion were denied her, the internal emotions of her mind were not deadened.

After a ſtate of confuſion that beggars all deſcription, the tumult ceaſed, the ſmoke gradually diſperſed, and Seraphina found herſelf alone in a large vaulted apartment, which ſhe ſcarcely recogniſed for the ſame that had ſo lately been crowded with ſpectators. The benches, however, remained, and the aſhes of the fire ſtill emitted a ſulphureous ſmell. At a ſmall diſtance beyond the magic circle, ſhe obſerved a bundle of rags; and going up to examine it (for her ſtate of immobility was now at an end), ſhe perceived, with indeſcribable diſmay, the lifeleſs body of Gortz.— Struck with horror, ſhe determined to uſe her recovered powers in flying from ſo terrible a ſcene; nor did the reflection that ſhe was ignorant of her way, at all diminiſh her impatience to be gone: but when ſhe ſtrove to uncloſe the door, it was faſt beyond her utmoſt ſtrength to open it. More than ever appalled, ſhe ſunk, for a few minutes, into hopeleſs dejection: ſhe believed herſelf ſingled out for the moſt alarming purpoſe, and knew not how to obtain relief.

At length, her natural courage and ſpirit revived. It was not, ſhe felt, by yielding to languor and deſpair, that her ſituation was to be

amended; exertion only could give her a chance for eſcaping; and while the moſt diſtant hope remained of effecting her liberation, ſhe reſolved to ſubſtitute effort for lamentation: and with this view, having uttered a few fervent ejaculations, ſhe turned her thoughts towards the windows. They were high, and ſhe knew not whither they might lead her; yet ſhe piled bench on bench till ſhe could nearly reach them, and ſhe was gone to fetch, from the further end of the apartment, one more bench, which, ſhe truſted, would enable her to examine the poſſibility of effecting her eſcape through them, when the whole fabric of her diligence fell, with a tremendous noiſe, to the ground. Not even now wholly diſmayed, ſhe began once more to erect the ſcaffolding, which was to lead, not indeed to liberty itſelf, but only perhaps to the ſad conviction that liberty was out of her reach. Yet as ſhe proceeded, ſhe exclaimed aloud, "Oh! would I had followed my aunt!"—"Wiſh it not," replied the ſame voice that had before addreſſed her; but though ſhe inſtantly looked anxiouſly round, ſhe could ſee no one.

Oppreſſed with terror, her trembling hands refuſed to lift one more bench, and ſhe ſunk down deſponding. She could not utter a word, earneſtly as ſhe wiſhed to enquire the reaſon of her being

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thus ſingled out as the victim of a power ſo alarming; and the tears, which fell rapidly from her eyes, were almoſt the only indications ſhe gave of exiſtence. At length the ſame voice, in an accent mild as the ſong of the dove, ſaid, "Look up, Seraphina, and behold him who has detained thee." She was ſcarcely able to obey the command; yet when ſhe had raiſed her eyes to the being before her, ſhe was equally incapable of withdrawing them.

She beheld a man, tall, majeſtic, of a noble and commanding aſpect, clothed in a dreſs of a faſhion ſhe had never before ſeen, and bearing in one hand a ſmall ivory wand, deeply inſcribed with ſome very peculiar characters. His hair and beard were long, waving, and perfectly white; yet his countenance, which was ſingularly, though ſternly handſome, ſhewed no ſigns of age. His eye, in particular, poſſeſſed a degree of brilliancy Seraphina had never ſeen equalled by that of any human being; and ſhe recogniſed in it the myſterious expreſſion that had prevented her from returning his attentive gaze during the exhibition. Now, indeed, ſhe was equally unable to withdraw her eyes; ſhe continued fixing them on this extraordinary perſonage, who, in return, viewed her with no common ſtedfaſtneſs. Her beautiful proportions, the grace, the elegance of her figure,

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the gloſſy length of her waving ebony treſſes, the dazzling whiteneſs of her ſkin, the glowing coral of her lips, the vernal roſe of her cheeks, and the mild yet brilliant expreſſion of her eye, ſeemed by turns to court and rivet the ſtranger's notice. At length he ſeated himſelf beſide her, took her hand (a hand long, narrow, and plump, belonging to an arm of the fineſt ſhape and colour, and tipped with fingers of uncommon beauty), and having ſurveyed it with ſingular attention, ſaid, as to himſelf, "In point of external beauty ſhe will do."

Seraphina, loſt in an amazement which ſcarcely ſuffered her to comprehend all that paſſed, heard theſe words but imperfectly, and tremulouſly murmured, "Did you ſpeak?"

"I did," he replied, carefully entwiſting her taper and flexible fingers with his own. "I have excited your wonder, Seraphina, but I will gratify your curioſity. I have long waited your arrival at Francfort—I have waited it with impatience; for who does not wait with impatience that event which is to crown their happineſs?"

"Surely, ſurely," exclaimed the trembling damſel, "I heard not aright! My ſenſes are bewildered by fear!—How can my arrival here be connected with your happineſs?"

"Moſt cloſely interwoven," replied he; "our fingers

fingers are not more completely twisted together than your happiness and mine!"

Seraphina shuddered. The singular expression of his eye again struck her, its brilliancy overpowered her, she turned heart-sick away, and a pallid lividness chased the roses from her cheeks; she strove to separate her fingers from those of her mysterious companion, but the effort was beyond her, and she desisted in despair.

"Fear me not, Seraphina," resumed he; "I will not hurt you!"

"And my aunt," said Seraphina, in a voice of agony, "let me go to my aunt; she will be miserable for the loss of me!"

"Your aunt shall be taken care of," said her companion, "but she is ignorant that she has lost you!"

"Oh Heavens," exclaimed Seraphina, "then she is dead!"

The mysterious stranger denied that she was dead; but the idea, of which Seraphina could not divest herself, made her so miserable, that he said, "No, no, she is not dead,—she is only deluded."

"Deluded!" repeated the terrified girl, "and what am I?—Oh let me see her!"

"Some other time," replied he, "but at present she is satisfied. She believes you are with her.

her. The ſame form which, to your great ſurpriſe, perſonated you during the exhibition, is with her at this moment; and this counterfeit Seraphina is ſo well tutored, that the good lady muſt have more than mortal penetration, which does not, I think, fall to her ſhare, to diſtinguiſh the difference."

"Oh Heavens!" cried Seraphina, "ſhe will perhaps quit Francfort, and leave me behind!"

"Perhaps ſhe will," replied her companion; "but you are ſafe, and the time will come when you will be reunited to your aunt. In the meanwhile, you ſhall not only be ſafe, but ſplendidly happy!"

"Impoſſible!" exclaimed ſhe. "Where ſhall I find a friend?"

"I will be to you friend, father, brother, all," anſwered the ſingular being, whoſe eyes now once more flaſhed intolerably on her.

Again Seraphina ſhuddered.

"You fear me," ſaid he, "do you not?"

"Can I avoid it?" aſked ſhe.

"At preſent," anſwered he, "perhaps you cannot; but I truſt you will ſoon conquer this fear, and then you will allow that you have not made an injudicious exchange in giving up an old woman, whoſe wit is none of the brighteſt, for a fond and generous friend with whom you ſhall enjoy

enjoy unlimited power. You have two modes of proceeding before you. If you ſubmit inſtantly and cheerfully to my will, you will not only ſecure my protection, but make me for ever your indulgent friend! If, on the contrary, you diſpute my authority, and ſeek to evade my power, you will not obtain your freedom, but you will make me your enemy.—The concern I feel for you makes me fear you will chuſe this way; but know you are mine," added he, preſſing their interwoven fingers ſo cloſely together as to hurt her tender hand; "my power is as firmly eſtabliſhed over you as if you had actually given me your conſent; and whatever trouble you may occaſion me before you pronounce your acquieſcence, it will be done at laſt!"

"Conſent!—To what?" aſked Seraphina, with a countenance of diſmay.

"To be mine," replied he, "wholly, irrevocably, and unreſervedly mine!—my wife, my beloved, my adored, my idolized wife!"

"This is ſtrange," ſaid ſhe.

"I grant it," replied he; "but I will tell you the tale from the beginning. I was cloſe at hand, Seraphina, when your father received his death-wound from a German corporal.—I heard him, in a faltering voice, recommend you to your uncle, his brother, the lamented huſband of the Signora Bianca d'Alberto! I witneſſed, applauded,

and confirmed the good resolution the worthy officer took at that moment, to adopt and cherish the legacy of his brother. I judged of your innocence and worth by the speediness of this adoption, and I fixed on you for my own. I obtained a promise of you, and I waited eagerly your arrival at Francfort, where I knew I was to have the first sight of you. Though I had never seen you, I knew you instantly; and judging that Gortz would alarm you, I determined to protect you. He mistook me for a competitor of his, whom he named, one *Volkmaar!* but he soon knew me better. He felt my power, and he, who would have injured you, is no more. And now, Seraphina, learn that your aunt has left Francfort; she is many leagues hence in company with your resemblance. I have expedited her journey, that I might devote myself wholly to you. I now await your answer—Will you be mine?—Remember, though I ask it, that you are mine! Fate has given you to me, and it is to spare you, not to ensure to me the possession of you, that I thus again demand; will you be mine?"

The beams of his eyes fell full upon her, and she sickened and fainted. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a magnificent chamber, lying on a state-bed, which was splendidly adorned with

with gold.—She perceived through the windows, venerable trees waving their enormous branches, while the beams of the ſetting ſun tinged ſome diſtant mountains with a purple light. The certainty that ſhe was no longer in Francfort inſtantly poſſeſſed her; but fearful of recalling the myſterious arbiter of her fate, ſhe remained ſilent, and ruminated on the ſingular events of the day. Impreſſed with an indefinable and unconquerable terror of the ſtranger, ſhe rejoiced that her ſwooning had prevented her from giving a deciſive anſwer to his queſtion, and reſolved, could ſhe but aſcertain that ſhe was alone, to attempt once more her eſcape, and to defy the grant he boaſted to have obtained of her.

This, in fact, ſhe utterly diſbelieved. Her uncle, the late Captain d'Alberto, never took any ſtep of conſequence without imparting it to his wife, and innumerable circumſtances had proved that the good lady was not bleſſed with the power of retention; had ſhe been betrothed to any body, no oaths of ſecrecy could have bound her aunt to obſerve it—ſhe was certain ſhe ſhould have heard of a fact ſo important to her;—beſides, had this contract exiſted, would the Signora Bianca have permitted, and even encouraged, as ſhe had done, an attachment between her and Ferdinand di

 Marino,

Marino, an amiable and ingenuous youth, who waited only till he ſhould have completed his ſtudies, to aſk, and, no doubt, to obtain his father's permiſſion to marry her. All theſe circumſtances, which ruſhed on the mind of Seraphina, militated entirely againſt the exiſtence of ſuch a contract, and led her to conſider herſelf as fully authorized to attempt to regain her liberty.

While ſhe thus revolved in her own mind the ſingular predicament ſhe was in, ſhe from time to time looked round, and liſtened to aſcertain whether any one beſides herſelf was in the room, when ſuddenly her extraordinary purſuer ſtood before her, and his eyes again flaſhed upon her.

"Are you decided?" ſaid he. "I aſk you not to ſpeak; give me but your hand, and riſe the partner of my power and my proſperity."

"Where am I?" ſaid Seraphina.

"In my caſtle," replied he, "in the woods four miles from Francfort—in your own caſtle, if you will but give me your hand!"

"Alas!" replied ſhe, willing to gain time, yet fearful of offending him, "what is a hand without a heart? You are worthy, no doubt, of both, and I am unwilling to give you the one without the other!"

"I have

"I have not, then, your heart?" enquired he.

"No," replied Seraphina, "I ſcarcely yet know myſelf whether I have one. Allow me a little time to familiarize myſelf to the idea of becoming your wife."

"I am deſirous to oblige you," he anſwered;—"but beware, Seraphina, how you endeavour to deceive me. You can do nothing, you can think nothing, that I ſhall not inſtantly be apprized of. Remember, therefore, it will not be ſafe to try to impoſe upon me!"

"You will, however," ſaid ſhe, "allow me ſome time?"

"A week," anſwered he; "and if you are as deſirous to oblige me, as I have ſhewn myſelf complaiſant to you, you will live in my ſociety for that time, and not prejudice yourſelf againſt me!"

Seraphina, who knew not whether ſhe dreaded moſt to encounter his anger or his eyes, was at a loſs what to reply, till he took her hand, and tenderly enquired if ſhe were well. The languid illneſſes of delicate ladies were unknown in thoſe days, and Seraphina had no idea of feigning what ſhe did not feel; beſides, ſhe had been warned that deception would be dangerous, and ſhe readily acknowledged that ſhe felt no inconvenience from her fainting, but ſhould be glad to riſe. He gently kiſſed the hand he held; and

Seraphina, who trembled lest he should again entwist his fingers with her's, thought herself fortunate when he bade her adieu, and promised to send a woman to assist her.

No. XLV.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1800.

THE moment her mysterious lover had left the chamber, Seraphina jumped off the bed on which she had been laid after her unconscious and rapid journey from Francfort, and hastily shaking her clothes, ran to the window; for she was far more solicitous about her situation than about her dress. Presently, however, a decent elderly woman made her appearance, with every appurtenance to a lady's toilet. Seraphina was sorry for the disturbance, for she felt her tears rise irresistibly for the loss of her aunt, and she dared not shew them

them before any one. She was taught caution by terror, and quietly ſubmitted to the pleaſure of her waiting-woman, who arranged her hair in a very few minutes, and aſſiſted in all the reſt of her dreſs without uttering a word. She then withdrew in the ſame ſilence, which Seraphina was no way diſpoſed to break. The ready tears guſhed to her eyes the moment the woman had quitted the room, but ſhe felt too much awe of her myſterious lover to dare to indulge them even when alone. She could not feel quite certain that he would not know, and be offended if ſhe wept.

She now thought ſhe ought to obey him, but knew not whither to go if ſhe left her chamber. Her eyes too were irreſiſtibly attracted by the beautiful ſcenery his windows preſented to them. The caſtle, which appeared to be an immenſe and magnificent ſtructure, ſtood in a large and ancient foreſt, which had been cleared of all its underwood for a conſiderable diſtance, by which means the caſtle ſtood in an open grove of venerable and ſpreading trees, ſurrounded by the fineſt and moſt verdant turf. Long viſtas, judiciouſly opened through the foreſt, led the eye to diſtant ſcenes of beauty and fertility, while ſome abrupt openings diſplayed the horizon crowned with noble and romantic mountains.—The ruſhing of a waterfall

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at no great diſtance was heard, though it was concealed from ſight; and Seraphina, ever enthuſiaſtically fond of the beautiful and ſublime of nature, felt her ſoul gradually ſtolen away from the ſingularity of her ſituation, and ſoothed to tranquillity by the noble yet repoſing objects before her: yet ſhe recollected the requeſt of the ſtrange Lord of this domain, and would have joined him, had ſhe known where to find him.

The ſhades of evening began to veil the charms of the ſcene ſhe was contemplating, in obſcurity, and ſhe turned from the window, exclaiming, "Whither can I go if I leave this room?"

"Whither would you go?" replied the voice ſhe already knew too well.

"I would have obeyed you," ſhe anſwered, trembling, "and ſought your ſociety, had I known the way."

"Speak but your wiſhes aloud, my Seraphina," ſaid he, "and they ſhall always be gratified."

He, too, was newly dreſſed, and moſt ſuperbly; his robes were of the ſame ſingular faſhion, but compoſed of the moſt magnificent materials.—A golden zone with a large claſp of a ſingle diamond, encircled his waiſt, and a cluſter of various jewels of immenſe magnitude and incalculable value faſtened his dreſs at the boſom. He

neld

held Seraphina's hand as he led her from her apartment along a magnificent corridor, whoſe walls were painted by the hand of no inferior maſter, in a variety of ſubjects which ſhe determined to examine on the morrow:—at preſent, had the failing light allowed her to look at pictures, her attention was too forcibly engroſſed by her conductor, who was again interweaving his own with the fingers of the hand he held. This myſterious ſymbol of union diſconcerted Seraphina, and ſhe trembled leſt ſhe was to be retained in ſuch bondage all the evening.

They deſcended a noble ſtaircaſe of the fineſt marble, the baluſtrades of which were gilt; and Seraphina, who had hitherto been accuſtomed to a very ſimple mode of life, was dazzled at the ſplendour every where diſplayed. Six ſervants were employed in lighting up a ſpacious hall which ſhe had to croſs, while as many more rapidly advanced to open the door of a ſaloon, compared to which all ſhe had hitherto ſeen was poverty. It ſeemed ſparkling all over with gems, while flowers of the moſt exquiſite hues and odours perfumed the air. A concert of wild aerial muſic floated at intervals through the dome, at times accompanied by choirs of moſt melodious voices, then again leſſening by degrees till one

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ſingle inſtrument alone was heard, yet were no performers to be ſeen. The richeſt ſilks of the moſt beautiful colours were employed in decorating the apartment; the carpet, which ſeemed ſoft enough even for a luxurious bed, looked like a parterre of living flowers. Immenſe mirrors on every ſide reflected to infinity theſe agreeable objects, and a profuſion of lights was placed in golden ornaments in the hands of marble ſtatues of exquiſite workmanſhip. At one end of the ſaloon was a receſs, in which was placed a ſofa of velvet of the paleſt blue, ornamented with a fringe of gold. The whole inſide of the alcove was mirror, and two breathing ſtatues of Venus and Cupid, in their cuſtomary attire, held lights at the entrance of the receſs, which being veiled with a curtain of tranſparent pink gauze, was illuminated with the moſt touching ſplendour. To this ſpot was the aſtoniſhed Seraphina conducted, and placed on this ſofa, which ſeemed the throne of Luxury; while her extraordinary companion, without relinquiſhing her captive fingers, ſeated himſelf beſide her, and in a voice of exquiſite tenderneſs, beſought her to conſider herſelf as the ſovereign of all ſhe ſaw, and himſelf as the moſt devoted of her ſlaves.

"I would wiſh, my Seraphina," ſaid he, "to

touch

touch that lovely boſom by gentleneſs and kindneſs; yet remember," graſping hard her delicate fingers, "remember you are mine!"

This mixture of menace and ſubmiſſion terrified Seraphina, who found herſelf completely in his power, in a room moſt luxuriouſly furniſhed, where not a ſingle being but themſelves appeared, and where every thing beſpoke the uncontrouled voluptuouſneſs of the maſter. In a few minutes a ſmall table, covered with the moſt exquiſite dainties, appeared in the receſs, and Seraphina gazed in wonder. Her lover beſought her to take ſome refreſhment. She had not eaten ſince ſhe quitted the hotel with her aunt in the morning, and ſhe really wanted food. She ſuffered him, therefore, to perſuade her, but ſhe took merely ſome ſweetmeats, and reſolved to forbear touching ſalt while ſhe ſtaid; for, dazzling as was the magnificence with which ſhe was ſurrounded, ſhe had no wiſh but to eſcape. She felt reſtrained in eating too, as her ſtrange companion ſtill retained her fingers in his energetic graſp. At length, he prevailed on her to drink a glaſs of wine; it was exquiſite, but Seraphina was alarmed, and inſiſted on diluting it with water.

After their repaſt was over, which had been attended with many wild ſtrains of aerial muſic, which

which now ſeemed ſwelling cloſe beſide them, now dying away in ſoft and diſtant cadences, ſometimes accompanied by a ſingle melodious voice, and ſometimes by many in full and harmonious concert, the ſingular Lord of theſe luxuries exclaimed aloud—"Dancing!"—A number of light and graceful female figures, clad in ſparkling and almoſt tranſparent drapery, appeared, to the increaſing aſtoniſhment of Seraphina, who could diſcover no poſſible means of their entering. Her wonder, however, was ſuſpended in admiration at the grace, the agility, and the expreſſion of their movements. She ſaw repreſented, in action the moſt intelligible, the fabled amours of Cupid and Pſyche, more than three centuries before the ballet-maſters of modern times had invented this elegant ſtyle of Pantomime.—Her apprehenſions would have yielded to the intereſt thus excited, had not her lover, with a fervent graſp of her ſtill captive hand, pointed out to her the particulars of the ſtory; and appropriating to her the name of Pſyche, inſinuated that he had the love and the charms of the youthful God, who had, like him, the misfortune to be miſapprehended by his beautiful miſtreſs. She took him for a dreadful monſter, never having been allowed to ſee him, and lamented her unhappy fate in being the bride of a terrible hippogriff.

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"For my part," ſaid the ſtrange being who thus enthralled the fair Seraphina, "my lovely miſtreſs will not view me as I am."

"How ſo?" demanded Seraphina.

"You cannot ſee me as I am," replied he, "until you give me your voluntary conſent to be mine! Then you would ſee how nearly I reſemble that engaging Cupid, who, unknown, inſpires Pſyche with ſuch affright!"

Seraphina remained ſilent. Ferdinand di Marino, whom ſhe had ſeen, reſembled Cupid nearly enough to content her; yet her curioſity was ſtrangely raiſed to ſee without diſguiſe a being of ſuch ſingular power. But at what a price muſt ſhe obtain ſuch a privilege? Oh no! ſhe could not think of it! What, abandon Ferdinand merely to gratify an idle curioſity? Oh no, no, no!

The dancing over, Seraphina wiſhed to retire, and obtained permiſſion of her extraordinary maſter. He led her to the door of her apartment, and imprinting on her fair hand a tender, yet reſpectful kiſs, bade her farewel. The ſame ſedate perſonage attended to aſſiſt at her evening toilet; but Seraphina, weary of conſtraint, gave her to underſtand that ſhe required no help, but wiſhed to be left alone. The good matron curtſied,

curtsied, and left her; but Seraphina obſerved that ſhe locked the door of the apartment on the outſide. This circumſtance a good deal appalled her. She endeavoured to ſecure it on the inſide alſo; but, as ſhe was drawing the bolts, recollected with a ſigh, how little ſafety from intruſion ſhe ſhould derive from any faſtenings, while under the roof of a being ſo ſtrangely potent. Oppreſſed with feelings ſhe could not controul, ſhe threw herſelf upon a ſofa, and ruminated on her ſituation. She ſhuddered at the idea of being ſo completely in the power of her perſecutor—ſhe ſhuddered ſtill more at the idea of his power itſelf.—How was it obtained? Whence derived? By what means ſupported? Theſe were queſtions ſhe could not anſwer without diſmay. Power thus manifeſted, muſt be illegal, muſt be—ſhe heſitated to pronounce the word—*infernal!* The death of Gortz, the deception paſſed on the Signora Bianca, the ſingular captivity in which ſhe was detained, the extraordinary luxuries which ſeemed to ſpring up ſpontaneouſly in this enchanted ſojourn, all ſtruck her as corroborating proofs of the truth of her ſurmiſe. From this inference the upright mind of Seraphina naturally deduced another, that to reſiſt infernal power muſt be right; and though ſhe ſeemed very inadequate to ſupport ſuch reſiſtance, ſhe determined to do all that lay in her power, and conſoling herſelf

with the reflection, that to do right always brings its own reward, ſhe reſolved to ſupport with fortitude this week of trial, and then boldly to diſavow her belief of the contract, and publicly to aſſert her will to depart inſtantly."

The utter and abſolute impoſſibility that ſuch a contract could exiſt, ſhe was well convinced of. Who but a father could ever have had power to conclude ſuch a treaty? And would a father, at the moment of his death, conſign an infant daughter to an utter ſtranger? for this man pretended to no early friendſhip with the two Signors d'Alberti, and founded his claim ſolely on a contract entered into when her father quitted the world.—"Of whom then," mournfully thought Seraphina, "of whom then did he obtain the promiſe of this wretched hand? Not of my uncle, for he was too punctual in all his concerns, as well as too fond of my aunt, to have gone to the wars without apprizing her of a circumſtance of ſuch importance, and the ignorance of which might be attended with ſuch terrible miſtakes."—The ſingularity of her lover's foreknowledge of her journey to Francfort now ſtruck her.—"Whence could he have gained intelligence, which was ſcarcely certain to ourſelves?" The queſtion could be anſwered only by referring the ſolution of the enigma to ſome preternatural

 power.

power. This idea made her ſhudder; and the more ſhe reflected, the more ſhe felt determined on her plan of temporizing for the week, and boldly aſſerting her reſiſtance at the end of it. The week appeared to her an eternity. The various pleaſures which ſucceeded each other, ſeemed to Seraphina more tedious than the unintereſting tricks of the conjurer: ſhe felt herſelf the victim of a ſpecious deluſion, from which ſhe was unable to emancipate herſelf, and ſhe thought the hours lingered in their courſe. Frightful as was the reſiſtance by which ſhe meant to attempt to break the confinement which bound her, any active exertion ſeemed, at ſome moments, preferable to ſuch languid acquieſcence in the luxuries of the palace; yet, at other moments, ſhe felt too fearful to anticipate the period of trial, by previouſly announcing her decided negative. The dreadful words, "At all events you are mine!" continually reſounded in her ears; yet the cloſe of all her deliberations conſtantly was, that ſhe would not be ſo with her own concurrence.

The days paſſed in a ſucceſſion of amuſements and luxuries that beggar deſcription. One while, Seraphina was placed as the arbitreſs of a tournament, and held a garland of white roſes as the meed of the victor; another time, ſucceſſive bards rehearſed odes in her praiſe, which were afterwards

ſung

ſung to the moſt raviſhing ſtrains of celeſtial muſic. She was then led to view games reſembling thoſe held at Olympus in days of old, where ſhe beheld the moſt graceful activity exerted in racing, leaping, &c. and the moſt ſurpriſing proofs of ſtrength in wreſtling, throwing the diſcus, and innumerable other exerciſes. Theatrical exhibitions at other times captivated her ſenſes, and now animated her face with ſmiles of hilarity, now melted her ſoul with touches of tenderneſs.

She ſometimes wondered whence came all the actors in theſe various amuſements; for when the performances were over, nothing could equal the ſtillneſs and ſolitude of the Caſtle. All theſe diverſions were ſeaſoned with profeſſions of love from her ſingular companion, and all the little manœuvres of gallantry were put in practice, never omitting the myſterious interweaving of their fingers; yet did not Seraphina feel her heart ſoftened towards him: his attentions diſguſted her, the ſtrange expreſſion of his eyes filled her with terror, and the contemplation of his power inſpired her with averſion.—Yet ſhe anticipated with alarm the moment when ſhe ſhould refuſe her conſent to their union, and ſhe employed all the powers of her mind in endeavouring to gain ſtrength for the conflict.

Every moment the dreaded, yet wiſhed-for period drew near. She had retired for the laſt time to her chamber. The next day was to decide her fate, and ſhe paſſed the night in recalling to mind the various graces of Ferdinand di Marino, and the extreme turpitude by which power ſo unholy as that of her perſecutor muſt have been acquired; and it is difficult to ſay which contemplation moſt contributed to the reſolution ſhe felt when the morning dawned of the eventful day.—Her toilet-attendant refuſed, on that day, to be diſmiſſed. She attired Seraphina with more than uſual grace, and ſhe could not but perceive herſelf, as the numerous and ſplendid mirrors reflected her graceful form, that ſhe looked that day uncommonly lovely. Her heart beat with terrible emotion as ſhe proceeded to the ſaloon; her agitation gave redoubled luſtre to her eyes, and animation to her cheeks; her trembling ſenſibility throbbed violently in every pulſe, and ſhe entered the apartment with an air at once eager and timid.

Her lover, ever ſplendid in his attire, was now unuſually ſo. He roſe to meet her, advanced to the door, took her hand, led her into the centre of the room, and deſcribed a circle with his ſword.—She reſolutely ſtepped beyond it, and ſaid aloud, "Is it to magic circles you would owe

my

my determination?"—He himſelf left the circle, and with the moſt reſpectful tenderneſs taking her hand, ſaid, "May I flatter myſelf your viſible emotion is a favourable ſymptom for me? Will you now voluntarily yield your fingers to this ſymbolical inter-union?"

"No," exclaimed Seraphina aloud, "now, nor ever will I yield to the unholy arts of magic and incantation!"

Her lover looked much ſurpriſed, but more alarmed: Seraphina failed not to obſerve the happy omen, and continued in a firm tone of voice—"I conjure you, by all the powers of Heaven, to reſtore me to my friends!"—She then uttered thoſe ſacred names, againſt which no magical deluſion can ſtand, and in a moment found herſelf on a bed in the hotel in Francfort, with her aunt ſitting by her, holding her hand, and gazing on her with the moſt earneſt attention.

"Where am I?" ſaid Seraphina ſoftly; "and was it all a dream?"

"Yes, my child, and a moſt horrible one," replied Signora Bianca, "to judge by its effects on you."

"How long have I been aſleep?" enquired the ſtill trembling girl.

"Ever ſince the morning," anſwered the kind aunt,

aunt, "ever ſince the moment when the ſmoke of that vile conjurer's fire overcame you, and I had you conveyed hither while inſenſible."

"My dear aunt," reſumed the incredulous Seraphina, "I muſt have ſlept a whole week!"

"No, my dear child," replied the Signora, "but I have anxiouſly awaited your awaking, both on account of your unquiet ſleep, and becauſe I have letters from Italy."

Seraphina's heart bounded with an involuntary joy, and ſhe eagerly enquired their import.

"I believe we may return home," ſaid the old lady; "my health is ſufficiently benefited, and Ferdinand di Marino has obtained his father's conſent, and is anxious for your union."

Seraphina's dream had done much towards increaſing her affection for this young man, and ſhe joyfully ſtepped into the carriage which was to carry them back. On their journey ſhe related to her aunt the ſtrange events of her dream, and learned with a ſurpriſe ſhe could not repreſs, that ſhe had not been ten minutes in the hall of exhibition, for that ſhe had fainted almoſt inſtantly, and been taken back to the hotel.

Signora Bianca liſtened to her niece's relation with

with wonder. Seraphina deduced from it the important maxim, that a ſteady adherence to the intereſts of virtue, and a reſolute refuſal to concur in all ſchemes of vice, will ultimately conquer all difficulties, and be crowned with the moſt permanent and brilliant ſucceſs.

Solomon Saunter preſents his compliments to his friends and readers, and makes his bow to them for a little while; he will, however, reviſit them ere long.

No. XLVI.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1800.

Mr. Saunter reſumes his pen. He doubts not of the joy theſe tidings will diffuſe through the numerous circle of his admirers.

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Mr. Saunter,

"I AM one of thoſe deſpiſed beings, commonly known by the name of *Humble Couſin.* The ſtate of dependance was fixed upon me before I was of an age to chuſe for myſelf, and the difficulty a woman finds to ſelect a proper ſituation, has hitherto retained me in it. It is not, however, my intention to trouble you with a long detail of

of the discomforts of dependance; they have been so often portrayed by abler pens than mine, and have so seldom been described so as to touch the heart with full conviction, that I desist from a task at once difficult and unpleasing. Perhaps one of the greatest mortifications attending such a situation, is the restraint it throws on mental exertion. It is my lot, Mr. Saunter, to possess rather a reflecting mind, and to have a little turn for that species of conversation which so rarely occurs, where some point of opinion, some topic of argument is fairly discussed. If ever it is my chance to witness such discourse, I usually listen in silence; because if I speak, my remarks are unattended to, or contradicted: but I have my opinions nevertheless, and sometimes wish I had a friend with whom I might freely canvass them.

"The other day I was present when the conversation turned on the different degrees of happiness in the world; and one of the company made the usual hacknied remark, that, look round London, and you would find more happiness on the outside of the coach, than within it, or (in other words) that servants were happier than their masters. After the common-place observations on their freedom from care, and the advantage of having every thing provided for them—in short, after hearing

hearing the ſuperiority of happineſs fully adjudged to them, I ventured to ſay, that it appeared to me that one circumſtance in their ſituation muſt at leaſt counterbalance this preponderation of felicity. Maſters and miſtreſſes, I remarked, lived either among ſelected friends, or natural connections. Servants were collected from various places, without the ſmalleſt connection with, or attachment to, either each other individually, or to their ſuperiors, and were thrown into the cloſeſt intimacy without any power of ſelecting tempers and habits congenial to their own to aſſociate with, and without having had the previous advantages of education to enable them to correct the defects of their own tempers, or to fit them for aſſimilating with others.

" This opinion, Mr. Saunter, met with much diſcuſſion, and I found no one to agree with me. One argued, were not we always in ſearch of new acquaintance? Were not we always running amongſt ſtrangers for amuſement? It was in vain for me to repreſent that, though we occaſionally aſſociated with ſtrangers, we lived with the ſame ſociety year after year; and if we formed new connections, choice and preference alone could make them intimate ones. I was then told that I muſt have a very bad opinion of human nature, if I imagined that, becauſe

 people

people were ſtrangers to each other, they were therefore diſpoſed to cut each other's throats. My argument ſeemed wilfully miſunderſtood, ſince I only wiſhed to prove that happineſs depended leſs on external ſituation, than on the ſociety we were thrown into. And ſurely, Mr. Saunter, if in the parlour, notwithſtanding the ties of kindred, the ſelections of friendſhip, the reſtraints of good-breeding, and the advantages of education, we ſo often find wranglings, jealouſies, and heart-burnings, we ought not to be ſurpriſed if ſervants, totally devoid of theſe advantages, can ſo ſeldom agree together. For my own part, though not a ſervant, I am enabled from experience to affirm, that the power of ſelecting one's own ſociety is an advantage far ſuperior to that of being provided with the neceſſaries, the comforts, or the luxuries of life, without one's own exertions.

"I am, Mr. Saunter,

"Your moſt obedient ſervant,

"WINIFREDA."

To

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Mr. Saunter,

"I am one of thoſe unfortunate beings who have loſt all the advantages of a fine fortune by coming into the world a year or two too late, and yet who have been brought up in all thoſe habits of luxury and expence which are ſufficient to render labour and exertion difficult and diſagreeable to me. In ſhort, Mr. Saunter, I am one of the younger ſons of a man of large entailed eſtate, and have received an education equal in every reſpect to that of the more fortunate heir. I do not write, believe me, from the leaſt acrimony againſt my elder brother; he is a good-natured inoffenſive lad, and preſumes as little as can be expected upon his heirſhip. Thoſe who ſurround us have, indeed, done all in their power to make us younger ones feel our ſituation moſt gallingly. That induſtry was neceſſary for us, that we were not to look on ourſelves as fine gentlemen, that it was different with reſpect to Maſter Charles—he would be Sir Charles by-and-by—we ſhould, perhaps, be journeymen barbers, or ſhoemakers, or according to the title of the caricature, journeymen Parſons, on a bare exiſtence.

"I really

"I really think we must have been a set of good-hearted fellows, that all these expressions did not inspire us with envy, hatred, and malice against the future Baronet. But at school his superiority of one kind was balanced by our's of another. Harry was a better fighter, Tom played cricket with more skill, I was more forward in all pranks and games, and we were all of us better scholars; so we felt no envy on account of a fortune whose value we scarcely understood, though Charles himself was better instructed, and felt it more than a counterbalance to our other advantages.

"Tom and Harry were sent from school into merchants' counting-houses—I, who preferred the Curate's black coat and bare walls, was to accompany the heir to College; but I was a youth of spirit, and my friends there, though they highly applauded my generous detestation of the desk and journal, quizzed me out of my gown and cassock, and determined me to woo the coy mistress, Law. Sir Charles is now in possession of his title and his fortune—my brothers are doing very well,—I am fagging away in dark dirty chambers, and looking forward with almost hopeless expectation of the time when I shall begin to finger the fees. I meet on the Circuits neither with the laurels of Apollo, nor the golden trees

of

of the Heſperides; and the poor portion my father left me, ſcarcely keeps me from ſtarving. Sir Charles, though not a niggard, knows the full value of his fortune, and lives up to it. I am welcome to his table, where, however, I very ſeldom appear, as the delicacies and elegances which become his ſituation, render my chop at an obſcure tavern much more unpalatable for a week after. I am ſure I have talents more than equal to his, and manners quite as elegant and as agreeable; yet what he ſays is always attended to. He is welcome to the old, and courted by the young, while I am looked upon by mothers as a dangerous attendant on their daughters, and the daughters themſelves had all rather liſten to Sir Charles than to me.—Sometimes, indeed, the firſt few weeks of a young lady's appearance, ſhe attends to me with complacency, talks about books, quiet retirement, love, and a cottage; but as theſe youthful ideas give place to the more faſcinating ones of cards, coaches, balls, and operas, I find my influence gradually leſſen, my remarks leſs attended to, and when I offer myſelf as partner at a ball, I am generally ſo unfortunate as to apply too late.

"Such, Mr. Saunter, is my preſent ſituation. I am not hopeleſs of its mending, for I have health, good ſpirits, and exertion; but I am

ſometimes

ſometimes diſpoſed to be fretful at the injuſtice of that law, or that cuſtom, which heaps all poſſeſſions on the head of one, and leaves the other members of a family to ardent exertions, perhaps to be rewarded with hopeleſs penury.

"I am, Sir,

"Your's, &c.

"AMBROSE AFTERALL."

Much may certainly be ſaid on the ſubject of my correſpondent's letter. I am not ſurpriſed that the younger children of wealthy parents ſhould be inclined to tax with injuſtice the law of entail; yet I think Mr. Ambroſe Afterall has a mind liberal enough to view it as a politic part of the general ſyſtem of inheritance. Notwithſtanding his complaints, it is eaſy to ſee that he hath an enlarged underſtanding, and is capable of feeling that the very circumſtance which, viewed alone, is a deformity, becomes an advantage when all its conſequences and effects are conſidered. If the entail depend wholly on the will of the parent, if he have made his fortune in trade, and be determined to give it excluſively to one child, one can ſcarcely avoid accuſing him of

of unjuſt partiality or indefenſible vanity; yet let us conſider the circumſtance in a more enlarged view—let us lay it down as a principle that all property is to be equally divided amongſt the children:—the largeſt imaginable eſtate, ſubject to theſe diviſions and ſubdiviſions, would at length be frittered away to rags; it would be with wealth, as Dr. Johnſon ſays it is with learning in Scotland, "every man would have a mouthfull, and no man a bellyfull." But the worſt effect would be, the total extinction of energy and exertion: the pittance that would fall to the ſhare of each inheritor, would juſt enable him to vegetate in idleneſs and obſcurity; whereas, by accumulating the whole income upon one, that *one* is empowered to live well, to give bread to numerous dependants, a good and liberal education to his children, and to contribute by that intereſt which affluence procures, to the general welfare of the State; while the younger branches, depending only on their own talents, exert them to the utmoſt, chalk out for themſelves ſome path to eminence, to fortune, and become, perhaps, the founders of a new family and eſtate.

It is then evident that more general good accrues to the country at large from this unequal diviſion of property; for if the ſons were all to ſhare the inheritance between them in equal proportions, they would, probably, reſt contented in that middling

midling ſtate which it would enable them to ſupport without further exertions, and perhaps be deterred from marrying by the fear of expence. The architect of his own fortune fears not to marry; he truſts that his children will be enabled to follow his example; and in truth, we may often have made the remark, that the younger brothers of a family do, in fact, poſſeſs its richeſt inheritance, talents, energy, and exertion.

I queſtion much if my correſpondent Ambroſe would change his whole individuality with his good-natured inoffenſive Baronet of a brother! Nor does this common inequality amongſt brothers often create jealouſy; the laws of deſcent are now too well and too univerſally underſtood.—No expectations are cruſhed by it, for none had been formed. The younger ſon knows that it is his portion to ſtudy, to labour, to ſhine, to exalt himſelf; and who would exchange that brilliancy which his own endeavours had concentrated round his brows, for the borrowed luſtre of hereditary wealth?

Evander was the eldeſt ſon of a wealthy houſe. The riches and dignity not only of his father, but of other collateral branches, were to ſettle on his head. Evander was conſcious of the worth of theſe advantages, and ſcorned to apply himſelf at ſchool or

or at College to any ſtudy but that of ſpending money in the moſt gentlemanlike manner. This is an art eaſily acquired, though there is no Profeſſor immediately appointed to give lectures in it; but Evander met with many guides, and he was a docile ſcholar.

Evander was not malignant, nor proud: he was willing enough to ſhare his pleaſures with his younger brother Sylveſter, who had been apprized very early in life, that three thouſand pounds was all he was ever to expect. Sylveſter liked the common follies of young men, but Sylveſter had pride. He had once or twice accepted the invitations of Evander; but he had felt, if not from his brother, from ſome one or other of the company, the ſuperiority of wealth, and he determined to expoſe himſelf no more to a ſenſation his ſpirit could ſo ill brook. He withdrew himſelf, therefore, from all ſplendid and expenſive parties; but he found means to obtain a ſufficient ſhare of reſpect and eſteem to ſatisfy a mind not unambitious.

The brothers (for there was but a year's difference in their ages) left College together,—Evander to figure away on the great ſtage of the world,—Sylveſter to ſtudy the Law in the Temple. Evander married a young heireſs of great wealth, great beauty,

beauty, great faſhion, and great extravagance. They were the meteors of the metropolis. Nothing equalled the elegance of their galas but the courteſy of their manners; nothing rivalled the ſplendour of their table, but the excellence of their wines. Their profuſion was as unbounded as their wealth. For the firſt few years, Evander frequently importuned Sylveſter to ſhare his houſe, his table, his happineſs, and not unfrequently lamented his refuſal; but at length, the recollection of Sylveſter leſs frequently occurred to him, and an annual preſent of a ſide of veniſon and a dozen of Madeira was all the intercourſe maintained between them.

All human things, however, have an end, and riches amongſt the reſt. Evander had outlived even his ample means, and was obliged to retire into the country to retrench: but his old habits followed him even into retirement; a few friends ſhared his retreat, and a friendly game at whiſt, not unfrequenely repeated, concluded the ruin of Evander.—His rich relations had already left him all they had, and were gone to that country where there are no mines of gold; his wife had no one to look to for aſſiſtance, and thoſe who had ſhared their wealth, were unable to relieve their poverty. What increaſed its horrors to Evander was, the remembrance that he had a ſon, now eighteen,

brought up with the hope of ſucceeding to his father's fortunes!—fortunes now, alas! vaniſhed into air! What reſource remained for the wretched parent? Could he turn his eyes toward that Sylveſter whom his extravagance had diſguſted, and his ſuperciliouſneſs had alienated?

Sylveſter had, in the ſame courſe of years during which Evander had diſſipated an immenſe heritage, riſen to the top of a toilſome profeſſion. He had married, had a family, who were following the example of their father, and emulating his virtuous exertions. He ſought his brother in his diſtreſs; he examined and arranged his affairs, and obtained for him a decent competency out of the wreck of his enormous wealth. He took his nephew by the hand, by virtuous and manly counſel drew him from the vortex of extravagance, and inſpired him with fortitude and induſtry; while his own talents and integrity acquired him a Peerage, of which the brighteſt ornament will ever be the luſtre of his own character.

In this country, merit and talents will almoſt uniformly conduct to eminence, and no hereditary ſplendour can convey half the honeſt exultation to the heart that reſults from the laudable exertion of energy and virtue.

No.

No. XLVII.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1800.

THE following poems are from the pen of the Lady whoſe verſes on the Patten were formerly inſerted in this Paper.

TO THE CHURCH BELLS.

SWEET diſtant round of village bells!
Soft on the ear thy muſic ſwells,
And with the breeze, at intervals,
Or riſes loud, or faintly falls:
Oh ſimpleſt harmony! mine ear
Delights thy meaſur'd chime to hear.
Who loves not the recurring ſound,
Which calls the liſtening peaſants round,

Their weekly Sabbaths there to keep
Where all their rude forefathers ſleep?
How ſweet to the reflecting mind,
Beneath ſome oak's broad arms reclin'd,
To hear acroſs the level lawn,
Where Eve has her long ſhadows drawn,
Thy voice, in cheerful roundelay,
Proclaim the ſhepherd's bridal day!
Nor will thy graver tones diſpleaſe,
When murmuring thro' o'er-arching trees,
Thy ſlow-repeated ſolemn bell
Flings on the wind death's awful knell!
Does it not whiſper to the heart
That we muſt all from hence depart?
That we are but ſojourners here
In this dark ſublunary ſphere?
And that the Noble and the clown,
Alike ſhall lay their ſorrows down,
Alike ſhall reſt the weary head,
In the grave's hoſpitable bed!
The while it ſooths the ſoul to peace,
And bids all feveriſh paſſions ceaſe!

Often, Oh! often have I felt
My heart in ſweet compoſure melt,
While liſtening to that ſimple chime,
So ſimple, 'tis almoſt ſublime!

Forgetting all the fitful ſtrife
That mars the harmony of life!
And ſoftly lull'd to penſive eaſe,
By thy ſweet murmurs on the breeze.
Oh gentleſt moraliſt! thy tones
My ſwelling heart reſponſive owns;
Thou bidſt me join with gladſome zeal,
When thou reſound'ſt a cheerful peal;
Thou call'ſt me to thoſe pious rites
To which our holy Church invites;
And warn'ſt me of that certain fate
That muſt conclude our earthly ſtate!
Moſt humbly, moſt without pretence,
Thy leſſons ſtrike on every ſenſe,
Each heart muſt feel, each boſom own
The influence of thy varying tone:
And ſtill thy voice of wiſdom tells,
"And therefore love I thee," ſweet round of village bells!

SONG,

FROM OXFORD.

FROM the land of the Muſes, where bridges abound,
Where Iſis meanders thro' claſſical ground,
Where amid groves of willows white buildings are ſeen,
Like ſheep that beſpeckle a meadow of green,
How can an itinerant minſtrel pretend,
To gather an handful of flowers for a friend?

The flowers of Parnaſſus, tho' here they abound,
Yet grow on ſuch rough inacceſſible ground,
So fenc'd by huge hedges of Latin and Greek,
That all her attempts would be vaſtly too weak;
She only can ſnatch from the hedge as ſhe goes,
The bitter-ſweet, bell-bind, and wild-briar roſe.

The firſt, of this world a true emblem will ſhew,
Where pleaſures and ſorrows incorporate grow—
While the wild-briar roſe, that blooms fair to the ſight,
But withers and dies long before it is night,
Moſt aptly portrays the exiſtence of joy,
Which each paſſing hour in its flight may deſtroy.

The bell-bind, so worthless, whose flaunting gay flower
Depriv'd of support, would not flourish an hour,
Exactly resembles your wanderer's strain,
Which would quickly relapse into nothing again,
But for you, my kind friend, who still smile on the song,
And to whom both the flowers and the minstrel belong.

TO THE CROCUS.

GAY, gaudy child of early spring,
I love to see thy clustering head,
Just peep from forth thy verdant bed,
And round its golden radiance fling.

Yet ah! beware, lest still arise
Ungenial gales, surcharg'd with frost,
And all thy early bloom be lost,
Beneath the rigour of the skies!

Emblem of man's uncertain fate—
Who, oft, in life's delightful morn,
Sees hope's gay sun his path adorn,
And sweetly gild his future state,

Till

Till blows the blaſt, with tempeſt fraught,
And low'ring clouds the ſcene o'erſhade;
Then chilling fears his breaſt invade,
And overwhelm each anxious thought!

But thou, ſweet flower! when ſuns prevail,
Again ſhalt bid thy beauties blow,
Again diffuſe thy golden glow,
And bare thy boſom to the gale:

While man, unhappier!—man accurſt!
If once ſtern Fate pronounce his doom,
No more ſhall ſee his proſpects bloom,
Smiling and cloudleſs as at firſt!

Exertion, hope, and toil are o'er!
His ſpirits gone, his genius croſt,
His views o'erthrown, his vigour loſt,
He dies at root, to bloom no more!

Reply to an Enquiry after a juſt Standard of Female Beauty.

ASK not of me th' eſſential form
That high-priz'd beauty bears!
Who ſhall deſcribe the ſecret charm
That every breaſt enſnares?

Require

Require the anſwer from your heart—
For there the magic's found :
'Tis your own taſte that points the dart,
And bids our beauty wound !

THE RANUNCULUS.

ASK you why I ſend to you
This lovely flower of varying hue,
Where glowing red and modeſt white
Alternate mingle and unite ?
'Tis ſo the maiden's cheek appears,
When fluſh'd with hope, or pale with fears !

Mark how in different lights the flower
Diſplays its curious changeful power,
Its bluſhing boſom turns to view,
And now aſſumes a paler hue :
So, when ſhe meets her lover's eye,
The maiden's bluſhes riſe and die !

Torn from the ſtem that gave it birth,
Its modeſt head declines to earth !
Unleſs reviv'd by kindly aid,
The beauteous bloſſom ſoon muſt fade !
Such quick decay the maid ſhall prove,
Unleſs reſtor'd by mutual love !

THE

THE WILD ROSE-BUD.

AH! why did I gather this delicate flower?
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
And how ſoon will it periſh with me!

Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my ſight!
'Tis thus that chill languor too often o'erpays
The moments of tranſient delight!

When eagerly preſſing enjoyment too near,
Its bloſſoms we gather in haſte;
How often we mourn with a penitent tear
O'er the joys that we laviſh'd in waſte!

This elegant flower, had I left it at reſt,
Might ſtill have delighted my eyes,
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breaſt,
It languiſhes, withers, and dies!

SONNET,

SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER A STORMY NIGHT.

CEAS'D are the eddying ſtorms !—the winds no more
Rave with wild tumult thro' the ravag'd wood ;
Huſh'd are the tempeſts of th' unquiet flood,
Which late with foaming billows laſh'd the ſhore.
Still ſound at heart, tho' of its leaves deſpoil'd,
Yon towering oak in proud defiance waves,
And the ſtrong rock, whoſe foot vex'd Ocean laves,
Unmov'd, abides the uproar wide and wild !
Ev'n ſo, the virtuous man, o'er whom the blaſt
Of keen misfortune hath ſeverely paſt,
Undaunted, braves the fury of the ſhock ;
Tho' robb'd of hope's fair garland, ſtill at heart
Unhurt and vigorous, ſcorns the powerleſs ſmart,
Majeſtic as the oak, firm as the rooted rock !

SONNET.

AUTUMN.

SWEET are the tints advancing Autumn throws
With ſhadowy pencil o'er the rural ſcene;
Her fairy touch embrowns the vivid green,
And every hue in ſofter beauty ſhews.
Mild is her ſun, and calm her evening glows
With temper'd radiance in the weſtern ſky;
O'er the blue firmament thin vapours fly,
And veil the landſcape in a ſtill repoſe!
So when with lazier pace life's current flows,
As age creeps on, and reaſon grows mature,
The chaſten'd paſſions glide ſedate and pure,
Nor dare the ſoul's meek calm to diſcompoſe!
Be ſuch my lot!—and as my years increaſe,
May every rebel feeling ſink to peace!

ELEGY TO HEALTH,

WRITTEN DURING A TEDIOUS SICKNESS.

STEALING along with ſlow and feeble pace,
  I court the freſhneſs of the morning breeze—
Do thou, fair Health! my cheeks with bluſhes grace,
  And teach the varied landſcape how to pleaſe!

Bereft of thee, ev'n Nature fails to charm!
  The breezy upland, and the verdant lawn,
The nearer vale, with vivid beauty warm,
  The ſhadowy evening, or the roſeate dawn,

No more can kindle rapture in the breaſt
  Where, Goddeſs, thou deny'ſt thy magic ſmile!
With that ev'n Poverty itſelf is bleſt—
  Without it, vain is every human toil!

The meed of genius, and the pomp of pow'r,
  The boaſt of riches, and the pride of ſtate,
The choral ſong that ſwells the feſtal hour,
  The inſect ſwarms that crowd around the great,—

The

The coſtly board, with various viands ſpread,
The ſmile of beauty, or the voice of love,
To chaſe one pang from the diſorder'd head
By fever rack'd, all inſufficient prove—;

To fill with gay delight the drooping eye,
When ſickneſs drives the natural diamond thence,
Or bid the mounting ſpirits ſparkle high,
When heavy languor weighs down every ſenſe!

Then hither haſte thee, Health! Oh, let me court
Thy fairy footſteps from the mountain brow,
Where with gay zephyr thou delight'ſt to ſport,
And ſhed ſoft influence on the vale below!

And ever, when the breezy morn invites,
My early ſteps ſhall tread the purple heath,
Share with brown Exerciſe his wild delights,
And catch the vernal zephyrs as they breathe.

And ſtill, fair Goddeſs, at thy guardian fane
Thy grateful ſuppliant ſhall due honours pay—
Pleas'd, ſhe to thee will raiſe the votive ſtrain,
And make the wild woods echo with the lay!

SONG.

SONG.

YOU aſk me, dear Colin, to look the world round,
And ſay where I think true delight's to be found—
Then tell you in ſing-ſong the lot I would chuſe,
But bid me beware how I banter the Muſe.

Wit, riches, and beauty are ſweet pretty things,
But not from their union felicity ſprings;
For they are but tranſient, and ſoon may decay,
As fades in the weſt the effulgence of day.

For wit, give me friendſhip,—for riches, eſteem,
And love is ſuperior to beauty's vain dream;
On theſe ſhall my temple of tranſport be built,
And with gold, pure as Ophir's, its turrets be gilt:—

On perfect eſteem let firm friendſhip be founded,
And love on the union of both ſhall be grounded—
No pyramid then ſhould more permanent ſtand,
Defying the touch of Time's magical wand.

Here then will I reſt.—Wit, wealth, beauty I ſcorn,
Content with my lot, as I've chanc'd to be born;
But I'd be, as you've charg'd me to ſay what is true,—
The girl that you love, and that dares to love you!

No. XLVIII.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1800.

IT is not long ago that I went to dine at a gentleman's houſe, who has a very fine family, conſiſting of one ſon and three daughters; the eldeſt daughter is about ſeventeen, and the ſon a year younger—the others are children. I had frequently heard them ſpoken of as very well-behaved young people, and the parents are eſteemed models for their ſingular abilities in education. Though I am a bachelor myſelf, there is no ſight gives me more pleaſure than that of a well-regulated family of young people, where the natural ſprightlineſs of youth is tempered by a due deference to the elder part of the company, and where the ſpontaneous graces of that ſpring-time of life receive every addition from judicious and attentive culture.

 The

The young folks did not make their appearance at firſt; and I, who am very much inclined to believe in phyſiognomy, was utterly confounded at the countenances and manners of the father and mother. I ſaw in thoſe auſtere faces no traits of general benevolence, or of particular affection. The heart ſent forth no glowing emanations to the eyes, but every feeling ſeemed encruſted in the ſtony garb of rigid ſeverity. I expected, however, to ſee this unpleaſant harſhneſs give way when the animating objects of every kind emotion appeared, but I was diſappointed. The ſon and daughter entered; they made their compliments to the company with an air of ſtudied civility, and then ſat down, and were ſilent. They ate their dinner with the animation of ſtatues, and the converſation was led by the parents, who are a ſort of pedants in education, to the neceſſity there is for keeping under the aſpiring ſpirit of youth. As I could hope to effect no good purpoſe for the poor boy and girl, who filled me with compaſſion, I held my peace, fearful leſt, by avowing the difference of my opinion, I ſhould kindle the flame of reſiſtance in their hearts, and rob them of the poor comfort of unrepining ſubmiſſion.

After dinner was over, we went to walk in the garden; and as I felt a ſtrong deſire to ſee the countenances of the young man and woman freed

from reſtraint, I contrived to draw them into another walk, and by encouragement induced them to ſpeak without reſerve. A pure and innocent joy lighted up thoſe faces before ſo inanimate; they ſpoke, indeed, with a rapidity inconceivable to thoſe whoſe tongues are always at liberty, and they regarded me with inexpreſſible good-will for having procured them this pleaſure. I could not help ſmiling to think that theſe unfortunate parents, who pique themſelves on their talents for managing young people, have never yet ſeen the natural countenances of their children, and would look at them as perfect ſtrangers, if by any chance they were enabled ſuddenly to behold them with thoſe faces of happy gaiety they wore while talking with me at their eaſe.

Is it not ſtrange that thoſe who have the direction of youth, ſhould miſtake ſeverity for dignity, and ſlaviſh fear for due reſpect? Is it not ſtill more ſtrange that parents can, upon principle, repreſs the natural vivacity and careleſs joyance of their children, and by this means deprive themſelves of the only true method of ſtudying their real tempers and diſpoſitions? Nothing can be more truly engaging than the glowing hilarity of youth, though it may be kept within due bounds by a proper ſenſe of decorum: beſides, nothing

nothing can afford so good an opportunity of penetrating into their characters, and searching into the very springs and motives of their feelings, habits, and tempers. Where education has been pursued as in the case above stated, where its sole merit and principal aim have been to repress, to annihilate the graceful exuberances of nature, its unhappy objects can have no character, at least they can display neither good nor bad dispositions, so as to enable the watchful guardian to cherish the one, or correct the other. A young person, tutored into automatical propriety of behaviour, may conceal a thousand evil propensities in the heart, which, if they could but be seen, could at that early age, without difficulty, be eradicated; but thus sheltered beneath the impenetrable veil of servile terror and tutored decorum, they strike deep root into the unexamined soil, and hereafter every one wonders at the unexpected misconduct of such well-educated young people. I own I am always apt to suspect those rare characters among the youthful, whom no one can tax with an indiscretion. Indiscretions are natural to that early age; and I should be apt to conclude that soil incurably barren, which never spontaneously produced a weed. Such guarded conduct is so incompatible with the characteristic heedlessness of youth, that I cannot help fearing

 lest,

left, not being the produce of Nature's ſeeds, it will, like all tender exotics, be unable to bear the trying blaſts it will meet with in life.

I profeſſed myſelf a phyſiognomiſt, a natural one only, however; and perhaps that ſpontaneous readineſs to judge of every new perſon by the firſt impreſſion of their countenance, is among the moſt univerſal feelings of the mind. Yet I once met with an adventure which almoſt ſhook my faith in this ſcience, at leaſt, in my own ſkill in it. I was one day laſt ſummer in the Park at ſome exhibition of military manœuvres, which had, as uſual, drawn together a vaſt crowd of the gay and the diſſipated, when chance placed me on the ſame bench with a gentleman, whoſe air and features announced nothing very charming; he bowed to me, however, with civility, and made way for me to ſit beſide him. I could not help obſerving the heavineſs of his phyſiognomy, and wondering what could be the predominant turn of his mind, when a group of ladies ſauntered by us, one of whom bowed to my companion. She was uncommonly beautiful; but her beauty was, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, chaſtened by a dignity and propriety of air which beſpoke the innocence of her heart. I followed her with looks of admiration for ſome time, and expreſſed my ſenſe of her attractions to the gentleman in no

unequivocal

unequivocal terms: his features, however, relaxed not from their ſeverity as he acquieſced in my praiſes of her, and almoſt immediately after, three more ladies paſſed, and ſaluted him. The one neareſt to us was far leſs handſome than the former, but ſhe had an air of faſhionable coquetry about her that was extremely piquant.—"That lady," ſaid I, obſerving a certain archneſs riſing to the eye of my companion, "ſeems as if ſhe could give many an alarm to the heart of her huſband."

"Oh no!" ſaid he, ſhaking his head.

I feared I had been guilty of an indiſcretion; but he ſoon continued, "No man, who knows the characters of women, would fear one of her turn."

"She has, however," ſaid I, "an air of coquetry and levity."

"True," replied he, "but of ſo light a kind, that ſhe is never long enough at reſt to form any alarming attachments. It is not that her virtue is too ſolid, or her character too dignified—on the contrary, ſhe is too volatile to have any principles at all; and though the ſeverity of her morals would not ſhudder at the mention of love, ſhe does not allow herſelf time to feel its influence. Even while you tell her ſhe is beautiful, her eyes wander from your's to your coat, your buckles, your half-boots,—her mind is employed

on a new head-drefs,—every thing rivals you in her attentions."

I fmiled.—" If you would feel fo fecure with this light coquette, what perfect confidence would you not repofe in the charming woman who paffed us before?"

" Pardon me," faid he, " I fhould feel many more alarms with her. A woman of that fort is betrayed even by her own dignity. The very arguments fhe holds with her own heart on the fubject of any attentions that are paid her, ferve only to imprefs them more deeply on her feelings. She regards the affair in fo many points of view, that it is a thoufand chances but under fome afpect or other, fhe fees it with more favourable eyes. Then there is fomething of heroic virtue in determining to refift an improper paffion, that is very feducing to women of a certain turn of mind; they talk and think about it fo much, that at length they admit the paffion for the fake of the merit of withftanding it, and you muft eafily fee the lengths to which fuch a miftake will lead them."

I looked at the man while he was fpeaking, and faw with furprife his heavy countenance animated with fpirit and vivacity, that vanifhed as foon as he had done fpeaking. He foon after arofe, and joined fome gentlemen of his acquaintance, and I faw him no more. Since that time, however,

however, I have always watched with peculiar attention thoſe phlegmatic combinations of features which promiſe ſo little; but this incident has by no means leſſened my faith in phyſiognomy as a ſcience, though it has led me to be leſs haſty in forming my deciſions.—"Speak that I may know thee," is a requiſition neceſſary to be made by thoſe even who only wiſh to judge of the countenance; ſo many new lines are called into action, ſo many different turns of the features developed in converſation, that you can hardly be ſaid, phyſiognomically ſpeaking, to have ſeen thoſe perſons whom you have only obſerved while ſilent. Yet, ſuch is the natural promptneſs of my nature, that I ſeldom feel inclined very much to like thoſe to whom I do not find myſelf attracted early in my acquaintance. Almoſt all characters that are worth developing, ſeem at firſt to demand your attention; and though the firſt concluſions may be falſe, you will ſeldom find thoſe perſons excite any ardent affection, of whom you can ſay, after a ſhort acquaintance, "I ſee nothing in them."

Perhaps, as a moraliſt, I ſhould be cenſured for avowing notions ſo confeſſedly built on mere ſpeculation; but as a humoriſt, I muſt ſtand excuſed, and beg to have it remembered that I do not mean to ſay that leſs catching are therefore leſs worthy characters, only that they

do

do not, in general, excite ſo ardent an affection. At the ſame time I am ready to allow that many catching characters are very fallacious, and turn out, on cloſer acquaintance, by no means to deſerve the attention they have excited.

The influence of phyſiognomy is, however, too generally felt to be now diſputed; and all the words by which we expreſs our partiality for characters uſually denominated agreeable, ſerve but to prove how univerſally we are guided by this power, even when unſuſpected. All our commendations turn far more on the language of the countenance, than on mere critical beauty; and indeed, the more we examine our own feelings, the more we ſhall find them directed by phyſiognomical conſiderations. Phyſiognomy, indeed, is not to be confined to the mere face,—it extends to all external manners and habits, to the tone of the voice, to the attitudes of the body, inſomuch that a very tolerable inſight may often be obtained into a man's character by his mode of performing ſome indifferent or trivial action. Who that ſees Eſychus, in getting over a ſtile, put firſt one foot, then the other, on the lower bar, then withdraw both, and try the ſecond bar with equal indeciſion, would not be quite ſure that his mind is of too narrow dimenſions to ſee at one view the beſt and moſt expeditious mode of conducting an

an enterprife? Again, when in converfation, Minutius tells an unimportant fact with fcrupulous exactitude, then hefitates about fome trivial circumftance, then hazards his opinion upon it with fuch qualifying expreffions, however, as would enable him to retract, if it appear difrelifhed by the company, who would ever expect from him any manly or independent fentiments, any firmnefs of mind, or any decifion of character?

It is often made an objection to the ftudy of phyfiognomy, that it renders the blemifhes of our fellow-creatures more apparent; but in far greater proportion does it add a new luftre to their merits. It will enable us to difcover fenfe, benevolence, and worth under the moft unpromifing fet of features, will often fhew eloquence feated on the moft ugly lips, and difplay wit and genius perched in the midft of a heavy lowering eyebrow.

N. B. I forbid to all witlings any allufions to the old ftory of the *Owl in the Ivy Bufh.*

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"I was much amuſed with the following little anecdote when I heard it, and perhaps it may ſerve you to fill up a paper ſome day when you cannot ſpin out your ſubject to the end of it.

"After one of our late naval victories, the ſailors on board one of the French prizes having found out the wine, were enjoying themſelves with their uſual glee, when they eſpied a poor Frenchman ſtretched on the ground in the corner, to all appearance dead. One of them, however, perceiving he yet breathed, carried him a hat-ful of wine, which a little reviving the Frenchman, the Tar repeated the doſe; and before he diſmiſſed him to the ſurgeon to have his wounds dreſſed, ſtrove to cheer him with kind words, ſaying, 'Poor old fellow! you ſhould have ſtaid at home—you knew if you came out, we muſt thraſh you.'

"The poor Frenchman would have embraced his compaſſionate phyſician, but the Tar's friendſhip reached not ſo far. He diſclaimed all ſlabbering, and with an oath ſent him to the ſurgeon.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble ſervant.

No. XLIX.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1800.

IF the generation of authors has, of late years, multiplied almoſt to infinity, and become more difficult to arrange in ſeparate *faſciculi* than the puzzling tribes of vegetables, not leſs multifarious is the race of readers, ſince, under ſome denomination or other, almoſt all his Majeſty's ſubjects in the three kingdoms rank under that generic name.

The increaſe of Sunday Schools has, no doubt, ſerved to add numbers to both liſts; and the young and the old, the villager and the citizen, the labourer and the publican, alike amuſe their leiſure hours with the refined purſuit of reading. To pleaſe ſo numerous a ſet of beings, no doubt an

an infinite diverſity of writers muſt be neceſſary; and we may reckon it among the peculiar felicities of the preſent age, that there are literary works of all kinds, and adapted to all taſtes. The myſteries of ſcience, and the labyrinths of politics, are alike laid open in nurſery volumes, and in cheap publications for the uſe of the lower claſſes—nay, ſuch has been the conſcious ſecurity of all ſpeculators in the latter branch of ſtudy, that they have induſtriouſly developed its moſt abſtruſe arcana in language and illuſtrations adapted to the meaneſt capacity. So truly ardent are theſe gentlemen in their reſearches after truth, that they ſubmit their crude opinions to the judgment of the million, nothing doubting that authority which ſaith, "In a multitude of counſellors there is wiſdom;" and earneſtly inviting the people to ſift and ſcan their axioms of public concern to the very bottom.

Little can it ſignify if, while the literary and public-ſpirited mechanics and artiſans are ſtudying the merits of new political ſchemes, or of bold innovations on the religious opinions and cuſtoms of their unexamining forefathers, the iron ſhould cool on the anvil, or the idle wings of the mill go round in vain. Public welfare is of far more import than private convenience; and it is the beſt argument of patriotiſm that theſe generous ſpirits

ſpirits voluntarily abandon their own petty intereſts, to deliberate on thoſe of the nation at large. They have, too, another motive to prompt them to this generous ſurrender of their comparatively unimportant buſineſs, that they may devote themſelves to the conſideration of more enlarged ſubjects, when they ſee thoſe, in whom, from birth and education, the truſt ſeemed more peculiarly veſted, endeavour to fly from it to the haunts of diſſipation, and to loſe the remembrance of it in the purſuit of amuſement.

Let me not, however, loſe myſelf in the boundleſs field of general remark. My intention was to confine myſelf to the numerous race of readers, from the ſtudent of a halfpenny ballad, to the inveſtigator of philoſophical ſyſtems. There are, who read for mere amuſement, *pour paſſer, ou même, pour tuer le tems*, who lounge with equal intereſt over the highly commended poetry of a newſpaper, or the light pages of a modern Novel. To this inoffenſive diviſion of the main body, theſe light-armed troops of the republic of readers, I have little or nothing to ſay; ſcarcely could I find leſs topic for obſervation in thoſe who with infinite difficulty, but ſtill ſuperior perſeverance, ſpell and put together the chalked inſcriptions ſo frequently to be noticed on the blank walls and even on the pavement of the metropolis. Happy

is

is it for this pains-taking tribe when the informa-tion of theſe fugacious memorials extends only to "Tea at the Florida Gardens," or ſome intel-ligence of that kind.

Next to theſe in the ſcale of induſtrious readers, are to be placed thoſe who deliberately peruſe, and moſt frequently aloud, the ſixteen columns of a newſpaper, whether containing news, poetry, ſcandal, puffs, or quack advertiſements. Theſe perſons uſually ſet their ſpirits and their con-verſation to the ſame level with the general tenor of their paper, retail, with equal fidelity, its puns and witticiſms, and its conjectures on the ſtate of public affairs, wonder at the ſingular events it records, and buy bargains on its au-thority!

Above theſe in refinement, are thoſe who love ſweet poeſy, and turn over all the new Magazines for all the pretty verſes there: happy, indeed, was this ſet of readers when the oracular *Wo ld* condeſcended to inſtruct them what to admire. Nor is the reign of Namby-pamby verſe and newſ-paper eulogy yet wholly over. The monſter, though put to flight for a time by the potent wand of the magician Giffard, begins again to venture into light, and braves a third attack.

On

On the ſame level with this ſound-loving tribe, rank all the Miſs and Maſter readers of modern Novels, who ſuffer their minds to feel ſome intereſt in the high-wrought woes and imaginary diſtreſſes there dealt out with no niggard hand. Not that I mean to include the whole claſs of Novel-readers in the liſt of ſuperficial ſtudents. Novels are now made to include the rudiments of the moſt abſtruſe ſciences, and are frequently converted into vehicles of ſyſtems which could, by no other means, be ſo ſafely or ſo unſuſpectedly publiſhed; not to mention the many Novels which have, of late years, reſcued that line of compoſition from its ſtate of degradation, and in which juſt diſcrimination of character, ſerious obſervation, and accurate elegance of language demand the approbation of every unprejudiced reader: but it is not my intention in this paper to diſcuſs the increaſed merits of Novels; my preſent aim is to mark the diſtinctive characters of readers.

The ſtudents in Hiſtory hold themſelves very ſuperior to the peruſers of fictitious tales—as far removed beyond all compariſon as immortal truth is beyond dazzling romance. But ſtop a moment, my friends, and let me aſk with what view you read Hiſtory? To obtain a knowledge of what paſſed in former ages, and from foregone events, to judge of the future, and find a rule for the conduct of

of life? What a pity it is that readers, with ſuch good views, are not born Miniſters, Generals, or Kings! The inſtruction to be derived from Hiſtory, in fact, comes home to the breaſts of no obſcure individuals; and when ſuch perſons read many bulky tomes, merely to ſtore the memory with a number of events, founded on principles utterly contrary to thoſe which ought to direct private uſeful life, they can have no real end in view but the gratification of curioſity, which is more excited, more kept alive, and more ſatisfied with the rapid ſucceſſion of marvellous events in the Arabian Nights.

Yes, but Hiſtory is a relation of real events!

And how, my good friends, do you know this? When Hilario was raiſed the other day to an office of ſome conſequence, notwithſtanding the intereſt made againſt him by ſome conſiderable opponents, did not every man relate the circumſtance in a different manner? did any two perſons agree in every particular? and if there be this diverſity in the accounts of affairs which happen under our own eyes, how can we depend on the truth of thoſe hiſtories which record the "tale of the times of old?" But thoſe hiſtories, you ſay, are grounded on authentic records; thoſe records, however, were made by men, fallible and prejudiced beings.

The

The ſtudiers of Hiſtory are, however, in general, a very harmleſs ſet of readers, and are as innocently employed as they who gather all their erudition from the daily papers—nay, perhaps more ſo. The romance of heroiſm, the admiration of the conquerors of Greece or Rome, ſeldom accompanies people into their more advanced commerce with the world; and thoſe who think they are well occupied in developing the ſecret ſprings of modern States, in tracing the gradual riſe of liberty from the ruins of feudal barbariſm, might amuſe themſelves, and welcome, were not all the ſprings of hiſtorical ſpeculation poiſoned by the baneful influence of party and prejudice. But the wiſh to eſtabliſh ſome favourite ſyſtem, to diſſeminate ſome peculiar principle, warps every pen from moderation and juſtice. Nor is Hiſtory more tainted with theſe evils than ethics and philoſophy, otherwiſe the beſt and moſt improving purſuit of which the human mind is capable; but it is to be feared that readers in general bring to thoſe ſtudies minds ſtrongly biaſſed in favour of ſome ſyſtem, and more diſpoſed to controvert what militates againſt their prevailing ideas, than candidly to ſearch for Truth, and bring her home to their own boſoms.

No two claſſes of readers, however, differ

more completely from each other, than the same individual does from himſelf at different periods. A youthful fancy is caught by whatever is ardent, tender, enthuſiaſtic! In that romantic ſeaſon of life, the feelings are all moſt eaſily inflamed, the heart melts with pity, glows with indignation, freezes with terror, or expands with philanthropy at the bidding of very inferior authors; nothing can be more ductile than the fancy, nothing more obedient than the judgment of an immature reader, and the memory will be impreſſed with a ſtrong idea of the excellence of thoſe compoſitions which produced ſo ſenſible an effect. Time, however, and experience, as they ripen the judgment, leſſen the vivacity of the feelings: we begin to be tired with mere declamation, we are no longer to be impoſed upon by inflated language; pathetic or marvellous incidents no longer hoodwink reaſon; we chuſe to approve ere we will admire. And hence it is that youth, to which ſimplicity appears moſt natural, is not ſo much affected by the writings in which it is found, as readers of maturer age. The falſe glitter of metaphor, the parade of ſentiment, and the extravagance of hyperbole, not only find pardon but applauſe in thoſe readers who ſuffer all reflection to be blinded by fancy, and who miſtake turgidity of expreſſion for warmth of feeling.

In

In proportion, however, as taſte refines, and critical judgment expands, we are no longer captivated with theſe meretricious beauties; and the play, the poem, or the Novel, which beguiles of their tears the young and the artleſs, would ſcarcely, perhaps, be endured by readers of more experience. For this reaſon one expreſſion in the "Introductory Diſcourſe" to the "Series of Plays," already commented on, has ever ſtruck me as founded on wrong principles,—I mean where the author profeſſes to eſteem the tears of the young and the ſimple, as the higheſt poſſible meed to be obtained. Far be it from me to depreciate the tears of feeling, or the natural glow a youthful boſom experiences at a tale of virtue and beneficence, or of vice and infamy. I only mean to ſtate that they are not a teſt of literary excellence, ſince very inferior literary compoſitions have the power of exciting them, and to a degree which will often raiſe wonder in the parties themſelves when a few years ſhall have matured their judgment, and taught them better to appretiate the merits of literary works. It is ſurely, therefore, a pity to ſuffer very young ſtudents to exhauſt ſo vaſt a ſource of pleaſure as that which ariſes from the peruſal of the moſt excellent authors.

The maſterpieces of compoſition are often read

at an age when their worth can ſcarcely be underſtood; and though they may excite in the generous boſom of youth a ſufficient degree of energy and enthuſiaſm, yet that feeling might have been cauſed by very inferior performances: and at ſome future period, when experience and reflection had improved and refined the faculties of taſte and judgment, the works of ſuperior merit might at once have excited the fervour of feeling, and the warmth of approbation.

It is, however, poſſible to carry critical acumen in reading too far, till all attention to the work itſelf is loſt in the unvarying attention paid to the author. Thoſe who read in this ſpirit of criticiſm, find no excellence of ſentiment, no depth of reflection, no warmth of colouring, no powers of deſcription, of ſufficient force to atone for want of arrangement, for inaccuracy of expreſſion, or for confuſion of figures. This is certainly a great want of candour in thoſe who read; yet it is an error into which thoſe who read much are almoſt ſure to fall.—There is another error, however, ſtill more blameable, and more prejudicial to the author. Few perſons bring ſufficient liberality to the peruſal of a book, to conſider the general tendency as the firſt point, and to approve or condemn particular parts as they contribute to, or fail to advance, the grand deſign. Many circumſtances,

circumſtances, epiſodes, digreſſions, or Sections, for my remark is equally applicable to all kinds of compoſition, may, in themſelves, be tireſome, ill-managed, unſatisfactory, or inconcluſive; but before a poſitive judgment be paſſed on them, would it not be as candid to reflect that they are not to be conſidered independently, but as forming parts of one great whole. In that point of view they may have a merit which can, in no other light, be appretiated.

In judging of dramatic works, or thoſe comic *épopées* called Novels, which are wholly built on their veriſimilitude to common life, readers are again too apt not to conſider the author's deſign in particular characters, but to obſerve them merely as they meet or claſh with their own ideas, and to pronounce the character well or ill drawn, as it coincides with their opinions. Let me then premiſe to my readers, that if, in future, they find any papers in this my moſt excellent work, which do not meet with their full approbation, they are not therefore to condemn their friend Solomon for want of brains, but juſtly and candidly to conclude that ſuch particular papers are, in themſelves, peculiarly conducive to the great and arduous taſk he has undertaken, of "cleaning the Augean ſtable" of all that disfigures its beauty, or corrupts its ſanity.

No. L.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1800.

THEODORA was the daughter of a man of rank, faſhion, and reputed fortune; a man who, to maintain the ſtation he had ever held in the world, lived profuſely, gamed deeply, gave into every faſhionable libertiniſm, and was in his family the moſt penurious man alive. Yet were his rents ſo very inadequate to his ſtyle, that had not Fortune occaſionally favoured him at the gaming-table, he could by no means have ſupported the appearance which was neceſſary to his comfort. As his conduct was regulated by no ſolid principles, his temper ſuffered greatly from the unequal ſtate of his finances; and Theodora, who was all that remained to him of a once numerous family, had early learned the leſſon of ſubmiſſion.

Kept

Kept in a retirement usually esteemed irksome to young ladies, she passed her time in the most exemplary manner. She felt it not incumbent on her father to introduce her to the scenes of gaiety he himself frequented, but she felt it incumbent on herself to make herself happy, and to contribute as much as she could to his happiness also. Theodora had a just judgment and a good heart. She cultivated just as much of the usual accomplishments, as would make a pleasing variety in her occupations; she did not deem it essential to a young lady to play as well as Dussek, nor to sing with the execution of Banti; she was not insatiate after admiration; very few of the visitors at her father's knew she played or sung at all, but she always endeavoured, by cheerful and animated conversation, to dispel the clouds on her father's brow, and by the most invariable mildness, to disarm what she sometimes checked herself for arraigning as capricious ill-humour.

Secluded from the admiration her beauty and manners would have secured her, had her father's prodigality suffered her to be introduced to the world, with a heart unvitiated, and a mind unsoftened by pernicious reading, Theodora had attained her seventeenth birth-day, and was yet ignorant of the power of her charms. She knew not that her father was doing her a most irreparable

injury

injury by debarring her from thoſe pleaſures which every other young woman of her age and ſtation deems indiſpenſably neceſſary. It is true, her young boſom ſometimes felt a fluttering wiſh to partake of amuſements her very few friends deſcribed as ſo delightful, but ſhe did not fret becauſe they were denied to her.

About this time the Earl met with ſuch a run of ill luck, that his fortune was nearly annihilated. His extreme emotion induced his ſole creditor, Sir William Fraſer, to offer him the chance of cancelling or doubling the debt, at one throw. His Lordſhip readily accepted this faſhionable and compendious way of doing buſineſs, and in one moment made more than his all the property of Sir William Fraſer. To riſk again would have been worſe than madneſs, nor did Sir William make him the offer; but he returned home to Theodora to vent on her the rage kindled by misfortune alone. She in vain attempted to conſole him for a loſs ſo overwhelming; he repulſed her attempts, he ſcoffed at her conſolations, and the morning found them ſtill together, ſtill undecided, and ſtill miſerable. The morning brought alſo Sir William Fraſer to debate on the moſt convenient way of liquidating the debt; but the firſt view of Theodora drove debts and guineas wholly out of his head. He ſaw her gentle, patient, and beautiful,

beautiful, forgetting the deſtruction of her own proſpects in contemplating the deſpair of her father.

Sir William was young, affluent, and impetuous. When he declared his will, he expected every thing ſhould give way to the completion of it; and having inſtantly formed a project to commute lucre for beauty, he requeſted to ſpeak alone to the Earl. Theodora experienced much anxiety during the abſence of her father; ſhe knew enough of the vehemence of his temper to fear every thing, ſhould Sir William preſs too hard upon him, and ſhe found every reſource inſufficient to enable her to paſs this interval in peace.

At length ſhe was ſummoned to rejoin the gentlemen. Hope, and even gaiety, had taken poſſeſſion of her father's countenance. Sir William's manner ſpoke reſpect and deference towards the Earl. Theodora perceived ſome great change had taken place; and well aſſured what her own heart would have dictated, ſhe inſtantly concluded Sir William had cancelled a debt, not to be exacted without reducing a fellow-creature to miſery. The idea of this benevolent generoſity exalted Sir William in her eyes, and made her conſider his really handſome face and figure with a degree of complacency that gave great pleaſure to both the gentlemen.

gentlemen. Her father relaxed from his usual severity, and Sir William was gay, animated, and agreeable. Theodora, who saw no shame in suffering such a debt to be discharged at the will of the creditor, and pleasing herself with two such delightful subjects as the contemplation of a father rendered happy, and the spontaneous generosity of a fellow-creature, was lively and entertaining without the least shyness. Sir William was every moment more and more in love; and he took an early leave, having obtained the promise of the Earl to befriend him in his absence, and having engaged to return the next day.

The Earl soon explained to Theodora the passion of the young Baronet; and though she could not comprehend how he could be in love with a woman he had never seen before that morning, she did not faint, nor entreat her father to set aside a marriage that must be her death. Theodora neither had, nor fancied she had a lover; she was not in love with the Baronet, but he was so with her, and she felt grateful for his preference. The gratitude she felt towards him on her father's account was still less equivocal; nor, from this circumstance, could she doubt the real goodness of his heart, since the Earl carefully concealed

from her the kind of barter that had been agreed on between himself and Sir William. She felt, however, that it was an important event, and she begged to be allowed to retire, promising to decide in the morning whether she would or would not permit the visits of Sir William Fraser as her avowed lover.

The deliberations of the night were not unfavourable to the Baronet. His generosity to her father delighted her; and who shall say that the prospect of emancipation and independence had no charms for a young heart, particularly when the home presented so few charms of any kind? In the morning, therefore, the blushing Theodora told her father she would admit the addresses of Sir William; and as the Baronet grew very impatient, and the Earl persuaded his daughter that no young woman could, consistently with delicacy, be violently in love before she was married, she was, in a very few weeks, led to the altar by the delighted Sir William.

Sir William, we have already said, was young, affluent, and impetuous. We have also said that he could be gay, animated, and agreeable: he was handsome, and attentive to his bride, and she felt every day more inclined to return his affection; she

ſhe even believed herſelf happy, and told her father ſhe was ſo. Not that the intelligence intereſted that noble parent; he had fully done his duty by his daughter,—he had united her to a rich, a young, a handſome, and an elegant man; and if ſhe were not now happy, no one could blame him—half the girls in town had been ſtriving to catch Sir William Fraſer!

The character of a man, however, is neither to be known during the period of courtſhip, nor in the firſt weeks of marriage. Theodora was beautiful, and Sir William idolized beauty; but after a time, the novelty of the moſt perfect beauty is over, and Sir William had no turn for mental perfections. His complaiſance daily decreaſed; he became moroſe, gloomy, and imperious; and Theodora found ſhe had but exchanged one tyrant for another. She perceived too, with extreme regret, that Sir William's mind was not more cultivated than liberal; he had profited very little by the advantages of education, and Theodora ſtrove in vain to charm him to his home by elegant purſuits, or intereſting converſation. He was ſtill proud of her beauty, though it attracted him no longer; he inſiſted on her frequenting every public place, and from the evident pleaſure he took in the admiration ſhe excited, no one doubted

doubted but that he was a fond, affectionate hufband.—At home he was obftinate, ill-humoured, and fullen; his principles, as they daily unveiled by circumftances, were fuch as fhocked the virtuous Theodora, and fhe faw with regret, that even an increafing family could not control his avidity for expence:—his affluent income gradually melted away; Theodora and her children were confined to a country refidence, whither Sir William only came occafionally to imbitter a retirement where fhe in vain fought for peace. She had the additional forrow to find that his manners and habits had rendered him obnoxious to his country neighbours; no man was in friendfhip with Sir William; his haughtinefs, the meannefs of his mind, his obftinacy, and want of complaifance, rendered every body averfe to any connection with him. Every year, more unable to fupport his ufual expences in town, he retires for a longer period to his eftate, which he cannot fell, becaufe it is entailed; nor can he afford either to feek another refidence, or to live in that as it deferves. The period of his abode there fuffices to imbitter the whole remainder of the year to Theodora, whom he daily reproaches with not having brought him a fon, while, at the fame time, his fits of capricious fondnefs for the daughters, ferve only to weaken the influence their

their admirable mother ſtrives to obtain over them; and at other times, his unreaſonable paſſions deſtroy all affection in their hearts towards him.

In theſe trying circumſtances the genuine worth of Theodora's character appears. Tranquil, collected, dignified, though the grief within has deſtroyed the roſe-bud on her cheek, ſhe ſtill preſerves, unbroken, the ſerene cheerfulneſs of her manners, her natural ſuavity, and good humour; no word, no look, can ever betray to the moſt ſcrutinizing eye that Sir William is not all a fond woman could wiſh. Her admirable conduct has obtained for him more reſpect in the neighbourhood than he ever before poſſeſſed, though he reproaches her with this circumſtance as a fault, and ſeems indignant at every civility ſhewn to him, jealous that it is only a mark of her ſuperiority. The ſervants, the tenants adore her; nor does her want of power over her huſband ever appear. Though unable to ameliorate the condition of the poor, ſhe ſooths it by her pity, and inſtructs them by her counſel how to amend it by their own induſtry. She endeavours to form her daughters on her own model; and though the variable indulgence and ſeverity of Sir William do in a degree, defeat her plans, ſhe has yet ſucceeded in

ſecuring

ſecuring their unbounded affection; and as they advance in life, will, doubtleſs, in their good conduct, reap one ſolid reward for her virtuous endeavours.

In their commerce with the neighbours, Lady Fraſer preſerves the ſame eaſy dignity as if their once ample income were not at all diminiſhed. Though their entertainments are leſs expenſive, they are ſtill graced with that ſuperior elegance that muſt ever confer the higheſt pleaſure:—no one has ſuch powers of pleaſing as Theodora; her converſation, graceful, playful, and ſenſible, is alone a ſufficient attraction. Her accompliſhments ſhe has delegated to her daughters, while the unvaried ſweetneſs, with which ſhe ever bears it, makes the harſh tyranny of Sir William, in ſome degree, loſe its effect.

The true value of ſuch a character as Theodora's can ſcarcely be appretiated. Many minds are capable of great and arduous efforts of virtue; but that ſilent, conſtant, and hopeleſs patience which ſhe diſplays, few are called upon to exert. It is from her own mind alone ſhe can hope for reward: few indeed are the miſerable beings who meet with no affection, no ſolace in ſome kindred mind; but Theodora's griefs are of ſuch a nature, that

that even her daughters can never relieve them. She must be for ever denied that consolation which flows from confidence. The faults of Sir William are to her inviolably sacred; and though she is now utterly hopeless of his amendment, she feels too well that the duty of a wife is to be blind to the defects of her husband: no single effort of virtue, how arduous soever, can equal the daily exertion of such hopeless fortitude,—exertion never to be remitted—fortitude that allows no moment of human weakness for relief. Yet has Theodora chosen the wisest part: complaint, weakness and lamentation might have increased, but could not have lessened her misery, and would have deprived her of the secret consolation of conscious heroism and laudable exertion.

The fractious peevishness, the childish complainings too many unhappy people give way to, but fix their own attention more undeviatingly on the cause of their uneasiness. The sympathy of a kind and faithful friend is indeed a relief the purest mind will in general fly to, and which is, in most circumstances, unblameable; but where a husband's errors are to be the theme, that relief is denied to a just and upright woman. Sir William's absurd jealousy from the first denied to Theodora a female friend; perhaps it was fortunate

fortunate for her that he did ſo, ſince ſhe was not tempted, by the ſoothings of friendſhip, to remark the firſt falling off of her huſband from that character ſhe had fondly hoped to find him. A mother cannot, to her daughters, dwell on the errors of a father, and Theodora buries all in her own heart, and truſts for her reward to that Being who ſeeth in ſecret.

If we do not know many Theodoras, let us hope that there are not many Sir Williams, for the power of exertion uſually ſprings with the demand for it; and there is in every heart that ſtrength, that energy, which would lead, if properly cultivated, to juſt and laudable conduct.

No. LI.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1800.

I AVAIL myſelf in this number of the privilege I have already aſſumed, of putting together whatever ſuits me for the paper of the day, without giving any account of my reaſons.

ELEGY,

COMPOSED DURING A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

IMAGE of Death, yet haraſs'd Life's ſoft nurſe,
Pale Miſery's comforter, Affliction's friend,
Whoſe ſoothing ſway can lighten every curſe,
And even to dark deſpair ſuſpenſion lend;

Why,

Why, Sleep! capriciously dost thou refuse
  To stretch thy leaden sceptre o'er my bed—
To bathe my temples in thy healing dews,
  And o'er my soul thy sweet illusions shed?

From my unquiet couch and watchful eye
  Oh tranquil Slumber! whither art thou gone?
The light fantastic dreams of fancy fly,
  And my heart mourns, dejected and forlorn!

Yet in this undisturb'd, this silent hour,
  When only Sorrow, Guilt, or Sickness wake,
Let me invoke still Contemplation's power,
  And of these moments due advantage make!

No fainting languor overpowers my frame,
  Strong and energic feels my awaken'd soul!
Then let me kindle Thought's celestial flame,
  And all impatient restlessness controul!

Look back, Oh Thought alarm'd! o'er former times,
  The hours, the days, the years!—alas, no more!
A series sad, if not of dreadful crimes,
  Of errors, follies, faults, all duly number'd o'er!

Yes! in the wide eternal book of fate,
  Thy former conduct, and thy future doom,
My erring soul, sad mayst thou meditate,
  And tremble at the punishment to come!

What golden hours, or lost, or misemploy'd,
In follies idled, or to fancy given!
The noblest powers of reason unenjoy'd,
And scorn'd, or wasted, the best gift of Heaven!

Yet well we know that not a moment flies
Without its due employment first assign'd!
Nor other wisdom can be truly wise,
Than that which justly regulates the mind!

And if, not unordain'd, one fleeting hour
Can add its tribute to life's little span,
To what a strict account shall Heaven's dread pow'r,
For numbers wasted, call offending man!

Was the warm energy of virtuous youth
Giv'n to be idled at vague Fancy's shrine?
The noble powers of reason and of truth,
Aspiring, mark their origin divine.

And be their dictates follow'd!—So shall man
The fairest triumph of his nature gain!
Shall coincide with Heaven's majestic plan,
"And not an instant shall be given in vain!"

Virtue, or knowledge, in each passing hour,
For every soul can some employment find!
No heavy gloom can o'er the prospect low'r,
Impervious to the firm, the vigorous mind!

From

From every incident of weal, of woe,
The willing heart inſtruction can derive!
Each moment may for our improvement flow,
Till every virtuous feeling is alive!

Thus, ſerious Cowper, thy inſtructive lyre
On every theme can moral legends teach!
Thus, ſoaring Young, with ſtrong celeſtial fire,
Immortal heights thy Muſe ſublime could reach.

Nor only to the poet's ſoothing ſong
The grateful incenſe of applauſe be given,
To action let the nobler praiſe belong,
Action alone can gain the bliſs of Heaven!

SONNET,

TO CASTLE-BUILDING.

SEDUCING Goddeſs! who from ſober Truth,
And ſterner Reaſon's unpoetic themes,
To airy proſpects, and fantaſtic dreams,
Allur'ſt the vagrant ſteps of facile youth,—
Oh let not me, amid the ſecret grove
Retir'd, to taſte of ſolitude the charm,
Let me not meet thy ſoft attractive form,
Nor hear th' enthuſiaſtic tone I love!

For while thy breath inſpires the vocal ſhell,
Still ſhould I linger near the charmed ſpot,
All other cares unheeded or forgot,
Caught by the powerful magic of thy ſpell:
And chain'd a willing captive to thy car,
Reaſon and Truth in vain ſhould hail me from afar!

SONNET.

THE REVERIE.

LOST in calm conſciouſneſs and vacant eaſe,
I love, at this cool hour of eve, to rove,
With ſauntering ſtep, along the twilight grove,
Or lie reclin'd beneath the whiſpering trees;
And liſten to the ſighing of the breeze,
And every ſound that floats upon the gale!
The ſheep-bell, tinkling down the diſtant vale,
The ſteeple's chime, and mingling ſoft with theſe,
The daſhing murmur of th' unquiet flood,
And all the dying muſic of the wood!
Then, o'er the memory of former days,
Or thro' the future, free and unconfin'd,
Placid and gratify'd, fond Fancy ſtrays
And leads thro' airy haunts the captive mind.

SONNET.

SONNET.

ILLUSION.

AMID thoſe weſtern clouds, while evening gleams
With ſofteſt ſplendour o'er th' empurpled ſkies,
Embattled towers, and nodding groves ariſe,
And proſpects, brilliant with unnumber'd ſtreams!
Nor gay with ſhadowy tints the landſcape ſeems,
But cheats the mind in truth's impoſing guiſe
Till by degrees each fairy picture flies,
And Night's chill touch diſrobes the glittering dreams—
Thus Fancy, ſkill'd enchantreſs, ſtraight to Folly,
Glozing with fair pretences, led me on.
Sweet was her witching ſong, and melancholy
Before its magic influence far was flown;
But when the ſyren ceas'd her charm unholy,
Lo! the fair fabric of my hopes was gone!

DONALD.

DONALD.

A BALLAD.

"HARK! heard ye not the bugle blaſt
"That echo'd thro' the wood?
"'Twas haughty Duncan, as he paſt,
"Who thirſts for Donald's blood!

"He comes to force away my love,
"My bluſhing bride to claim;
"But fear not, Mary—I will prove
"Heir to Donalbain's fame!"—

"Now yield thee, yield thee, haughty boy!"
Th' inſulting Duncan cry'd;
"Thy Mary fair, thy boſom's joy,
"Muſt now be Duncan's bride!

"In vain thy ſire Donalbain's fame
"Inflames thy youthful breaſt;
"At the mere ſound of Duncan's name,
"Be all thy fire ſuppreſt.

"Beneath

" Beneath this eye's commanding charm
" Thy boasted courage flies—
" Beneath the terror of this arm
" My victim bleeds and dies!"—

" The maid is mine!" young Donald cry'd,
" And mine shall ever be;
" Fear not, my dear, my trembling bride,
" Thou still art safe with me!

" From early childhood's smiling morn
" Our mutual passion grew,
" So two twin-roses on one thorn
" Imbibe the fostering dew.

" Cease then thy insults; this right arm
" Shall lay thy courage low!
" Where, boaster, wilt thou find a charm
" To ward this vengeful blow?"—

Full on his crest the falchion fell,
And smote the helm in twain;
Wide flew the plume—the glittering steel
In fragments strew'd the plain!

" This to thy heart!" stern Duncan cry'd,
And aim'd a deadly stroke;
But forward rush'd the weeping bride,
And thus the foe bespoke—

" Oh

" Oh ſtay thee, Duncan, ſtay thy ſword,
" Nor ſeek my huſband's life!
" What can recal the plighted word
" That made me Donald's wife?"

She ſtrove to ſeize th' uplifted arm
That aim'd the deadly blow;
But deaf to pity's pleading charm,
On ruſh'd the haughty foe!

Before his ſteps fond Mary preſs'd,
Nor terror ſeem'd to feel,
Till deep within her quivering breaſt,
Was plung'd the dark-blue ſteel.

Young Donald ſaw the damſel die!
And horror riv'd his breaſt!
His ſtiffen'd arm, his glaſſy eye
His inward woe expreſs'd!

That burning eye refus'd to weep,
Thoſe lips to ſpeak a word,
Till in ſtern Duncan's boſom, deep,
Was fix'd th' avenging ſword!

Then, falling on his Mary's corſe,
" What, dead and cold?" he ſaid;
And in a groan of deathlike force
His ardent ſpirit fled!

SONNET.

SONNET.

WRITTEN LATE IN AUTUMN.

IN theſe lone groves, all penſive as I ſtray,
While round my head the blaſt blows keen and chill,
Sudden the ſhifting clouds, o'er yonder hill,
Fling the full radiance of the God of day!
And rapid Fancy wings her eager way
Immediate, where thoſe airy ſummits ſlope,
And with exulting ſmile, and kindling hope,
Delighted, views the ſcene ſo fair and gay.
But ah! how ſoon returns th' autumnal gloom!
With envious haſte the ſullen vapours cloſe!
Ah! too expreſſive of man's hapleſs doom,
Where gathering clouds for ever interpoſe,
And blight the tender bud of lively bloom,
And quench the beam of hope that in his boſom glows.

SONNET.

TO FANCY.

DIVINE enchantreſs! thou, whoſe cheriſh'd power
Has often charm'd my viſionary ſoul,
Which gladly courted thy benign controul
To cheer with ſyren ſongs the lonely hour—
Dear are thy dreams, and dear thy magic art
Diffuſing brighteſt tranſports o'er the breaſt.
But I no more will woo thee, dangerous gueſt,
For thy ſoft ſoothings enervate the heart:
When, from thy fairy bower, where gay, combin'd
A thouſand hues diverſify the ſhade,—
Where Love, and Hope, and Joy, with arms entwin'd
Gaze on the portraitures themſelves have made,
Recall'd to real life, the languid mind
Droops, as at Truth's approach, the fair deluſions fade.

SONNET.

SONNET.

THE LONELY WALK.

PLEAS'D, I devote the ſolitary hours
 From the firſt bluſh of morn to twilight pale,
 Heedleſs of gathering miſt, or driving gale,
To wander, unreſtrain'd, in rural bowers,
Or where the wood in browner horror lowers,
 Or where the ſtreamlet winds along the vale,
 Or, in the diſtance catch the whitening ſail,
From, Magdalen! where thy bold ſummit towers.
 Thus while I rove, by fairy thought entwin'd
A thouſand figures wave in bright array!
 A thouſand ſhadowy images combin'd,
Amuſe my fancy by their rapid play—
 Till with regret, my viſionary mind
Quits the ideal world, and ruſhes to the day.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

NATURE, unrivall'd architect, thy hand
Hath ſcatter'd theſe ſtupendous wonders here!
Where theſe rude cliffs their giant ſummits rear,
The proud eternal guardians of the land!
As fearful on their airy brows I ſtand,
I mark the waves approach the firm barrier,
Then back recoil in regular career,
Obedient to the laws that thou haſt plann'd!
Where is man's boaſted power and genius fled
Before the grandeur of this vaſt deſign?
His mightieſt works hide their diminiſh'd head,
And ſhrink to atoms, when compared with thine;
Low ſhall they lie, with the forgotten dead,
While thou ſhalt, in unrivall'd ſplendour, ſhine.

No. LII.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1800.

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Sir,

"I AM in a very peculiar kind of diſtreſs, and from the account you have given of yourſelf, I rather imagine it may be in your power to help me out of it. I am a woman of more faſhion than fortune, and having a tolerable perſon, and the manners of the world, I captivated a man of family, but who, like myſelf, is not overburthened with riches. My huſband, for I have been married about a twelvemonth, was an officer in a regiment that was quartered in the town where I lived, and, leading a deſultory kind of life, did not concern himſelf much about my connections there. Indeed, while we remained there with the

regiment, we found ſome of my old friends extremely uſeful to us. Miſs Prune, the rich grocer's daughter, who pretends to be a diſtant relation of mine, was always very civil to us, and we had always a warm invitation to her table; however, we failed not in private to make ourſelves merry with Miſs Prune's vulgar manners, as indeed we did with moſt of my good townsfolks, who were not in general bleſſed with much elegance. We knew, however, that we ſhould, ere long, break off all connection with them, and therefore availed ourſelves of their acquaintance while it laſted.

"Towards the cloſe of laſt ſummer, my huſband's father propoſed to him to quit the Army, as he had procured him a very lucrative and genteel place in an office under Government—a circumſtance which was very agreeable to us both; and we took poſſeſſion of a ſmall elegant houſe at the weſt end of the town with infinite ſatisfaction. My father-in-law was pleaſed to be civil to my perſon and appearance, and we ſoon got into a very brilliant circle of acquaintance.

"I was now in the zenith of my happineſs, figuring away in that rank of life for which I always conceived myſelf born, though malignant Fate had placed me out of the reach of it. None of my new connections knew that my father had

been

been but a country ſhopkeeper, for I ſedulouſly kept every thing of that nature out of knowledge; and my appearance and manners, which I had acquired at the houſe of the Lady of the Manor, were calculated to adorn any circle, when ſuddenly, in the very height of the ſpring ſeaſon, the next houſe to us was engaged by Miſs Prune, who determined to ſhew her wealth and beauty in the metropolis.

" My poor Charles and I had not heard who was to be our neighbour, but from the preparations were earneſtly curious to learn; when one day, as we were watching at a window, we ſaw a travelling poſtchaiſe ſtop at the door, and witneſſed the arrival of our former hoſpitable groceres. We ſhuddered with diſmay, but determined to ſhirk her, and truſted that in London it would be poſſible to elude even a next door neighbour; but we were miſtaken, Mr. Saunter—we knew not the perſon we had to deal with. She popped in upon me the next morning, while I had ſome very elegant company with me, not having waited for the uſual etiquette of my paying her the firſt viſit. Indeed, ſhe mentioned this circumſtance at once to ſhew her abhorrence of ceremony, and her love of good neighbourhood. This I could have borne, and even could have contrived to humour her farcaſtically before

my more genteel company, ſo as to have thrown all the ridicule off my own ſhoulders, by making her appear a mere chance acquaintance, ſuch as muſt be unavoidably formed by military folks, had ſhe not overwhelmed me with a torrent of friendly and intimate recollections that entirely covered me with confuſion—called over all my relations by their names, informed me, with a degree of good-will that called for reciprocation, that my couſin Dick went on very well with the tallow-chandler—that Joe was juſt out of his time, and was taken in partner by Mr. Tape, the haberdaſher—that my couſin Bridget was married to Mr. Meaſure, the ſtay-maker—and that my aunt, to conſole her for my abſence and long ſilence, had at length conſented to take Jobſon, the butcher, for her ſecond huſband!

"I ſaw my gueſts ſtare with uncontrouled ſurpriſe:—nor is this the only mortification I have to endure. In compliment to my huſband and his family, theſe domeſtic anecdotes are apparently forgotten; but Miſs Prune, preſuming on her former intimacy, intrudes herſelf, unaſked, on all my evening parties, in defiance of all coldneſs, and even incivility; ſquats her fat perſon upon my ſofa beſide the people of moſt faſhion, gazes with the moſt perſevering boldneſs at all my viſitors, diſplays her red hands and coarſe arms upon

all

all occasions, and professes to like to visit an old friend, where she can see so many smart folks without any trouble.

" What can I do, Mr. Saunter? A hint she despises, and indeed it is now almost too late to reap any benefit even from the discontinuance of her acquaintance, since those to whom my marriage has introduced me, already look coldly on

" Your's, &c.

" PRISCILLA MODELOVE."

To SOLOMON SAUNTER, Esq.

" Mr. Saunter,

" When I was about fifteen, I went into the country to pay a visit to some relations, where I was distinguished by the notice of a young woman several years my senior, and who had a great reputation for understanding among all my friends. This circumstance not a little flattered my vanity: I gave most eagerly into the strict union she proposed, and when I returned home, entered with ardour into

into a correſpondence, in which the native enthuſiaſm of youth on my ſide, was balanced by the factitious warmth of romance on her's. This correſpondence continued for ſome years, during which period I frequently found it difficult to exalt my ideas and expreſſions to that height and fervency of friendſhip that pervaded her letters. At length, a few weeks ago, my enthuſiaſtic correſpondent informed me ſhe was coming into my neighbourhood, and anticipated, in glowing terms, the felicity of meeting with her long-diſtant, beloved friend.

" I own I felt more ſolicitude than hope; the ſtyle of her letters had long diſpleaſed me, though the habit of writing was difficult to break through. I fancied no unſpeakable joys from the ſight ſo long denied us. I even ſuffered ſome apprehenſion leſt the coldneſs of my manners ſhould ill ſatisfy the warmth of my friend; yet I was glad to think of ſeeing her, and waited the day with a mixture of ſuſpenſe and alarm, tinctured with the fond hope of finding her ſuch as to juſtify my early predilection. She came, Mr. Saunter, with all her romance about her; and it is not in my nature to ſatisfy her high-raiſed expectations. I ſee ſhe conſiders me as a creature whoſe early feelings have been blunted by a commerce with the world; while I look on her as a being who

has

has imbibed in ſolitude a deluſive ſenſibility that loſes its real merit by overſtraining its beſt powers. I ſee ſhe perſiſts in the hope of recalling that romance which, in our early connection, tinctured my character. Alas, Mr. Saunter, how can I make her comprehend that this is a hopeleſs attempt, that ſhe talks a language which my reaſon and my feelings are alike ſtrangers to, and that I am no longer the enthuſiaſtic

"CLEMENTIA."

To Mr. SAUNTER.

"Oh Sir! you who liſten to the complaints of the diſtreſſed—you who preſcribe panaceas for ſo many ills, can you not alſo ſooth my miſery, and teach me how to regain my loſt felicity? Loſt!—and is it indeed loſt? Art thou indeed, Clementia, totally altered? Can no reproaches, however tender, no recollections of paſt felicity, no heart-kindling expreſſions revive that pure, that elegant affection to its firſt ſtate of fervency? When firſt I knew her, what a creature ſhe was! Glowing with all the ſofteſt emotions, her whole frame exquiſitely alive, her language as animated as her heart, and ſweetly

reſponding to the fondneſs of mine! Now, alas! how changed, how fallen! All her youthful warmth is chilled, all her budding emotions are blighted, all her glowing ſenſations are repreſſed! Her language is even freezingly cold—her hand anſwers not to the ſoft preſſure of mine—her eye replies with no correſponding tenderneſs! If I ſeek to detain her, in the fond hope that a confidential *tête-à-tête* may reſtore to me that bleſſing I have ſo long loſt, ſhe is either unavoidably engaged elſewhere, or is ſo cold, ſo liſtleſs, that my purpoſe falls, unexpreſſed, and I retire to weep in ſolitude, the misfortune I experience! And muſt then the ſweet ſoothings of friendſhip expire and die in the chilling atmoſphere of the world, that grave of all animated ſenſations—all elegant emotions? Alas! alas! muſt the prevalence of faſhion detach the once warm heart of my Clementia from that of

"Her ever faithfully attached

"DULCIANA!"

To SOLOMON SAUNTER, Eſq.

"Sir,

"Among the many diſguiſes that vanity finds to ſhelter itſelf under, is the pretext which ſome people make to a fondneſs for

for fingular characters. No fooner do they hear a perfon fpoken of as remarkable for any peculiarity, than they directly exclaim, "Oh, I am fure I fhall like him,—I always like oddities!" But I have frequently had occafion to obferve that this prepoffeffion in favour of oddities, arifes from a prefumption that the oddity will alfo like them. If this expectation be difappointed, the cry becomes, "I do not think fuch a one an agreeable oddity."

"The true explanation of all this I take to be, that, by the courtefy of the world, fingularity of character is generally held to imply fuperiority of genius, becaufe fuperior geniuffes have fometimes been marked by fingularity of character. Now, as preference is generally reciprocal, to like thofe who are diftinguifhed by peculiarity, almoft amounts to the fame thing as being liked by them; and here follows the gratification to that reftlefs principle *vanity*, which is mightily pleafed with the preference of thofe great geniuffes, who ftand out from the reft of the world, and are known by their peculiar marks.

"After all, Mr. Saunter, peculiarity is by no means an infallible mark of genius,—it is a badge fo eafily affumed, that many wear it, who have no claim to it from intellectual fuperiority; but diftinction

distinction of any sort is so coveted in this limbo of vanity, that one cannot wonder if those who have no pretensions to real prominence, place themselves so as to catch false lights, and mimic the grandeur they cannot attain.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"D. W."

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"As I am at present extremely angry with myself, I take up the pen to complain of myself to you; and with the more readiness, because I believe there are numbers who daily offend as I have been doing, without feeling the sort of indignation I am glowing with. The fact is, Mr. Saunter, that though I am not of an idle habit in common, and though I have at this moment many employments which interest and amuse me, I have suffered a whole day to slip away without doing any thing, and all the while lamenting the want of time to pursue these different avocations.

"Many,

"Many, indeed, are the valuable hours which are thus wasted under pretence of waiting for more perfect leisure; hours which, if carefully improved, would bear no trifling proportion to the whole of life. The necessary interruptions of life are so numerous, that we ought most carefully to guard against that procrastinating humour, which is for deferring every thing "to a more convenient season." I know that, had I improved, as I ought, the scattered intervals of this day, I might have advanced very far in some of the numerous employments I too often lament the want of time to undertake. What method is there of guarding against this creeping canker that threatens to blight the very principle of exertion? I am alarmed at its first approaches, for I have not hitherto been subject to it; and should be much obliged to you if you would point out some means by which I may prevent its increase.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"W. R."

The very ingenuous request of my correspondent W. R. deserves some notice, though I can with pleasure assure him, that I think him by

by no means in a dangerous ſtage of the diſorder. While that conſciouſneſs of miſconduct remains, its increaſe is not to be ſo much apprehended; but when the ſpirit of procraſtination ſo far obtains as to produce a torpor of the conſcience, then indeed the caſe is a hopeleſs one.

I think it is Barretti who remarks, that if the uſeleſs quarters of an hour which are diſſipated in idleneſs, were given to ſome real ſtudy or employment, we ſhould be ſurpriſed at the progreſs a ſhort time might enable us to make. It is only by the advance made in a given purſuit, that we can judge of the real value of the time thus waſted. Minutes fly away, and become hours, while we are, perhaps, waiting for ſome expected interruption, and deciding that it is not worth while to get about any plan of occupation. Thus, though of the family of the Saunters, and by preſcriptive right allowed to be idle, have I put down ſome few reflections which may aſſiſt my correſpondent W. R. in his laudable endeavours to overcome ſo dangerous an enemy; and if he be at a loſs for any employment which would be ſufficiently intereſting to engage his attention at every leiſure minute, I would adviſe him, without delay, to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of Cheſs.

No. LIII.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1800.

THE complaint of my correſpondent W. R., which I threw in at the cloſe of my laſt Number, deſerved more attention than I gave it at the time, and has ſince ſo frequently employed my thoughts, that I ſhall not ſcruple to devote this paper to a conſideration of the proper employment of time; nor will it deter me from undertaking the ſubject, that it has been frequently conſidered before: that which is important to all, can never be thought of too often, and we fail more frequently for want of reflecting on, than of knowing our duties.

There can be no ſubject of more conſequence to every individual than the proper diſpoſal of that portion of time allotted to us, ſince whatever our depraved fancies look upon as valuable, and whatever

ever is really and intrinſically ſo, alike depend upon it. It is ſtrange, that of a life, which we all pretend to value, and which is ſo perpetually eſcaping from us, any one ſhould ſuffer a ſingle hour to paſs by unmarked by ſome uſeful exertion; it is ſtill more ſurpriſing that any one ſhould voluntarily ſubmit to the cruel puniſhment of total inaction. The utmoſt malice of the moſt inveterate enemy could not invent a ſeverer torment than the ſtupid inactivity to which ſome perſons devote themſelves! To paſs whole days in watching the ſlow lapſe of time, and rejoicing at the end of every hour, is indeed natural to thoſe who languiſh under the preſſure of ſevere bodily or mental calamity; but that thoſe who enjoy health and liberty, ſhould ſo groan under the heavy burthen of time, not only claims our pity, but our wonder! If thoſe who feel their hours thus oppreſſive, would but ſeek employment, and purſue it ſteadily,—if they would but reſolve that either mind or body ſhould be uſefully and actively employed, they would find the intolerable weight of exiſtence leſſened! The hours would no longer heavily lag in their flight, nor would the temporary death of ſleep, nor the eternal ſleep of death, be any longer looked to for relief.

Can any one of theſe languid beings, who waſte whole hours in inaction, and fancy they have

have been thinking, mention one uſeful reflection, one ſalutary reſolution, as the fruits of their long indolence? A mere reverie, that flits acroſs the ſpeculum of the brain, and leaves no trace behind it, merits not to be dignified with the name of *Thought.*

In conſtant and actual employment alone can we ſeek for unwearied cheerfulneſs—that delightful ſunſhine of the ſoul. Thoſe who, from ſituation, are privileged—and thoſe who from diſpoſition are prone to be indolent, are thoſe who are moſt ſubject to cauſeleſs dejection of ſpirits. No fancied uneaſineſs can ſtand againſt uſeful activity, and even real diſtreſs will loſe much of its poignancy, if ſome profitable and intereſting occupation be ſteadily purſued:—by *profitable* I mean that which is ultimately ſo, which tends to improve, to fortify the heart—to enlarge, to enlighten the underſtanding.

"The time of life is ſhort!
"To ſpend that little baſely, were too long,
"Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
"Still ending at th' arrival of the hour!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Every one who has leiſure, and who means to be happy, either has, or muſt adopt ſome favourite hobby-horſe with which to amuſe that leiſure. Without ſome purſuit, which from its pleaſantneſs engages the mind, that very leiſure would be the moſt

most insupportable burthen! It were to be wished that the favourite pursuits of every one were of a nature to strengthen the good dispositions of the soul, to extend its capacities, and to improve its moral character. The gradual effect of an habitual pursuit is so indubitable, that it behoves every one to lead their fancy to select that which will best contribute to some virtuous end.

That the amusement of leisure hours should be innocent, is perhaps hardly sufficient: if it be frivolous,—if it tend to lead the mind away from the due consideration of its relative duties,—if it be of an enervating kind, however innocent every particular act may appear, the general complexion of character produced by its frequent recurrence, is not innocent. The end, therefore, should always be kept in view; this should be the grand criterion, and by the end, be always understood the final end with respect to our future hopes and prospects—not the mere termination or aim of each particular pursuit. It is, indeed, a maxim, that has often been prostituted to the worst of purposes, *that the end will sanctify the means*; and so it will, if properly apprehended: for if the true end be the main object, no means will be either acceptable or convenient, except such as are in themselves laudable and virtuous.

"Procrastination is the thief of time,"

YOUNG.

and

and few faults, more certainly, though imperceptibly, deſtroy the energy of character than procraſtination. Every one undoubtedly, in thoſe moments of reflection which muſt occur to all, muſt have formed many good reſolutions; but the execution of them being poſtponed to a more convenient ſeaſon, is too often poſtponed for ever! and thoſe good and virtuous motions in the ſoul leave us more guilty when diſobeyed or diſregarded. That which it is right to do, it is right to do now! Begin therefore to-day, leſt thou be prevented to-morrow!

Why, if the preſent time have not all the fitneſs required, ſhould the future time be more advantageous? Why wait for any era from which to date the beginning of reformation? Is not every era auſpicious on which ſo good a work is begun? Will not other avocations ariſe? Will not other projects be formed, and prove equally abortive? It were well if in a morning, during thoſe cool moments we moſt of us enjoy before we quit the pillow, before the cares and inquietudes of the world perplex our thoughts, while the mind is calm and active, and the heart glowing with gratitude under the conſciouſneſs of renewed exiſtence, it were well, I ſay, if we were then to arrange a plan of moral conduct for the day—if frequently

frequently too, in the courſe of that day, we were to aſk our own hearts what report the hour laſt elapſed would carry of us to heaven!—and if at night, when again returned to the couch of reſt, while we thankfully acknowledge the protection and ſafety we have experienced, we were to examine how we have fulfilled our intentions, taking into conſideration the real value of time, and the incalculable importance to our individual welfare of a proper diſtribution and employment of it, we ſhould then bluſh to have paſſed a day unmarked by ſome vigorous or laudable exertion—we ſhould ſhrink from the contemplation of many precious hours waſted in inactivity—hours which will return no more, and which, having thus elapſed without notice, ſwell to a bulk that would ſurpriſe and alarm us, could we behold at one view the portion of time thus thrown away.

"On all-important time, thro' every age,
"Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd, the man
"Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour."

YOUNG.

Mr. Shenſtone has among his "Obſervations" a ſentiment dazzling at firſt view, but, on mature conſideration, its intrinſic value ſeems but trifling.—His words are—"It is a miſerable thing to be "ſenſible

"sensible of the value of one's time, and yet to "be restrained by circumstances from making the "proper use of it."

To try the value of this axiom, let us enquire what is the proper use of time? Is it not that which arises from actual circumstances? and is there any possible circumstance which does not afford some opportunity of laudable moral occupation? If we ask ourselves these questions without prejudice, we shall not hesitate about the answers; but, in general, if we are prevented from pursuing our favourite or our intended employment, we are apt to think we are hindered from making a proper use of time. A man ought not to lament in society that he is interrupted in some pursuit which requires solitude and thought,—nor if he be in solitude, should he regret being precluded from the exercise of the social virtues: nay, when, by some casual accident, an intended plan even of moral excellence is impeded, does not that very obstacle itself give room for the exertion of patience and forbearance? The appropriate employment of every moment is that duty which the circumstances of the moment demand; and even if called away by some impertinent visitors from the contemplation of virtue, or the exertion of talent, a man may be not less laudably, though less agreeably, employed in the practice

practice of that familiar benevolence which diffuses good-humour and pleasantry, nor less usefully engaged for his own private advantage in repressing the sallies of impatience, or the inroads of ill-humour!

Shenstone was of a querulous, irritable nature. He thought every moment ill employed that was not given to his Muse, to gardening, or to sentiment. People, in general, have their favourite pursuits, from which they are equally reluctant to be drawn; but if we divest ourselves of prejudice and partiality, we shall discard Shenstone's attractive tinsel, and conclude with the nobler poet, that

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> "Does well!—acts nobly!—Angels could no more!"
>
> YOUNG.

Every day, if rightly employed, undoubtedly affords some useful reflections; and were these noted down, it would be amusing at some future period to recal the occurrences by the observations they had produced: but it would also be far more useful than amusing, by shewing the improvement, the increased maturity, or the perfect stability of our judgment. Were we to preserve a register, not merely of bare facts, but of the

thoughts

thoughts and feelings of our minds upon them, how accurately ſhould we be enabled to trace the riſe or the demolition of ſome prejudice—to mark by what gradations our opinions attained their preſent form, and to detect the almoſt imperceptible ſhades by which, in a ſeries of years, our characters receive a totally different hue! In a record ſuch as this, a blank day would be to us a reproach! The due improvement of time ought to be the great aim of life; and there can be no better means purſued for ſo deſirable an end, than extracting from every incident ſome moral or mental advantage. Surely, of the ſcanty portion of time allotted to thoſe beings who ought to aim at perfection, no part ſhould be ſuffered to elapſe without ſome trace worthy of remembrance.

A general habit of activity beſt enables us, who are the mere creatures of habit, to make this due improvement of our beſt poſſeſſion. Mental activity as far ſurpaſſes that which is merely corporeal, as the works of genius exceed the manufacture of art. Yet they rather aſſiſt, than impede each other; but never ſhould mere perſonal induſtry lay claim to that praiſe which is due to its more excellent counterpart. Far be it from me to rob activity of its juſt reward; it is not in the power of any declaimer to deprive it

 of

of that which its own exertion alone secures, for happiness and contentment are ever the prize of activity; but while the body, while the hands are strenuously employed, the mind may remain indolent.

Many persons reckon that day well spent, in which they have forwarded or concluded any busy undertaking, and perhaps it has been so; but mere personal industry, except where subsistence depends on it, is rather innocent than meritorious. The woman who, from her fortune, is exempted from the necessity of incessant needle-work, is surely far better employed in rendering her house agreeable, and her society happy, than in working her finger to the bone under the pretence of industry, while her mind, intent upon her needle's point, sinks into a most deplorable apathy towards all exertion of agreeable or engaging talents. Was Shenstone so well employed while he was fretting at the waste of time when chased from his pen by casual visitors, and while framing elegant aphorisms expressive of his regret, as if he had resolutely conquered the rising peevishness within him, and seen his guests with a determination to please and be pleased? Great virtues and heroic exertions seldom fall in our way; but the due employment of every moment is in every body's power; nor will any pursuit, any occupation, tend

tend more decidedly to our final advantage, than the continued practice of those social and familiar exertions which every minute demands.

Time is a possession, of which the enormous value has never, perhaps, been accurately computed. If every moment were uniformly employed to the best advantage, it would be difficult to ascertain to what degree of perfection human nature might attain, even during a moderate life. Some few instances of wonderful application have proved that human faculties are capable of almost infinite extension; but dazzling as are abilities of every kind, and fascinating as is their pursuit, in which perfection is not only more visibly approached, but with more immediate gratification to the pursuer, let it be remembered that the moral and religious use of time alone will ultimately benefit us.

Let us beware, then, of confounding our prejudices or partialities with our duties, and of thinking, like Shenstone, all time misemployed, that is not devoted to our favourite hobby-horse.

No. LIV.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1800.

THERE is not, perhaps, any ſubject of reflection or obſervation, which has occaſioned more diverſity of opinion than the exiſtence or non-exiſtence of a natural character: all that we ſee, all that we hear (abſtracted from the debate itſelf), concur to ſtamp on the mind the idea of ſome original difference of genius, temper, and propenſities, impreſſed by the hand of Nature on our immaterial eſſence. Thoſe, indeed, who reaſon on the ſubject, finding it beyond their ability to explain, content themſelves with denying it *in toto*, as far as any peculiar bias or propenſities. They allow indeed, and we thank them for the indulgence, a natural difference of capacity. They do not place the powers of Sir Iſaac

Isaac Newton's mind on a level with those of a being on whom the utmost efforts of instruction can make no impression; but they contend that the mind, in its original state, can have no distinct qualities but those of conception and retention; that it may possess those qualities in a greater or less degree, but that the species of propensity which is hereafter to guide its pursuits, habits, and peculiarities, is determinable wholly by second causes, thus adopting in its fullest extent the simile of virgin wax, which is equally capable of every impression according to its degree of ductility.

What qualities the soul, in its original state, may possess, how these may operate upon its future reception of virtuous or scientific impressions, in what degree second causes may influence it, or how second causes are to be distinguished from primary constitution, I mean not to contest with them. In all these respects I shall leave the debate just as I find it, that is to say, in the same state with the belief in ghosts—a circumstance which every body feels some internal conviction of, though utterly indefensible by human reason, that proudest and shallowest of all principles, which is resolved to credit nothing but what it can account for, forgetting, at the same instant, its utter incapacity to account for its

own

own being, while it ſo blindly reſolves to inveſtigate the firſt cauſes of every other circumſtance, though far leſs marvellous than that human reaſon ſhould exiſt at all.

How finite beings are ever to diſtinguiſh ſecond cauſes from the primary appointment of nature, or, to ſpeak with more preciſion, of Providence, does not very readily appear; ſince even the advocates for ſecond cauſes allow that they depend on the moſt minute and imperceptible circumſtances, and that, by an accident which would not leave a ſingle trace on the memory, the whole complexion of a man's character, the whole bent of his ſtudies, may be determined. Is it not a more ſimple and a more intelligible mode of proceeding, to refer the whole diverſity at once to the Power that orders all, than merely to allow of an original difference of capacity, and contend that the direction of that capacity was left wholly to inferior cauſes? We ſee men not more different in their minds than in their forms and features—we ſee, too, forms and features almoſt conſtantly correſponding with minds: does all this, alſo, depend on the fortuitous concurrence of ſecond cauſes? Chance, then, is no longer a blind machine, but a ſkilful and vigilant power, who makes trifling events co-operate to one end with the greateſt preciſion imaginable.

But

But I will enter no farther into the metaphyſical part of the argument, in which, indeed, we are groping in the dark, and in purſuit of no uſeful end; for I never heard the warmeſt advocates for theſe ſecond cauſes pretend to the leaſt power of controuling, or guarding againſt their influence. I will only take things as I find them, and obſerving that no two individuals do reſemble each other, will leave to thoſe who are fond of involving themſelves in ſubtile and obſcure diſquiſitions, to determine why they differ. Men are very apt to waſte their time, their faculties, and their energies in vain attempts to diſcover cauſes, when conſequences are all that truly intereſt them:—cauſes are not in their power—conſequences they may, in ſome degree, govern. No philoſopher has ever yet averred even the diſtant poſſibility of giving to the opening mind of infancy the peculiar bias he would wiſh it to aſſume: it is plain, therefore, that no philoſopher pretends to the capacity of controuling theſe ſecondary cauſes. To watch over, to guide, to correct the indications of character when they do appear, is all that remains to the moſt reaſoning obſerver; and thoſe indications of character betray themſelves at an earlier period than is in general allowed. Education, reaſon, habit, reflection may do much towards modulating and refining the exuberances and harſhneſſes of nature; but I queſtion if it be in the power of

any

any education entirely to change it, to ſubdue original paſſions, to turn natural propenſities into another channel, to give to talent a new purſuit, or to manners a new colour. So much of volition ſtill remains, that unleſs the judgment be convinced, nothing is conquered; habit may for a time ſuppreſs what is unpleaſing or odious, but habit alone, unaided by internal conviction, cannot produce a complete correction. The commerce of the world, the deference due to reſpected individuals, the ſhackles of opinion, the influence of example, will for a while check or controûl the natural character; but judgment, and voluntary exertion alone, can obtain a real victory. Where the caſe is not radical, the original temper will appear at ſome future period. When all uncertainty with reſpect to ſituation is at an end—when the motive of conciliating the favour of the world ceaſes to operate, the natural character reſumes its influence, and exerts itſelf with the greater violence, the more it has previouſly been reſtrained.

The advocates for human reaſon are very apt to call ſuch reflections illiberal. They are, indeed, not very favourable to the power of that idol; but I am perſuaded they are not unfounded. Every one, however ſuperficially they may have examined the habits and characters of their acquaintance, muſt have met with ſufficient proof

of

of these observations; every one must have remarked tokens of the same character in maturer life, which displayed itself during childhood. No boy ever obtained a nickname at school, which did not apply to him through the whole of his career; so early does the character itself appear, and so early have our minds the power of judging of the leading marks of it in others.

It is indeed inconceivable by how many apparently small traits the peculiar features of the mind are to be discovered—by how many minute indications in the earliest childhood a sort of judgment may be formed of the prevailing bias in more advanced life—indications, no doubt, designed by Providence to enable those who have the care of youth, to correct the errors, and assist the advantages of Nature. How much soever, therefore, observation may convince us of the inutility of education to correct the native propensities of the mind, those, under whose directions young persons chance to fall, ought not to retire from the attempt in despair of its success:—the fault is rather in the mode hitherto pursued, than in any insurmountable obstacle; and this consideration ought rather to stimulate to greater exertion, than to occasion despondency and indifference.

It is certainly necessary to interest the will, as well

well as to convince the judgment; but as certainly does Nature herſelf point out the path to be purſued by indications of early character, which cannot be unnoticed, though they may not be underſtood. Undoubtedly it often happens that perſons turn out very differently from the firſt promiſe of their childhood; but notwithſtanding that firſt promiſe might not be deceitful, the manifeſt intentions of Nature might not be ſeconded by the exertions of friends—they might even be counteracted by improper culture; and many ſuch inſtances are adduced by thoſe who eſteem themſelves ſolid and well-founded reaſoners, to overturn what they call the viſionary ſyſtem of enthuſiaſm and imagination.

Thoſe, indeed, who argue againſt the reality of innate character, and who refer the difference they cannot but ſee to the operation of ſecondary cauſes, ſeem to ſhut their eyes to ſome of the moſt obvious peculiarities of human nature. Every individual of the ſpecies, however in the general marks or characteriſtics he may reſemble his fellow-creature, has his own appropriate ſignature indelibly ſtamped on every word and every action;—his own ſpirit animates even the mereſt trifles, and not more eaſily was the ſingular ſtyle of Voltaire diſcernible in the ſmalleſt of his writings,

writings, than is every man's peculiar character in the most trivial movement or expression.

Voice, manner, conversation, are all unchangeably his own, and all appear to be so entirely modelled and managed by the soul that animates the whole machine, that it is hardly possible to doubt the influence of that immaterial spark on its material partner! We know the step, the laugh, the hand-writing of each individual in the most distinct manner; and however education, habit, and correction may modulate and improve the natural propensities, still the original stamp remains: and an accurate observer will distinctly remark it athwart all the veil which endeavour has thrown over it.

As Nature (or rather Providence) does nothing in vain, would it not be as wise in those who have the care of youth, to remark and assist these natural indications of character, as to check and thwart what appears to be inwoven in our disposition? It may be very possible to ameliorate, though not to eradicate, the native shoots that spring from that uncultured soil. Perhaps, if this mode were adopted, we should have more original and strongly featured characters among us. In the higher ranks of life, men are so tutored into decorum, that an universal sameness

prevails.

prevails. The ſame manners, habits, and expreſſions veil the moſt diſſimilar tempers and minds. Why ſhould Nature be thus repreſſed? Why does not Education confine herſelf to file down the aſperities ſhe meets with, and to give to the brilliant parts a higher poliſh? At preſent, the original traits appear as it were by ſtealth; but if this plan were judiciouſly purſued, the effect would be much ſtronger, ſince, by conſulting the natural bias, we ſhould have all the good-will of the pupil on our ſide, we ſhould ſoon be enabled to intereſt the reaſon and the judgment in the correction and amelioration of the native feelings; and then the work would be more than half accompliſhed.

As far, indeed, as Education applies herſelf to ſtrengthen the reaſoning powers, ſhe is labouring in a good cauſe, ſince, by the efforts of reaſon alone, what is evil can effectually be corrected; but all that improvement that reſts on the mere force of habit, is like an edifice founded in ſand, which an adverſe wind may utterly deſtroy. When habit co-operates with judgment—when the evil propenſities (or ſuch as may appear ſo) have been rather tenderly corrected, than violently thwarted—when the reaſon has been carefully convinced, and principle been made the baſis of every maxim, then, indeed, may we hope to ſee our

our corrupt nature really and materially improving, and the improvement as durable as its foundations are juſt. I have been led to theſe remarks by the following letter, with which I ſhall conclude this paper.

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"I had two boys, twins, and brought up in every reſpect in the ſame manner, yet never were two beings more diametrically oppoſite to each other. Harry was lively, forward, and impetuous, ſeizing all inſtruction with avidity, but impenetrable to controul in all points of outward decorum or propriety. Charles, on the contrary, ſlow in parts, and peaceable in demeanour, never offended by any exceſs, and never pleaſed by any mark of genius or of feeling. At ſchool, the ſteady application of Charles procured him the praiſes of the maſters, while the luckleſs Harry was eternally in diſgrace for neglecting his leſſons, though a very few minutes were ſufficient for him to conquer them, and perpetually engaged in ſome miſchievous frolic, in which he was ſure to bear all the blame, and to exonerate all his companions.

"In

" In order to repreſs the vivacious turbulence of Harry, and to give ſome poliſh to manners perpetually offenſive by their boiſterous diſregard to decorum, I obtained a ſituation for him in a merchant's counting-houſe, where ſome civility was neceſſary to gain the good graces of thoſe whoſe connections were ſerviceable to the houſe; while to enliven a little the heavy faculties of Charles, I put him under the care and tuition of an eminent lawyer, famous for the ſprightlineſs and energy of his arguments, and leſs remarkable for the ſuavity, than for the brilliancy of his manners.

" I myſelf, engaged with a landed eſtate in a diſtant county, truſted I had done the beſt in my power to counteract the faults in my two boys, and followed my agricultural purſuits with quiet perſeverance. In a ſhort time, however, my two boys came to make me a viſit. Charles brought me a letter from the lawyer, adviſing me to withdraw my ſon from a ſtudy in which he could never advance, and to make him a farmer like myſelf, ſince his plodding turn would make him attentive and ſucceſsful in that line; while Harry's maſter beſought me to remove from his counting-houſe a youth who ſought only to engage his fellow-clerks in eager debates and literary diſcuſſions, while

while he disregarded the conciliatory manners necessary to be observed in men of business.

After some thought, I resolved to make one further trial. I exchanged the two boys, and had the satisfaction to find that following Nature succeeded infinitely better than thwarting her. My mercantile friend is delighted with the systematic steadiness and quiet manners of Charles, while the lawyer rejoices in the acuteness of Harry, and says he will soon be better able to browbeat an adversary, and to confuse an evidence on a cross-examination than himself.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"TIM. WAVER."

No. LV.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1800.

"Tir'd Nature's ſweet reſtorer! Balmy ſleep!"

YOUNG.

AUTHORS of all ages have agreed in dignifying ſleep with the engaging name of the friend of the wretched! Poets have concurred to beſtow on it the moſt delightful epithets! The miſerable have implored its ſuccour, and the weary have ſought the bleſſings it confers! The ancients were ſo convinced of its benignant influence on the human race, that they deified it; and Sanco Pança exclaims—"Bleſſings on the man that invented ſleep!' It wraps a man round like a warm blanket!"

After

After these concurring testimonies of all ages and species in favour of this periodical image of death, bold must be the man who should presume to suspect that fiction has more to do in the business than truth—who should dare to hint that sleep, far from being the universal benefactor of mankind, the grand panacea for all human evils, is in fact deprecated by innumerable personages, and utterly defied by many more than Macbeth or Chrononhotonthologos. When a man sedulously employs all his waking hours in the diligent increase of either knowledge or wealth, and finds them insufficient to satisfy his thirst—when a lady passes every moment either in the contemplation of her charms, or in receiving the incense of innumerable lovers—when the mind is perpetually agitated by the interesting freaks of Fortune at the gaming-table—or when any other pursuit of equal magnitude (if such there be!) engrosses the whole of life, I can conceive that sleep may be an unwelcome intruder.

But it is not merely those who are thus importantly occupied, who contemn and defy the inroads of that soft deluder! Many, who, as philosophical observers might imagine, do nothing but sleep, feel it an insult to be suspected of giving way to so opprobrious a weakness. The shifts and subterfuges to which many well-disposed dreamers have recourse to prove themselves awake, at the very moment when

when their companions have been disturbed by their snoring, resemble the ingenious evasions by which accused culprits endeavour to establish the plea of an *alibi*. I have seen a man taxed with being asleep, rouse himself indignantly from a dream, which, perhaps, had placed him on a throne, and assume an air of jocularity, to prove how well he had been attending to the conversation, which had been for some time employed on a very melancholy subject.

Numbers of people, too, assume a consequence to themselves from no other circumstance but that of "enjoying" (as I have heard it expressed) "very bad nights' rest in general;" and though they affect to envy the happy forgetfulness of those who sleep soundly the night through, they well know they would not relinquish the superiority of broken slumbers for all the advantages of undisturbed repose; while the sound sleeper listens with envy to the history of the night's adventures, sighs over every recounted blast of wind or shower of rain which had escaped his notice, and is ready to hang himself if a thunder-storm has taken place while he was locked in the embrace of Slumber!

This extreme objection to sleep extends itself, in a very great degree, over the whole female world. A lady would as soon be praised for devouring a whole shoulder of mutton, as congratulated on a

night paſſed in ſound repoſe! Nay, the idea is very prevalent indeed among the fair ſex; for I remember my mother's maid-ſervant uſed to complain that "ſhe had no comfort of her bed," and explained the circumſtance by ſaying that ſhe went to ſleep the moment ſhe laid down, and never woke again till it was full time to riſe. I was partly led into theſe reflections by the converſation of a young lady, who called the other morning on my couſin Dulcibella. I was ſitting writing at the table, and Bell, who knows I would at any time loſe the thread of my ideas for the ſake of liſtening to any traits of character, told her, when ſhe ſaw her embarraſſed, not to mind me, for I was writing, and ſhould not hear her.

The young lady began by complaining heavily of her unhappy ſituation. Bella was not wanting in aſſurances of ſympathy, nor in requeſts of fuller confidence; and though it was ſome time ere the young lady could diſcloſe the cauſe of her diſquiet, yet at length the ſoothing endeavours of Bella, added to the natural wiſh an oppreſſed heart feels to unburthen itſelf to a friend, induced her to acknowledge that indeed her miſery was very great.

"To be ſure, my deareſt Bella," ſaid the weeping

weeping fair one, "I ſeem to enjoy all I could wiſh—money, admiration, gaiety, ſome beauty, and more than one faithful lover; yet I am indeed miſerable!"

"But why, ſweet Maria," ſaid Bella, "tell me why?"

"Oh my dear creature," replied Maria, "I am ſo very ſound a ſleeper, that I am quite diſtreſſed! It is that circumſtance which prevents my obtaining that languid elegant complexion I dote on; beſides, it ſeems as if I had no feeling! I read the moſt delightful Novels, and though my mind is full of the diſtreſſes of the heroine, I ſleep as ſoundly as if I did not ſympathize in them! Nay, even when Mr. Daſhly behaved ſo ill to me the other day, though I wept ſincerely and bitterly about it, yet I cried myſelf to ſleep like a child! and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, is always rallying me about it."

"That is cruel," obſerved Bella.

"It is indeed," replied Maria. "Do you know ſhe tells me I may try as much as I pleaſe, but I never ſhall reſemble any of my favourite heroines while I ſleep ſo well. Now, Heaven knows, my mind is well ſtored with all their virtues, and I am continually exerciſing myſelf in real action, by fancying very intereſting ſcenes, and determining how I ought to conduct myſelf, but my aunt is very right: I cannot, for the life

of

of me, keep my eyes open five minutes after I lay my head on my pillow."

"But how does your aunt know this to be the fact?" asked Dulcibella.

"Oh," replied Maria, "I am unfortunately her bedfellow; and such a number of proofs has she to bring of my unfortunate drowsiness, that I really blush whenever she opens her lips on the subject. Then it is so provoking to hear her envy me for the very heaviness she laughs at, when I would give my ears but to be able to catch her napping."

"To be sure," said Dulcibella, "there is something vastly engaging in that delicacy of feeling which keeps the eyes awake to weep through the whole of a long winter's night, which strews the pillow of down with thorns, and deprives its elegant possessor of the vulgar comforts of oblivion."

"Oh my dear Dulcibella," replied Maria, "how charmingly you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed by this nocturnal invader as I am."

"No indeed," answered my cousin, "I rarely sleep above an hour in a night, and that only at intervals; if the least thing presses on my mind, I cannot close my eyes."

"Ah," cried the petulant Maria, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me, and

and I am ſure it is not for want of feeling, for at this moment I could ſhed tears by pailfuls; but ſo invincible is the power of ſleep, that though I had my little couſin Fanny to ſleep with me when ſhe had the hooping-cough, I never awoke even with her fits of coughing."

"Drink ſtrong green tea," ſaid Dulcibella.

"I do, I do, my dear creature," anſwered Maria, "but it never anſwers."

"Commit a murder!" exclaimed I, unawares.

This inadvertency, by convincing Maria that I was attending to the converſation, put an end to her lamentation, and the two young ladies quitted the room together, leaving me to reflect on the ſtrange perverſion of taſte and intellect which could lead authors and moraliſts in all ages to beſtow their commendations on a power ſo deprecated. Nay, there are many other poſſeſſions enumerated as bleſſings by that miſtaken race of men that are equally objected to by thoſe who are gifted with them. How many men and women furniſh themſelves with additional eyes, not from any defect in their own viſual organs, but becauſe it is vulgar to ſee too well. Undoubtedly, in faſhionable life, it is often convenient not to ſee very plain; but this is almoſt a ſolitary inſtance, in which convenience is allowed to regulate faſhion. Then again, health is a bleſſing equally opprobrious

opprobrious with ſleep; and many more inſtances might be enumerated, if the minds of my readers were not capable of recalling them in an inſtant. I will not even inſtance memory, a talent in which all the world are ambitiouſly defective. Here, indeed, is another ſacrifice to convenience; it is ſo poſſible to remember juſt what is agreeable, to have forgotten every thing and every body but what reflects honour on ourſelves, and the ſelf-accuſation of a treacherous memory affords ſo many little loopholes to vanity, that it is a ſubterfuge very pardonable.

I own my wiſh is to ſettle, beyond a doubt, to the minds of the riſing generation, what are, and what are not to be eſtimated bleſſings. Why ſhould we teach our children to wiſh their parents a good-night, when it is what ſo many deprecate? Why ſhould the years of childhood be ſpent in confirming that conſtitution which hereafter they will wiſh to have infirm, or in ſtrengthening that memory which they will take every method to annihilate? I propoſe, therefore, to publiſh a new Dictionary, in which the words will be claſſed according to their moſt approved ſignifications, in which all antiquated prejudices will be aboliſhed; and an explication *raiſonné*, as the French call it, will be given of every term.

The

The want of precision in the application of words has long been a complaint, not only among the philologists, but among philosophers of all kinds. Many admirable efforts have been made of late years to remedy this want: a celebrated lady has published a British Synonymy, (in which however, she has even in the title-page proved herself inadequate to the task, by mistaking the word *British* for a synonyme to *English*); and a learned critic has given to the world his elaborate labours, under the inappropriate appellation of Diversions. It is, to be sure, rather unfortunate that two writers, who have directed their endeavours to the advancement of precision in the English language, should each have committed a misnomer in the title. The lady's blunder I cannot account for on any principle at all; yet it must have arisen from principle, or in a work which elaborately displays the different shades of meaning attached to every apparent synonyme, it could never have taken place. My fast friend, Vanity, steps in to assist me in disentangling the gentleman's mystery. The learned author of the "Diversions of Purley" knew well enough that his etymological disquisitions would not *divert* many of his readers: he therefore assumed that title, that every one, charmed with the erudition concentred in the work, and judging of the strength of

of the man by the weight of his *discus*, might form a most gigantic idea of the mind that could thus *divert* itself.

After all, though the aforementioned labours may serve to facilitate the niceties of the English language to foreigners and grammarians, a moral and ethical dictionary still remains a very great desideratum in our language. Whether I am not too idle, too sickly, and too whimsical to complete such an undertaking, time alone must shew; for I look upon it as far more laborious than the bulky Lexicon of my predecessor, the Rambler, inasmuch as it will tend to eradicate all prejudices which are at present fixed firmly in the human mind by the indiscriminate and inappropriate use of language.

When this great work shall be completed, we may hope to see philosophy of all kinds, but more especially that noblest branch of it, *Metaphysics*, rescued from all obscurity. Shall we not see that the most inveterate opponents have only differed about terms—that the general ideas of men are more similar than they have been apt to imagine, only they have been misled for the whole of that valuable part of life during which their opinions are formed, by a want of understanding the English language?

I trust

I truſt that my readers will ſee in this paper indubitable marks of genius, ſince, from a ſmall and apparently trivial beginning, I have arrived at ſo very ſplendid a concluſion. I ſhould be very much ſhocked to hear that, inſtead of perſuading them of the erroneous interpretation generally adopted of many words in common uſe, it had taught them to acquieſce in the ſentiment expreſſed in my motto, and thrown them, for relief, into the arms of Sleep!

I have often been ſtruck with the ſingularity of that fiction by which Homer beſtows as a reward on the God of ſleep,

"The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine."

Sleep ſeems, of all ſtates or accidents, the moſt incapable of grace, either of perceiving or diſplaying it; and thoſe very perſons who have contributed to give me this diſlike to ſleep, have often repreſented with ſome humour, and many fanciful alluſions, the awkward attitudes and ungraceful noiſes of thoſe determined ſleepers, who, like the plaintive Maria, cloſe their eyes for the night in five minutes' time. Nor does it appear probable that Mademoiſelle Paſithaë would be at all ambitious of belonging to ſuch a drone as Somnus, whoſe eyes would never be open to admire her charms, and whoſe habitation was too

far

far removed from the abode of the more lively deities, to allow her to profit by the drowsiness of his constitution.

If any of my readers have ever been at a hare-hunt they will know, (probably if they have not, for I have never been at one myself), that the animal, after many turnings and windings, returns upon her own steps, and, however she may seem to have lost sight of the original starting-place, generally finishes her career at no great distance from it. Perhaps some critic may have imagined that I had totally forgotten the original subject of my discourse; but I have proved to them that the course of my reasoning, though apparently irregular, was not irrelevant.

No LVI.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1800.

THE literary pursuits of the present age seem to have gained a character for frivolity which is, perhaps, rather nominal than real. The extreme prevalence of Novel-writers, one of the circumstances which, above all others, has contributed to affix this stigma on the eighteenth century, has certainly arisen to such a height, that it will not be below the dignity of Solomon Saunter to devote one of his leisure hours to an examination of their labours. With Novel-writers, it is fair to conclude, Novel-readers have proportionably increased; and though one may now and then meet with an antiquated guardian, or a precise maiden aunt, who continues to inveigh against them, yet assuredly the prejudice which

which ſo long condemned them as dangerous, inflammatory, and ſeductive writings, is very much abated.

To the greater merit of modern Novels, this diminution of the outcry againſt them muſt be attributed; and if we recollect the philoſophical turn of thought which is now univerſally diſſeminated throughout this enlightened kingdom, it is but fair to ſuppoſe that a portion, at leaſt, of this ſpirit of reflection and enquiry has diffuſed itſelf amongſt theſe popular productions. Rouſſeau has aſſerted that inſtruction can be conveyed to an enlightened people in no form but that of a Novel. It cannot be doubted but that we are an enlightened people; and from thence it logically follows, that to Novels alone we can be indebted for inſtruction. And, aſſuredly, theſe books have lately been written with no other view than the general benefit and improvement of the ſpecies:—they introduce to us new views of the human heart and underſtanding; they preſent to us, under varied forms, all the caſuiſtical learning and deep ſophiſtry of the old ſchool; the moſt difficult and intricate points in moral, and even in political, ſcience are diſcuſſed in the moſt regular argumentative form; and the preferable doctrines receive all the intereſt and advantage they are capable of from being put into the

the mouth of ſome beautiful and accompliſhed female. The greateſt perfections of human nature are beſtowed with ſo much impartiality, as to leave no reader in deſpair of acquiring them. The advantages of early culture, which appear to have been poſſeſſed by the generality of the heroes and heroines, have been trifling and fortuitous—a circumſtance which moſt judiciouſly inculcates that reliance on our own powers, which alone can induce us to aſſert the proper dignity of human nature.

Theſe narratives, profeſſedly views of life, taken by painters of obſervation and reflection, frequently repreſent the moſt intereſting beings in ſuch a complication of misfortunes, as ſeem to require the introduction of the exploded Grecian Mythology, or the equally abſurd interference of Magicians, Genii, or Fairies, to extricate them from it; when, lo! by ſome moſt unexpected, and yet perfectly ſimple and natural incident, the whole web of intricacy is unravelled at once, and we learn, in the moſt delightful, as well as impreſſive manner, never to be caſt down on any reverſe of fortune, ſince there are ſo many thouſand events, all in the common courſe of things, by which we may at once be relieved.

It uſed to be a very common and not unfounded

charge

charge against Novels, that they were built on the most romantic foundation, and deprived their admirers of that truest support of all real virtue, strength of mind, by describing it as incompatible with that delicacy even to fragility—that more than feminine sensibility which were such indispensable requisites in the character of supreme interest. But Novel-writers have seen their error, and I read not long ago a voluminous and fashionable work of this kind, which, through five thick volumes, decried, in a variety of disquisitions, the parade of "*Sentimentality*." Though, unfortunately, the conduct of most of its personages bore the tinge of the exploded perfection, this, however, could be but the remains of an old habit, and will undoubtedly be corrected in future. Another Novel, written purposely to recommend that first of human endowments, *good common sense*—a quality which had almost been branded with odium by former professors in the same line, enables a delicate young woman, after escaping from an unmerited confinement, to perform a journey of nine hundred miles on foot, without money or friends, merely by the exertion of her plain good sense, which, however, never suggests to her the natural expedient of writing the state of the case to her friends, which would certainly have enabled them to secure her from some of the hardships she had to endure, and would, moreover, have spared to them and to herself all the

 agitating

agitating and contending paſſions to which her abrupt arrival, after having been concluded dead, expoſed them. But theſe are trifling overſights; and the man muſt be very cynical who can dwell on ſuch little incongruities as theſe, amidſt the blaze of reaſoning, the elegance of morality, which every where ſtrikes the aſtoniſhed eye.

Undoubtedly, a Novel now is a very different thing from a Novel five-and-twenty years ago. Every one, even the moſt *mediocre*, has a certain ſuperiority in language and arrangement, to any thing of the kind that appeared prior to thoſe which formed a brilliant era in Novel-writing—Evelina and Cecilia. I mean not to extend my remarks to thoſe proſe epics whoſe merits have been ſo long eſtabliſhed—the works of Richardſon or Fielding, or the admired Vicar of Wakefield; but, among the crowd of productions of this ſpecies which now daily iſſue from the preſs, there are many, very many which deſerve not to ſink into oblivion—many diſtinguiſhed by beauty of language, perſpicuity of arrangement, ſimplicity of plan, and well-managed intereſt; others which, in the pleaſant garb of ſarcaſtic irony, convey much deep obſervation, ſhrewd remark, and development of character; ſome which, by the ſpirit that pervades the whole, lead you into a total forgetfulneſs of ſome few incongruities; and many, very

many,

many, in which ſome ſtriking ſcenes are ſo well managed, that you are willing to pardon their defects for the ſake of the leading beauty.

But it is not to be wondered at, that the generation of Novel-writers ſhould have taken ſuch rapid ſtrides towards perfection, (ſo that in time I doubt not but we ſhall have works of this kind containing every characteriſtic and every beauty of the *epopea*, adorned with more nature, and heightened with more intereſt than ever belonged to any epic poem whatever), ſince a knot of ſerious and ſolemn philoſophers have for many years buſied themſelves in bringing down philoſophy and ſcience from heaven, to live among the ſons of men.

The members of the German Union no doubt bore the divine example of Socrates ever in remembrance, when they employed the ſublime energies of their minds to diſſeminate the moſt abſtruſe principles and doctrines in the moſt familiar and enticing form among their leſs illumined cotemporaries. It is to the labours of this virtuous and benevolent claſs of *Literati*, that we owe the conviction of the tendency that riches, and honours, and a liberal education have to contract and harden the heart, and the perſuaſion, which is daily becoming a certainty, that enlarged views of things,

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and liberal habits of thinking, with firm principles of virtue, and a ſteady regard for the pureſt honour, are only to be found among thoſe in whom the original light of nature has never been obſcured by the ill-directed attempts of human education. The ſublime philoſophy of theſe exalted geniuſſes has taught them, and they and their diſciples have collected innumerable inſtances to prove to the world at large, the irrefragable truth, that the innate energies of the human mind are alone ſufficient, if properly attended to, to guide man to the trueſt principles of conduct; thus rendering at once nugatory, if not noxious, all the laborious taſk of early culture and diſcipline. Who then ſhall wonder if hereafter, in thoſe ſeminaries which may be eſtabliſhed to guard the riſing generation from being taught too much, they are early ſhewn the difference between "Nature and Art," and are led to eſtimate truly the advantages of ſavage life?

To a Novel written on principles wholly diſſimilar, who can now feel inclined to give any attention? If I did not think the caſe hopeleſs, I would make a few remarks on the laſt work of our diſtinguiſhed female Noveliſt, the merit of whoſe firſt two performances has long been eſtabliſhed by the univerſal ſuffrage of the world. Camilla, univerſally read, was far from uniting,

in

in the ſame degree, the opinions of its readers; yet perhaps it poſſeſſes a ſpecies of merit intrinſically ſuperior either to Evelina or Cecilia. Camilla contains an uncommon diſplay of various characters, none of them out of nature, and all of them conducted, by regular progreſſion, to ſuch a development, as fixes their future fates according to their merits. The principal character, from which the book takes its name, is peculiarly well drawn. Not owing her ſuperiority to any offenſive excellence, Camilla charms, as much as ſhe ſhines, by her unobtruſive gaiety, and her conſiſtent verſatility of character. Grave or gay, conſiderate or thoughtleſs, ſhe is ſtill Camilla, "the particular little niece," compared to whom all characters loſe their luſtre: her faults are ſo natural to her peculiar diſpoſition, and ſo admirably bring their own puniſhment and correction with them, that nothing can be a better leſſon of morality. With reſpect to other characters, the contraſt between Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold is moſt uncommonly well conducted. Mrs. Arlbery, though well imagined, now and then fails in the execution; but Sir Sedley Clarendel, though he reminds the reader of characters both in Cecilia and Evelina, is yet diſtinct from either, and has ſtrong traits in his portrait which lay great claim to originality.

The character of Sir Hugh is perhaps only rivalled by Sir Roger de Coverley. Simple, affecting, and original, the conception is entitled to the highest commendation, and the execution is in every particular equal to the idea. Nothing can equal the pathos of every word that enchanting old man utters, nor can Camilla herself love her dear uncle better than every reader with a grain of sensibility must do. On the whole, Camilla is a glass at which every young woman may be enabled to take a view of her own mind; nor will any judicious mother refuse to her daughter the use of such a mental mirror.

There is another class of Novels, which is neither philosophical, moral, nor characteristic, and which, in proof of their distinctness from others in these particulars, have assumed the title of Romance. These are distinguished by much poetical imagery, beautiful description, and highly wrought horrors. The excellent works of the "mighty Magician of Udolpho" (to use the words of an admirable author) have, however, produced such a shoal of heterogeneous imitations, that the admirers of her shadowy style have been led into many a weary peregrination through old castles and ruffian-haunted woods, where no guardian genius shed enchantment over the scene, and bound the captived mind in magic spells.

Upon

Upon the whole, Novel-writing ſeems to be conſidered as the faireſt field for the diſplay of every kind of genius; and certain it is that the field which a Richardſon, a Fielding, and a Burney have thought worthy of their labours, may yet, with proper culture, yield a plentiful harveſt to their ſucceſſors. From the nature and ſtyle of the writing, theſe books ever will have a great aſcendency over the mind, particularly of youthful readers. Narrative engages the attention, fixes the intereſt, and awakens the paſſions beyond any other kind of writing. Moral diſcourſes may produce good reſolutions—well-managed irony may raiſe a bluſh for convicted faults—philoſophical diſcuſſions may prove the eternal fitneſs of things—but narrative arreſts the attention, and ſhews cauſes and effects, the incipient workings of newly kindled feelings, and their ſubſequent progreſs to their greateſt diſplay; and where managed with a due regard to moral juſtice, certainly affords one of the moſt impreſſive and uſeful leſſons of virtue. What cold declamation on the virtue and expediency of candour and ſincerity, ever impreſſed the mind with half ſo full a conviction as the ſtory of Sir George and Lady Forreſt, and Captain and Mrs. Freeman in the Adventurer?—or what moral lecture ever ſo thoroughly awakened in the heart a ſenſe of the

danger of disdaining appearances, as the narrative of Flavilla and Mercator in the same work?

Since, then, persons of talents, reflection, and judgment condescend to write Novels, which they must do from a conviction of the ascendency they will from their nature obtain, it is to be hoped that they will beware how they inculcate, in works of such universal diffusion, any false refinement, any wrong principles, any meretricious reasoning, any delusive sophistry. For the principles and conduct of the rising generation those persons are answerable who exert their abilities for their improvement. Novels are no longer to be considered as mere flimsy works of amusement: they are now made the vehicles of the most important sentiments; they are daily prostituted to political purposes, as the most convenient and ready mode of propagating opinions in a form of most general prevalence; they are used to convey personal satire, and to publish private sentiments; they are admirably calculated to display those indications of character which are always among the most interesting researches of the human mind; and there is no reason why they might not be exalted to the most meritorious use, in displaying the natural progress and punishment of guilty passions, and in portraying the advantages, and

and pointing out the beſt mode of fortifying the various branches of virtue. Conducted on theſe principles, Novel-writers might rank among the benefactors of mankind, and contribute, in the moſt amuſing way, to the general improvement of the age.

Mr. Solomon Saunter begs leave to inform his readers, that he has a Novel in ſeven volumes nearly ready for the preſs. It will be announced in due time; in the meanwhile, ſubſcriptions for it are received by Peter Puff, Brag Alley, Romance Square.

No.

No. LVII.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1800.

"Mr. Saunter,

"I HAVE unfortunately obtained the denomination of a coquette, whether juſtly or not, you ſhall decide after I have told you my ſtory; but at any rate, you cannot but allow it is a misfortune to me, ſince, though the men of the preſent day do certainly prefer coquettes to talk to, they do not ſeem to think of them for wives. Now as I have a very great reſpect for the holy ſtate of matrimony, and as I eſteem myſelf qualified to make a very reſpectable figure in it, I do not at all reliſh the thought of paſſing through the reign of youth and beauty, and dwindling into that deſpiſed (and too often deſpicable) character, an old

old maid: but I will leave reflection to you, Mr. Saunter—it never was my forte, and proceed to give you some account of myself for the last few years.

"I made my *entrée* into the world of fashion at the age of eighteen. My glass had already told me I was lovely, and the suffrage of the public confirmed the decision. I was rich, for my fortune was twenty thousand pounds. I was accomplished, for I could speak French, play country dances on the tambourine, and dance them to admiration! I could sing a little, and my mind was highly cultivated, for I had read all the best, and many of the second best Novels; yet with all these advantages I determined not to be cruel, but as soon as I met with a lover perfectly beautiful, extraordinarily sensible, tolerably rich, very sentimental, and wholly devoted to me, I resolved to reward his merit with the gift of myself.

"Was it my fault, Mr. Saunter, if the men had not merit sufficiently attractive to win me—if I sometimes found the sentiment without the sense, and sometimes the sense without the sentiment—if the Narcissus's of the age would love themselves better than me, worthy as I am to be loved—or if those who are not Narcissus's, loved my twenty thousand pounds quite as well as myself? But

indiscriminate

indiscriminate satire is nothing to the purpose. I will give you the picture of some of my lovers, not that I mean to enumerate all the sighing Strephons who were attracted by my charms in the early part of my reign, at which period I placed sentiment very high on the list of requisite qualifications.

" I have now perhaps rather abated of my value for that perfection; for my first lovers having nothing else to value themselves upon, made so pompous a display of it, that, notwithstanding its wonderful coincidence with my own enthusiasm, they really sickened me of sentiment. After the dismissal of this blooming tribe, I was addressed by Eudoxus, a man fifteen years at least older than myself, who united to all the polished urbanity of a courtier, all the learning of a bookworm. At first his addresses were grave and regular; by degrees they assumed a more animated air; and when the philosophic Euxodus softened into sentiment, he became almost irresistible.

" I never could account for my starting a reflection, that sentiment was by no means a natural trait in the character of Euxodus; nor why, even supposing it uncongenial with his turn of mind, I did not esteem it the higher compliment to my own powers of charming? Certain it is, that from the

moment

moment this idea occurred, I conſidered my lover only as a good actor; and finding many circumſtances corroborate my ſuſpicion, I diſmiſſed him before the regret it muſt neceſſarily give me was inſurmountable. I have reaſon to rejoice in my reſolution; for a lady, leſs clearſighted, or leſs ſuſpicious than myſelf, became the wife of Eudoxus, and is now miſerable, for ſhe finds him avaricious, cold, and courtly.

" Lorenzo, a tall man, with ſhort black hair, ſtrongly marked features, and a reflecting countenance, began now to hover about me. I was congratulated on this conqueſt, for Lorenzo was a ſcholar and, a philoſopher; he certainly had neither the beauty nor the grace I had taught myſelf to wiſh for, but he had undeviating attention, and ſcholar as he was, thought me worthy of his converſation. I could not but be flattered at a diſtinction no woman had ever obtained before; and Lorenzo would, I believe, have been my huſband, but for my diſcovering that his philoſophy had taught him infidelity, and that he ſcrupled not to laugh at theſe who made the Bible the ſtandard of their faith.

" I now felt diſpoſed to forſwear philoſophers, and no one could charge Senecio, my next dangler, with the leaſt ſuſpicion of philoſophy. Handſome, graceful,

graceful and fashionable, Senecio led the *ton* wherever he went; his notice was alone sufficient to give a woman *eclat*; his understanding, if not deep, was competent to the common purposes of life; and his conversation talents were rather brilliant. Flattered by his notice, and pleased with his beauty, I waited for an unequivocal declaration with some impatience; but I waited in vain. Senecio resolved that some unequivocal symptom of preference should appear in the lady he honoured with his choice, before he would condescend to avow it; and would not, perhaps, have been displeased to see her half dying, that he might at once display his power and his humanity in restoring her to life! I, though no prude, carefully guarded the beginning preference I felt from appearing in the slightest degree. Senecio strove to force me to confession by the rack of jealousy; but this mean contrivance lost its aim with me: the moment I perceived him paying more attention to other ladies, I exerted the power of my reason, and drove his beautiful image from my remembrance. Senecio, I believe, was really hurt at this, not from any love he bore to me, but because the *eclat* of having obtained me would have added even to his celebrity. He endeavoured to renew his attentions; but though I permitted his visits, I received his civilities with an ironical coquetry, which he well understood: and unable

to

to ſupport ſuch implied contempt, left me in diſdain.

"Sickened of beauty, ſentiment, and ſenſe, I was a long while before I ſuffered any avowed dangler; but at length condeſcended to receive the addreſſes of Aurelio, a young heir of great wealth. Aurelio had paſſed through a public ſchool and the Univerſity; I therefore expected to find him acquainted with common topics, and poſſeſſed of the manners of a gentleman; but I ſoon found I had expected too much. Aurelio had a fund of innate ſtupidity that had defeated the advantages of his education, and he was ſo much leſs well inſtructed than myſelf, that I ſoon gave him his diſmiſſal.

"You will not be ſurpriſed, Mr. Saunter, that I never admitted the civilities of thoſe barter and ſale lovers, to whom my fortune was the only object. I had indeed, tenders from many ſuch, and have been courted by rent-roll and ſettlement, by ſeveral men whom I never admitted to my preſence. I now began to deſpair of attaching ſuch a man as I wiſhed to meet with, though I confeſs I no longer inſiſted on preciſely the ſame quantum of beauty or of ſentiment that I did at firſt. I had never been very mercenary, but I ſtill thought underſtanding, the manners of a gentleman, and ſincere affection for me indiſpenſible requiſites.

requisites. I now determined to see the world, and to suffer no particular attachment to engross me, till I should really see a man who met my ideas. I talked, therefore, and laughed among the men without restraint: I soon obtained the formidable character of a wit and a satirist, and I concluded I was now free from any individual addresses:—the men of sense were pleased with my company, and I was always surrounded by a circle of beaux; but many months passed on without my receiving any marked attention.

"At last, it was my fortune to meet, at a friend's house last summer, with Acamus, a gentleman of rank, fortune, and superior understanding, whose manners were particularly elegant, and who had made the best advantage of the best possible education. Acamus had, it seemed, but one failing, and of this my friend thought me qualified to cure him:—he despised women, and had declared against matrimony. I own this piqued me; and when I perceived that my gentleman treated me (as he did all other women) with a sort of ironical overcharged civility, when he did not absolutely neglect me, I determined to make him conceive a higher idea of my merits. I did not affect to be bookish; for though I love reading, Mr. Saunter, I did not fancy it the way to obtain the heart of Acamus: but I gave the full rein to my wit, of

which

which I have been reckoned to poſſeſs a tolerable ſhare, and now and then ſucceeded in catching his attention; but his apathy was for many days invincible. At laſt, he turned ſuddenly round at ſomething I ſaid to another perſon, and began a converſation with me, which was really lively and animated; I exulted, my ſpirits roſe, and I redoubled my efforts, till the ſupercilious Acamus became, as I believed, the very humble ſlave of my wit and underſtanding. This was, indeed, a triumph: I permitted the devoirs of the man, I was congratulated by my friend, and looked on my felicity as certain, when one morning, happening to be ſeated in a little arbour in my friend's garden, I heard the voice of Acamus converſing with Superbus, a particular friend of his. Superbus, I found, rallied him on his devotion to me, and his determination to marry, after ſo many years of reſolute celibacy. The anſwer of Acamus I ſhall never forget.—'I could wiſh,' ſaid he, 'that ſhe were leſs lively, and thought leſs well of her underſtanding. She believes me enſlaved by it, but I will own to you, Superbus, that I am engaged in a philoſophical experiment which requires money: I do not chuſe to trench on my income, and Belinda has ready caſh.'

'You act your part well,' returned Superbus; 'you deceived even me. I do not wonder the poor girl is taken in.'

 'She

'She will ſoon find me remit my preſent deference to her talents,' replied Acamus; 'ſhe will be hurt, I doubt not, but I ſhall have obtained my ends, and ſhe will live in the country.'

"Here they turned into another walk, but I had heard enough; I felt ſorrow, I own, for Acamus was ſenſible, and a gentleman; but I was more indignant than ſorrowful, and in our next converſation told him what I had heard. He liſtened to me with infinite *nonchalance*, and only ſaid, 'Then I conclude, Madam, the farce is ended?'

'For ever, Sir,' replied I; and Acamus departed for London.

"I am now, Mr. Saunter, twenty-three years old; my beauty not the leaſt impaired, my underſtanding improved, my manners more refined, and my judgment more matured, yet I am as hopeleſs of an offer as my Aunt Gertrude, who reads me long lectures on my abominable coquetry; yet I cannot think myſelf to blame, nor can I repent diſmiſſing one of my lovers, though I own I lament exceedingly that the merit of men does ſo fail in the trial. As I ſeem likely, Mr. Saunter, to ſink into the claſs of old maids, I wiſh you would offer ſome conſolatory precepts to a female in ſuch imminent danger. Teach me, if you can, to preſerve gaiety and good-humour even in

in that ſituation moſt univerſally fatal to them—to find for myſelf ſome employment more reſpectable than that prying diſpoſition ſo often and ſo juſtly attributed to the ſiſterhood; or what do you think, Mr. Saunter, as you are an old bachelor, of taking pity on me yourſelf, and reſcuing from ſo ſad a fate

"Your very humble ſervant,

"BELINDA!"

I confeſs I am inclined to wiſh my lively correſpondent a better yokefellow than I ſhould make to ſo lovely, ſo accompliſhed, and ſo deſirable a young lady. I cannot but hope that ſhe will yet meet with a man who will prove more worthy of her than any of the lovers ſhe has deſcribed, whom I really cannot blame her for diſmiſſing. I truſt that merit is not wholly extinct among the preſent race of men, and my advice is that ſhe purſue her ſearch for ten or twelve years longer, and at the end of that time, if ſhe meet with no better ſucceſs, I will honour her ſo far as to admit her to an interview with me, and we will endeavour to ſettle by converſation whether ſhe ſhall jump into my arms to avoid the ſtigma of old maidhood, or whether ſhe ſhall arm herſelf by my counſels

counſels with all the fortitude neceſſary to encounter it. She very juſtly deprecates the prying, miſchievous diſpoſition ſo often attributed to the ſiſterhood:—why they ſhould attain this quality more than their married cotemporaries I have never been able ſatisfactorily to decide; but the voice of the world ſeems to aſſert the fact. There appears ſome reaſon why they ſhould gradually become ſour and diſcontented in proportion as the firſt and moſt laudable hopes of their ſex become more and more unattainable; but why that impertinent inquiſitiveneſs, that officious, interfering diſpoſition ſhould alſo grow upon them, ſeems utterly unaccountable. I ſuppoſe where it is fixed into a habit, it is utterly incurable; but as all young maids may become old ones, it muſt ſurely be an enquiry of general utility how ſuch a blemiſh may be avoided. If the young would now relinquiſh a few of their daſhing engagements, and endeavour to accuſtom themſelves to a more domeſtic life, the ſyſtem of female education is now eſtabliſhed on ſo liberal a plan, that women might be always ſupplied with employments at once intereſting, amuſing, and uſeful. Even my fair correſpondent Belinda, though ſhe enumerates her accompliſhments with ſuch whimſical minuteneſs, plainly proves that ſhe is poſſeſſed of better reſources againſt the hours of ſolitude than playing country dances on the tambourine—a perfection which

which I hope to live to ſee returned on the hands of its original poſſeſſors, the black muſicians to our armies; muſic, drawing, and above all, literary purſuits (not carried to that extreme of book learning that is too apt to make a woman ridiculous) will enable even thoſe who have the misfortune to be denominated *old maids*, to paſs their time reſpectably and happily, without having recourſe to ſcandal or tittle-tattle. I ſhall conclude this paper with a letter expreſſive of a very whimſical fear, which, perhaps, few of my readers will coincide in.

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"It is my fate to reſide in the ſame houſe with my grandmother, who, to be ſure, is as good a ſoul as ever lived, but a greater fidget never exiſted:—perpetually up and down ſtairs, watching and ſcolding the ſervants, and as the good lady's health is very excellent, her tongue is inceſſantly at work. Now we, the riſing generation, find this ſo very tireſome, that I confeſs it often makes me tremble on looking forward to the period when I ſhall be as unwelcome to my

 deſcendants.

descendants. I sometimes entertain a hope that, as the present race of mortals are much better educated than the last, we shall be less unpleasant when we arrive at old age; we shall have a greater variety of ideas, and consequently less confined conversation: but then again, I fear that our successors will surpass us in the same proportion as we surpass our progenitors; and, in short, as I am come of a very long-lived family, I look with great anxiety to the advance of decrepitude, sincerely wishing I may never arrive at it.

"I am, Mr. Saunter,

"Your very humble servant,

"Hebe."

Age, to be sure, is in general unwelcome to youth; and it were well if the consciousness of those faults in old persons, which the young will all of them feel at one time or other, would put them upon making proper preparation for a season which, with all its disadvantages, may arrive to themselves. Old age ought to be considered as the Sabbath of life. Rest from all worldly concerns, and internal peace and quiet, would, in general, render the old as welcome to their descendants as the young would wish to be to their's.

No. LVIII.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1800.

I HAVE often projected writing an Essay on Sonnets. It has seemed so much the fashion of late years, among all who pretend to literature, to devote much paper and ink to the laudable labour of ascertaining the legitimate structure of these small compositions, that I was fearful I should be stigmatized as an unworthy candidate for the laurel, if I omitted so necessary a part of my duty; nay, a lively lady, with whom I was talking on the subject, assured me it was as necessary to my literary reputation to write on Sonnets, as to my fashionable fame to wear a black Brutus.

I felt, however, an invincible repugnance to begin. In the first place, I have read none of these

these essays, and therefore might be in danger of saying the same things that have already been said; and, in the next place, though I have written Sonnets, I confess I have not in general been very studious about the structure, so that I might have contradicted the allowed laws of Sonnet-writing. I therefore turned to my fair friend, and asked her if an essay on Push-pin would do as well? She absolutely frowned severely on me, as she enquired whether I thought Sonnet-making no more difficult than Push-pin? Awed by the sternness of her brow, I replied, that I allowed to the art of arranging in due order fourteen heroic lines, all the difficulty it could honestly lay claim to; but I merely meant to place the debate on a level with the noble game already hinted at, in point of importance.

In fact, this is my opinion; and though I think the Sonnet a very pretty mode of composition, yet it has been so very fashionable since a fair writer introduced it to the world, that the ear begins to tire of its plaintive melody. I have, to be sure, interspersed these my papers with poetry, without any critical dissertation on the different kinds of poetical composition; and this because, though I flatter myself, from my ear, with being a tolerable judge of poetical merit, and though I have acquired a facility in stringing verses which

few

few people can rival, I do not pretend ever to have given to the depths of the ſcience that ſtudy which alone can qualify a man to write critically upon it. If any of my readers ſhould here object that I have entered without heſitation on other ſubjects which, from their nature, require at leaſt as much ſtudy as Poetry, and ſhould inſtance Metaphyſics, I ſhall anſwer very ſhortly, that I am of opinion that Metaphyſics do not require a tenth part ſo much labour as Criticiſm, ſince the bounds of poetical compoſition are limited and defined, the rules are intelligible and poſitive: but Metaphyſics! Oh, it is quite another thing! A man may ſport in the wilds of Metaphyſics, and have nothing to fear from any legiſlative Ariſtotle or Longinus. Fancy alone can play the part of charioteer, nor need ſhe ever uſe the curb. Metaphyſics, to a ſerious writer, are what Romance is to an enditer of Novels, an immenſe wilderneſs, peopled with airy undefined ſprites,

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire,"

from whence the author is at liberty to ſelect whatever he or ſhe pleaſes; for far be it from Solomon Saunter to limit either Metaphyſics or Romance to the male half of authors.

Elegy formerly held the ſame place among the faſhionable poets that Sonnet now occupies; but

Shenſtone

Shenſtone and Hammond ſo inundated the public ear with pathetic tinſel in elegiac meaſure, that it ſeems to have lain dormant, or aſſumed the name of Ode. All poetry muſt ſicken the mind of taſte that attempts, at this time of day, to ingraft claſſical imagery on modern ſentiment. It is by this miſtake that Shenſtone and Hammond have ſunk into ſuch oblivion, for their lines are melodious, and many of their ideas pretty; but the imitator of the ancients will not meet with much reſpect among the readers of the preſent age, however we may be inclined to reverence real relics of antiquity. Yet the Elegy, when not rendered puerile by too decided an adherence to its inventors, is capable of wonderful beauty; in order to prove which, I will not inſtance Gray's celebrated poem, becauſe that would be invidious, but I will preſent my readers with a ſhort ſpecimen, which, if they be not inclined to admire, has at leaſt the advantage of being eaſily paſſed over, and of ſerving to lengthen this paper.

ELEGY,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAIR Fancy's deſultory ſtrain I love!
Sweet is its ſolace in the penſive hour!
'Tis ſweet with her o'er Fiction's fields to rove,
And linger in his amaranthine bower.

Soft to her ſilver lyre the Siren ſings
  As her gay hands the careleſs garland wreathe;
Reſponſive to the lay the woodland rings,
  And all around delicious odours breathe.

But not alone on wild fictitious lays
  Should heaven-born Poeſy her vigour ſpend!
Oh, be it ſtill her nobleſt, deareſt praiſe
  To ſhine of virtue the diſtinguiſh'd friend!

Vain is the ſong, "how well ſoe'er it flow,"
  Where no ſtrong moral prompts th' harmonious line;
Still ſhall the Muſe her richeſt triumphs owe
  To the firm energy of truth divine!

Oft have I wander'd thro' the lonely glade,
  And o'er the future caſt an anxious eye!
Follow'd obedient where fond Fancy bade,
  And heav'd, for promis'd joys, th' impatient ſigh!

Vapid and taſteleſs then the preſent ſeem'd,
  Unfit to rouſe or occupy my mind;
And more enlivening tranſports ſtill I deem'd
  Lurk'd in reſerve ſome diſtant point behind!

Mad to o'erleap the intermediate ſpace,
  All preſent ſolace my wild heart refus'd,
Nor till my wiſhes reach'd th' appointed place,
  Would my ſick fancy yield to feel amus'd.

Recover'd

Recover'd from the feveriſh heat of youth,
  More juſtly of the preſent hour I deem;
Stripp'd of its fairy hues by chaſter truth,
  Wild expectation ſeems a treacherous dream!

And you, my Emma, you, whoſe tender age
  May yet the lore of cold experience need,
If chance your eyes peruſe th' imperfect page,
  Let your warm heart the uſeful leſſon heed.

Oh, juſtly learn theſe precious hours to prize,
  This very *now*, that never can return;
Nor on the future fix your ſtraining eyes,
  Till all the preſent time can give, you ſpurn.

Loſe not by fond anticipation's pow'r,
  Whate'er befals of happineſs or eaſe;
If wild impatience chide each tardy hour,
  Th' expected joy will ſurely fail to pleaſe.

Too high for mortal bliſs our hopes we raiſe
  Expect too much for pleaſure to perform;
'Tis hence ſtern diſappointment chills our days—
  'Tis hence we graſp a cloud for Juno's form.

Soon, when the frolic years of youth are flown,
  Time's rapid flight you may in vain deplore—
Wiſh to recal thoſe moments once your own—
  Thoſe ſlighted moments will return no more!

Oh! if fond youth th' important leſſon knew
  Which Time alone is qualify'd to teach,
How would it prize each inſtant as it flew,
  Not, eager, preſs to thoſe it cannot reach!

Or if to "faint futurity" you feel,
  With force reſiſtleſs, ev'ry thought impell'd,
Oh let th' eternal future claim your zeal,
  Nor from that hope be your full warmth withheld!

And think as, wiſhing on from day to day,
  From point to point, with eager ſtep we ſtride,
How, fading irreſiſtibly away,
  From our ſtrong graſp how ſoon our life ſhall ſlide.

And when its cloſing ſcene ſhall come at laſt,
  A ſmile may that eternal future wear!
Then ſhall we feel, all fond impatience paſt,
  How unimportant every meaner care!

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"There is scarcely any composition which presents itself in so unpopular a form as an unacted drama. Yet when I consider the testimony of the age in favour of the work you have already noticed—"*A Series of Plays*," perhaps I am hardly justified in this assertion. There is, however, a Play which I believe is lately published, and which does not seem hitherto to have met with the notice it deserves, as it contains much beautiful poetry, much correct imagery, and a general elevation of sentiment and style that does honour to the heart and abilities of its writer. The work I mean, is called "*The Conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie*," a Tragedy; and if my judgment do not deceive me, no one would read it without considerable pleasure. With a wish to learn Mr. Saunter's sentiments on the subject,

"I remain, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"Scotus."

It

It has for ſome time been my intention to ſay ſomething of this Play, but ſeveral private reaſons have contributed to keep me ſilent. Among others, vain as I confeſſedly am, I do not carry my preſumption ſo far as to ſuppoſe I can add any thing to the celebrity this Tragedy will aſſuredly acquire; but I am happy to take this opportunity of publicly declaring my admiration of it, as a moſt nervous and elegant performance, which I will not preſume to examine critically, leſt I ſhould be biaſſed by the friendſhip I am proud of profeſſing for its Author.—Yet thus much I will venture to ſay, that the poetry is uniformly elevated and magnificent, the ſentiments noble and heroic, and had the ſubject allowed as much of pathos as it does of grandeur, there are touches in many parts that convince the reader the Author could have ſucceeded as well in one as in the other. More I will not now add; but I hope that what I have ſaid, will induce all my readers, that is every body who is any body at all, forthwith to read and to admire

"*The Conſpiracy of the Earl of Gowrie.*"

No. LIX.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1800.

I AM never better ſatisfied than when I can at the ſame time oblige a number of correſpondents by the inſertion of their letters, and my readers by a diſh compoſed of various materials. The taſte of the preſent age is moſt peculiarly, variety; and to do juſtice to my contemporary authors, they have, in general, conſulted this taſte with much aſſiduity: nor has Solomon Saunter been inattentive to it, but has, from time to time, admitted the letters of various contributors, though conſcious that he was himſelf fully adequate to the triple taſk of amuſing, inſtructing, and reforming the world. If, on any occaſion, his readers ſhould ſeek for a further reaſon for ſuch conduct than his humility, let them recollect that

on

on his first introducing himself to their acquaintance, he professed indolence to be one of his distinguishing characteristics, and caprice another. But he will prose no longer, but proceed to give some of the multiplicity of letters which he has lately received.

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

"Sir,

"I have often been at a loss to discover the cause of that eagerness with which every man (and woman also) arrogates to himself the privilege of stirring the fire: all are equally ambitious of being allowed to have a good hand at it—all boast themselves capable of recovering it from the lowest state of blackness—and all complain, with affected humility, that if they do but touch it, it becomes instantly so ardent, that there is no bearing the room; nor can the master or mistress of a family pay a visitor a more acceptable compliment than by resigning to them the management of the poker, with an acknowledgment of their skill in the business.

"Superficial observers of human nature would conclude that the mere acknowledgment of that skill

ſkill was gratification ſufficient to account for this univerſal emulation; but I am not ſatisfied with ſuperficial obſervation, neither was I content with the ſolution offered by the old adage, which promiſes briſk huſbands and wives to thoſe ſpinſters and bachelors who ſucceed beſt in this arduous undertaking. There are ſo many other modes of diſplaying ſuperior ſkill, that I could not allow of the firſt explanation, and the ſecond was too trite and vulgar to influence the large body of polite competitors: but all my difficulties vaniſhed, upon hearing a Frenchman aſſert the other day, "*Que pour bien arranger le feu, il faudroit être ou Amoureux, Philoſophe, ou Fou!*

"For diſtinctions like theſe, what human heart would not beat? Their incongruity, too, is another proof how univerſally this propoſition will account for the emulation in queſtion. Scarcely does there exiſt a human being who would not wiſh to range under one or other of theſe three claſſes. Not but I muſt allow that, in every other point of view, the competitors for the palm of madneſs far outweigh thoſe who ſtrive for the ſuperiority in philoſophy or love.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble ſervant,

"PHILONOUS.'

To

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

« Sir,

« There are a few points in grammar which I do not recollect ever to have seen noticed, and which I wish to submit to the attention of critics through the medium of your paper. The old distinction of *six cases* seems now to be pretty generally exploded—the *vocative* is wholly abolished, and the *dative* and *ablative* incorporated with the *genitive* and *accusative*. This appears to be a false arrangement, since the *ablative* must be incompatible with the *genitive*, and the *dative* has but little connection with the *accusative*. Perhaps our language is too incorrect to be subjected to the same rules as the polished tongues of ancient days; and as our cases are only formed by prepositions, it is as wise to abandon them altogether with respect to nouns.

« But there is one instance in the English language of perfect *dative* and *ablative* cases which I have never seen remarked by any writer on the subject, and this is in the adverbs *here*, *there*, and *where*:—*hither*, *thither*, and *whither*, are complete *datives*,—and *hence*, *thence*, and *whence*, as complete *ablatives*. I do not recollect any

any other inſtance in which we form caſes by an alteration of the principal word, except in *pronouns*.

" There is another ſubject I wiſh to point out to attention, and that is the impropriety of imagining all *adjectives* equally adapted to the *three degrees of compariſon*. All *adjectives*, in their firſt ſignification ſuperlative, can admit of no *degree*. *More*, or *moſt univerſal*, is mere tautology; *fuller*, *fulleſt*, *emptier*, *emptieſt*, ſignify nothing; a veſſel cannot be more than full, a head cannot be more than empty. I will not enlarge on this ſubject, nor ſubſcribe myſelf with the *moſt perfect*, but

" With *perfect* eſteem,
" Mr. Saunter's admirer,
" X. Y. Z."

TO SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

" Sir,

" I think it is Rouſſeau who declaims with ſo much energy on the pleaſure he receives from a ſolitary walk; and though I am far from concurring in all things with that viſionary and enthuſiaſtic philoſopher, I confeſs in this inſtance

instance my feelings accord with his. There is no circumstance which, in my opinion, so completely countenances the idea of inspiration, or the influence of supernatural power, as the elevation of soul inspired by a lonely ramble. When free from the shackles of society, my feet wander at large, and my eyes rove at liberty over the infinitely diversified scenes of Nature—when the pure breath of Heaven, at whatever season, salutes my cheek, and I survey the stupendous and ever-beautiful canopy formed by the varying clouds, I seem to receive a new and a finer existence, my soul is elevated with superior energy, my spirits are all invigorated, and my fervid imagination paints, in a thousand glowing colours, an endless variety of pleasing ideas; my faculties are all more keen, my perceptions more vivid, and the powers of my mind are never so much alive. It is then that I feel capable of the boldest flights of poetry, the noblest actions of heroism, that my soul seems to burst these mortal boundaries, and to assert her own pre-eminence. But, alas! the least intrusion of society destroys the charm! The fairy dreams of a romantic fancy, the poetical chimeras of an elevated brain, the eloquent reasoning of a superior mind, all vanish as with a thunderbolt at the first approach of whatever recals the remembrance of society. What is

 this,

this, Mr. Saunter? Is it enthufiafm, or is it unfociability?

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble fervant,

"PERIPATETIC."

To SOLOMON SAUNTER, Efq.

"Sir,

"It is no new complaint that the moft judicious rules of conduct, if carried to excefs, are productive of great errors in character. Every day exemplifies this truth, and I am myfelf an almoft hourly fufferer by the too great extenfion of a maxim couched in very pretty founding words. I do not pretend to underftand Latin, Mr. Saunter, but I have heard thefe words fo often, that I cannot fail of knowing their meaning.

"I am married to a man who makes the *fuaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, fo ftrenuoufly infifted on by Lord Chefterfield, the rule of his life; and with the beft-bred air, and kindeft manner imaginable, he is fo inflexible in the verieft trifles, that I do affure you it tries my temper (which was never reckoned a bad one) to the

the utmoſt. It is enough that he has ſaid a thing ſhall be ſo and ſo; his word is as inviolable, as he often tells me, as the laws of the Medes and Perſians, which alter not. Not the moſt cogent arguments, not the moſt ſolid reaſons, could prevail on him either to alter his opinion, or to ſuffer the moſt unimportant affair to be arranged otherwiſe than as he at firſt decided.

"When I firſt married, Mr. Saunter, I uſed to conſult him upon many little domeſtic matters, with a view of diſcovering his taſte; yet if, after he was gone out, I had any reaſon for roaſting the leg of mutton which he had ſaid he would have boiled, I uſed to change the order of my dinner without thinking I had committed an unpardonable crime: but I was ſoon obliged to leave off aſking him, for though on ſuch occaſions he never frowned, or ſtormed, or ſwore, I ſuffered more from his polite rebukes than I ſhould have done from ſuch violence.

"It is not a week ago that ſome very particular friends, whom I had not ſeen for a long time, came to viſit me from the country. I was rejoiced at their arrival, and preſſed them to ſpend the whole day with me, to which they would have agreed, had not Mr. Sagely, with a ſignificant ſmile, ſaid to me, "My dear Eliza, the pleaſure of

of ſeeing Mrs. and Miſs Morelove has made you forget your engagement for the afternoon."—Now though I knew, Mr. Saunter, that this engagement was only a walk with him to a garden r's ground, which we might have done any of the following days, yet after this there was no ſaying a word, though I cannot ſay I ſubmitted with a good grace. Again, two days after, he happened to witneſs the arrival of a turkey, which he deſired to be roaſted with ſauſages. He unfortunately went for a long ride on horſeback, and I found the jack broken, no ſauſages to be met with, and chancing to have ſome very fine oyſters offered me, I ventured once more, knowing that, on the whole, he preferred boiled turkey, and at dinner I preſented him with a ſmiling face, and a boiled turkey. He ſmiled too, but it was a bitter ſmile—ſo bitter, that I have not yet loſt the taſte of it.

"I wiſh, Mr. Saunter, you could convince him that though firmneſs is a manly virtue, it may be carried too far; and that when it leads a man to get wet to the ſkin, rather than put on a great coat when he had ſaid he would not, and thereby ſubjects him to an ague, and a doctor's bill as long as my arm, it is no longer the virtue *firmneſs*, but the vice *obſtinacy*.

"I am Sir,

"Your humble ſervant,

"ELIZA SAGELY."

To Solomon Saunter, Esq.

" Sir,

" I met, ſome days ago, as I was walking in a public field near London, a poor woman crying violently, and enquiring of all the paſſengers if they had ſeen her child, deſcribing her clothes. Her natural and vehement expreſſions of grief affected me much. I was greatly ſurpriſed at the conduct of the paſſengers; many of them, affected with no one emotion by the poor creature's uncommon agitation, walked quietly on, or paſſed over to the other ſide; ſome heſitated not to ſay ſhe was drunk, and threatened her with puniſhment; others ſtood watching the event, and the woman herſelf continued ſcreaming for her child in the moſt diſtreſsful manner.

" I was fortunate enough to ſee it at the door of a cottage, where a woman ſat knitting by a little ſtall, on which apples were expoſed to ſale, and round which children of her own were playing. I ſtopped, and aſked of the little girl ſome queſtions, her anſwers to which confirmed me that ſhe was the loſt child I ſought. The woman of the cottage remarked me not, nor ſhewed any ſign of notice when I conducted the girl back to her

her mother. However, as I returned paſt her door, I ſtopped, and told her the event, deſcribing the mother's former grief and preſent joy, concluding a parent could not be inſenſible to ſuch a circumſtance; but ſhe looked at me with a vague, unintereſted countenance, and turning to her huſband, ſpoke about her apples.

"Strange that Nature ſhould work ſo little in the heart of a parent! It ſeems that the maternal tie ſhould ſoften the manners, and humanize the heart; yet a woman with an infant at her breaſt, was condemned at —— Aſſizes for being concerned in a murder! nay, there have been inſtances of a mother's deſtroying her own offspring! Can ſhame then be more powerful than nature? And Oh how much worſe is the ſecond crime than the firſt!

"I am, Sir,
"Your humble ſervant,
"RAMBLER."

No.

No. LX.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1800.

THE period which I had fixed in my own mind as conclusive of these my weekly labours, is arrived—is even past; and so much is man the slave of habit, that even now I hesitate to relinquish an employment which, while it seemed a duty, I often wished to avoid: and last Wednesday, after I had finished my paper, and projected the best mode of saying *farewel* to my readers in this, I felt more than commonly hypochondriacal. I sat meditating in melancholy mood in my chair, and the same temper extended itself through the two following days. On Friday evening, as I was musing in mine easy chair, and quarrelling with every device for taking leave of my readers, "Psha!" said I aloud, "'tis a foolish thing to part

part at all, and the leſs circumſtance there is about it, the better!" and with theſe words I took up the broom to ſweep away ſome torn fragments of a diſcarded paper, half reſolved in my own mind to continue the taſk of reforming and amuſing the world another twelvemonth; or ſince I found it ſo difficult to fix the period of parting, I even formed the project of taking French leave ſome day when I ſhould not be in the humour for uſing my pen.

While theſe thoughts paſſed acroſs my mind, the broom which I began to uſe, ſnapped ſhort in twain; the candle, at the ſame inſtant, without any viſible cauſe, hiſſed, and went out; and my companionable cat, who was purring on the elbow of my chair, and every now and then rubbing her ſleek head againſt me, leaped ſuddenly upon the hearth, gave a loud mew, and with one convulſive ſtruggle expired!—I ſat meditating on theſe portentous circumſtances which, happening on a Friday evening, carried blacker threats along with them, and knew not what further to fear. At ſupper I broke a plate and a wine-glaſs, my ſleep was diſturbed, and in the morning, after waiting a moſt unuſual time for my antique governante to bring me my dreſſing-gown and ſlippers, I ſtepped up to her bedſide, and found the poor old woman extremely ill, and perſuaded that nothing

would reſtore her but her native air from the top of the Scottiſh mountains. I love to be indulged myſelf, and therefore packed her off as ſoon and as comfortably as I could; and ſcarcely was this important buſineſs arranged, when my landlord came to inform me that the leaſe was juſt on the point of expiring, and to enquire whether I would wiſh to renew it.—"No," ſaid I, peeviſhly; "I will betake myſelf to the country, and forget what I am and what I have been."—The honeſt man ſtared; I paid him his rent however, which he comprehended, and with many bows departed.

When he was gone, I fell into a ſerious fit of muſing, and reſolved, warned by ſo many omens, to "break my wand, bury my books a thouſand fathom deep," diſcard my whimſies, convert my indolence into more "ſtrenuous idleneſs," and in riding fox-chaces, and all the animating round of rural purſuits, convert my valetudinary habits into a vulgar exuberance of health. I determined to ſlip away from all my London friends, and only to ſay *adieu* to the public. Indeed I would have avoided this laſt part of the ceremony, only my publiſher inſiſted on a farewel number, otherwiſe, he ſaid, his ſhop would not ſtand the ireful attacks that would be made on it by my diſappointed readers, to whom the high price of corn would be a trivial grievance compared to the ceſſation of

my

my weekly labours. In vain I aſſured him I had never learned to make a parting bow!—" At leaſt," ſaid he, " you owe to your correſpondents the acknowledgment of their favours:" and in ſhort, he preſſed me with ſo many arguments, that I felt as unable to refuſe as to comply.

Learn then, gentle reader, that Solomon Saunter reſigns the pen. No more will he invade thy quiet with his flippant remarks; no more will he preſume to point out to thy ſight thoſe things which, whether thou beeſt young or old, thou canſt ſee without ſpectacles. He would feel a gratification in the obſcure retirement in which he is going to bury himſelf, could he believe that this his cloſing paper would be read with regret; but for ever ſhut out from the ſoothing voice of Fame, ſuch regret he ſhall not hear! Farewel then, gentle reader! For thy patience hitherto he gives thee thanks, and feels, now on the point of parting for ever, a melancholy tenderneſs for thee, for which thou couldſt not but thank him, didſt thou witneſs its effects.

I remember, when I was a boy, living in a very ruinous old houſe of my father's, which the family character prevented him either from repairing or quitting till warned thereunto by the fall of a ſtack of chimnies, and part of the roof and front

front of the houſe. Many and many were the execrations we had all of us beſtowed on this weather-beaten manſion while we continued to inhabit it. The rooms were gloomy, cold, unpleaſant, ill furniſhed—in ſhort, they had all the bad qualities that rooms could have; but when we came to part, we felt more attachment to the ſpot than we could have imagined poſſible to exiſt; and even the dark blue bedchamber, hung with a heavy flock paper, and admitting the wind and rain in every crevice, has often been remembered by me in gayer apartments and more luxurious beds, with a fondneſs of affection certainly not ariſing from its own intrinſic worth.

Thus, gentle reader, though thou mayſt occaſionally have thought me dull, flippant, or diſagreeable, I truſt, now that I no more ſhall viſit thy comfortable breakfaſt-table, no more attend thy Thurſday morning's roll and butter, that I ſhall be remembered with kindneſs, and miſſed with regret. Amidſt all our connections, all our habits, where is that of which we can ſay—"This is the laſt," without a pang of ſorrow? I thought I could have cloſed my connection with the public, and have felt only a ſpecies of joy that my periodical labours were at an end; but the native affections of my heart prevail over its characteriſtical

 indolence,

indolence, and the very ink flows reluctantly from my pen!

When I had written the laſt ſentence, I leaned back in my chair, and whilſt my boſom heaved with ſighs, ſleep ſtole inſenſibly upon me, and I ſuddenly found myſelf tranſported into realms of fairy ſplendour. I was ſtanding in the midſt of an extenſive lawn, ſurrounded with groves of every flowering ſhrub, and bordered with hedges of laurel. Silver rivulets purled through beds of flowers of the brighteſt colours, and ſhady arbours were hung with feſtoons of jaſmine and honey-ſuckle: nothing could be more romantic, more inviting than the ſcene, and as I gazed around, I perceived that the lawn was terminated by a building, of which the lower part was of the Corinthian order, and the upper ſtory was ornamented with the light ſpires and fanciful fretwork of Gothic architecture. As I ſtood loſt in wonder, a being of ſylphlike form, clad in a mantle of ſilver tiſſue, with two purple wings fluttering from each ſhoulder, touched me with a branch of laurel, and enquired whether I wiſhed for an explanation of the ſcene before me. Gladly I accepted the offer of this airy being, who informed me that I was in the paradiſe of authors, and that in the edifice which fronted me, I ſhould find

a great

a great deal of good company, who would receive me with gladneſs; "for," added he, "in this happy region the pride, malevolence, and envy of which that irritable tribe on earth have been ſo pointedly accuſed, have no place: each, content with his own fame, willingly hears the praiſes of another, and even adds his own tribute."

Fired with this deſcription, I beſought my youthful guide to introduce me to this delightful company; and no ſooner were the folding-doors thrown open for my reception, than I diſtinguiſhed a group of friends, who inſtantly caught my attention. I made up to them, and addreſſing one of them who had a very peculiar phyſiognomy, ventured to ſalute him by the name of the *Spectator*, preſuming on the ſingular ſhortneſs of his face. He received me with open arms, and immediately introduced me to *Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq.*, who was walking arm in arm with the venerable *Neſtor Ironſide*. This admirable *trio* welcomed me with that grace and urbanity which ought always to diſtinguiſh the manners of ſuperior perſonages; and pointing to a round table at a diſtance, where a very gay party were playing at Pope Joan for almonds and raiſins, informed me they had only riſen from the card-table to receive me, and that with my permiſſion they would introduce me to the circle. Two members, with the greateſt

 courteſy,

courtesy, made room for me to be seated between them, whom I soon discovered to be the witty *Adam Fitz-Adam*, and the facetious *Gregory Griffin*. Just beyond the last-mentioned personage sat the jocular *Mr. Town*; nor did the graver *Rambler*, the elegant *Adventurer*, the perspicuous *Mirror*, nor the easy *Lounger*, refuse to join in our harmless pastime, though not with all the facile sportiveness with which the august elder *trio* partook of the mirth of the table.

To be received in so friendly a manner by such illustrious personages gave my bosom a glow of delight; and so great was their politeness, that, after a deal or two, the interest of the game visibly gave way to their desire of conversing with me. They condescended to say that it was yet too soon for me to think of taking up my abode in that region, and pointed out numberless subjects which had escaped my pen, embellishing their discourse with many well-turned compliments, which I repaid as gracefully as I was able, by acknowledging my infinite obligations to many of them, and hoping in future to profit still more by the acquaintance of some whose friendship I had less assiduously cultivated, particularly the ingenious *Adam Fitz-Adam, Esq.* Nor would this implied promise to resume my pen have satisfied these zealous friends, had not the inharmonious screech of the

the watchman, "past twelve o'clock," in one moment tumbled the airy edifice from its foundations, and condensed the spirits of my late companions into their calf-skin bindings. On awaking, I reflected that, among other remarks, those illustrious persons had observed that I had not been at all given to dreaming, and I therefore determined to set down the particulars of the aforesaid vision, in order to atone for such a defect.

Whether I ever shall fulfil my implied promise to my ideal companions, will greatly depend on the reception these papers meet with, now in their collected form. The very confined circle to which they have hitherto been known, has afforded no chance of fame. If they meet with the approbation of the public at large, perhaps Solomon Saunter may again seize the pen; if not, he will content himself in literary retirement and inglorious ease.

FINIS.